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BELL'S
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT
OF 65-783
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. XIII.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



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BELL'S
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT
OF
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. XIII.

Though rich with every flower
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer honey yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though e'en'd form no Hebean field,
But she will crown the Bell's's plains.



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ODES

OF THE

FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD CLASS.

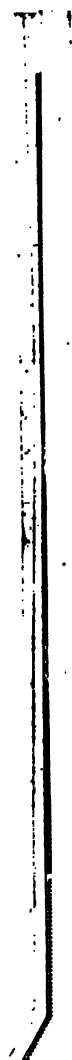
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ODES.

CLASS THE FIRST

CONTINUED.

ODE XXXVIII.

TO PLEASURE.

SISTER of Youth and laughing Joy,
Sweet Pleasure, sorrow-soothing queen,
Daughter of Venus, ever-young,
And Bacchus wreath'd with ivy green;
Whom on their laps the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
And all the Graces nurst beneath Idalian bowers.

O lead me to thy blissful vale !
Where Hope and Health in sprightly round,
Leisure, with Freedom hand in hand,
In dance fantastic beat the ground ;
Where'er they tread the fairest flowers arise,
Embroidering all the green with ever-varying dyes.

Let the stern pedant love to waste
In studious search the tedious night,
Attentive to the learned page,
By musing taper's glimmering light,

Whose pensive ear no wakeful sounds alarm,
Save the lone owl, slow clock, or bellman's drowsy
charm.

Me let the cheerful dance engage,
Swift urg'd along the lighted dome;
While with new warmth the virgin glows,
Her cheek all flush'd with fresher bloom:
Motion and music tenderest thoughts inspire,
And all her yielding soul relents to soft desire.

Let the sage Hermit shun mankind,
With pale-eyed Penitence to dwell,
To freeze at midnight hours of prayer
Within a solitary cell;
Penurious on the verdant herb to sup,
And of the chilling stream to drain his beechen cup.

Be mine, amidst the social band,
The raptures of champaign to taste,
Whose vigorous juice new relish gives
To mutual converse, Reason's feast;
While old Anacreon seems to rise, and say,
"Begone, ye toils of life, ye busy cares, away!"

ODE XXXIX.

TO
POVERTY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS PENROSE.

HIE thee hence! thou spectre foul,
 Fiend of misery extreme;
Hence! nor o'er yon dwelling scowl
With blasting eye, while to thy haggard scream
The midnight wolf accords his famish'd howl,
And madd'ning wretches loud in agony blaspheme.

Hence!—from the artless bard keep wide aloof—
 Fly rather to *his* hated roof,
 Who, deaf to Mercy's soft controul,
 Can steel with rugged edge the soul:
Plund'ring, unmov'd the orphan's cry can hear,
Or from the widow'd lip the scanty morsel tear:—
 But pass *him* by, the wooer mild
Of *Genius*, friend to all, *Nature's ingenuous child.*

Constant toil, and coarsest fare,
Long indeed the village hind
In silent apathy may bear,
While o'er his brow Health's rosy wreath is twin'd:

While his passions sluggish flow,
Borne on life's pacific round ;
Nor aims his highest wish to knōw
Beyond the hamlet's pale, his grandsire's farthest
bound.

Yet, rous'd to feeling, much he mourns his lot,
When the pale visage of Disease
Frowns on his humble cot,
When sinks his drooping front, and bend his feeble
knees.

There, oft, unheeded on the ground,
May Sickness, Age, and Want be found,
United *all* in one forlorn abode,
Of grief each singly own'd a melancholy load.

From the damp and earthy bed
The sufferer lifts his aching sight in vain :—
Despair hangs weeping o'er his head :
Sad pallet this for ease ! sad comforter in pain !

Fly, ye rich, unbidden fly,
Pour your oil, and pour your wine :
Wipe from tears the misty eye ;
Charity's a ray divine—
A ray that lights the soul with brightest beam to shine.

Why withhold the little boon ?
Seems it much, ye sons of wealth,

Glitt'ring moths of sunny noon—
Plum'd with gold of joy and health ?
O think ! a blast may come, yourselves may perish
soon !

Yet, different in this common state,
What different care attends your happier fate !
Fading you may sure receive
All wayward fancy craves, all soothing art can give :
While, with equal wants oppress,
The child of Misery heaves his lab'ring breast,
Cheer'd by no kind assisting powers,
Scarce with such crumbs sustain'd as hungry
Health devours.

Melt, in soft compassion melt,
Ye gentle, wail th' unletter'd peasant poor :
Yet keener far, as more severely felt,
Does Penury haunt th' ill-omen'd scholar's door ;
He calls for all your tears ; give these, if nothing more.

Warm'd his soul with genial flame
In youth's gay spring was bid to rise,
To pant for science, thirst for fame,
And hope fair Merit's golden prize.

Much he hop'd, for many a tale
Of praise was echo'd to his ear ;
Full many a promise (flatt'ring gale !)
Foretold the wish'd-for port was near,

Awhile it blew,—then dy'd away,
Like breezes with declining day,
And left him, wondring wretch ! forsaken quite,
In Poverty's dead calm, and Disappointment's night.

What avails th' expanded mind,
Tutor'd in the choicest lore ?
The suffering *body* lags behind,
Nor lets the rising spirit soar :
Call'd home,—what Stoic pride the soul can steel,
When every sinew's rack'd, and every nerve must
feel ?

What avails the glowing heart,
The eye that glistens at distress ;
The wish all blessings to impart,
Or make at least a brother's sorrow less ?
From Trouble's spring the deepest draught *he* drew,
Who mourns his own hard lot, and weeps for others too.

At the sad mistaken gate
When the maim'd veteran takes his suppliant stand,
Struck with the hapless warrior's state,
Sudden the pitying tenant gives his hand.—
—'Tis empty—See ! his lids o'erflow,
To send undo'd away the hoary son of woe.

Love too—for in the lowliest cell
Chaste love with purest flame may dwell—

His love—what sorer can befall ?
Is doom'd to sour its sweets, and dash his cup with gall.

Before the husband's and the father's eyes
Stormy clouds in prospect rise,
The future orphan's cry, the widow's groan ;
These and more he makes his own—
For ah! the faithless world by him too well is known.

For these the homely robe, the scanty board,
While life in toil is ling'ring on,
The drudge of science may afford :—
But where's the friend will cheer, when that poor life
is gone ?

No friend may rise, but many a foe
Will deck his visage with a smile,
Will hide in softest words the basest guile,
And, while he soothes the most, will strike the deepest
blow.

Hence the pang, and hence the tear,
When his daughter's rip'ning bloom
Swells into agony his fear
Of the fell spoiler's den—fair Virtue's early tomb.

ODE XL.

TO
SCULPTURE.

BY
JAMES SCOTT, D.D.

LED by the Muse, my step pervades
The sacred haunts, the peaceful shades
Where Art and Sculpture reign :
I see, I see, at their command,
The living stones in order stand,
And marble breathe through every vein !
Time breaks his hostile scythe ; he sighs
To find his pow'r malignant fled ;
" And what avails my dart," he cries,
" Since these can animate the dead ?
" Since wak'd to mimic life again in stone
" The patriot seems to speak, the hero frown."
There Virtue's silent train are seen,
Fast fix'd their looks, erect their mien.
Lo ! while with more than stoic soul,
The Attic sage exhausts the bowl,
A pale suffusion shades his eyes,
'Till by degrees the marble dies !

See there the injur'd Poet bleed !
Ah ! see he droops his languid head !
What starting nerves, what dying pain,
What horror freezes every vein !
These are thy works, O Sculpture ! thine to shew
In rugged rock a feeling sense of woe.
Yet not alone such themes demand
The Phidian stroke, the Daedal hand ;
I view with melting eyes
A softer scene of grief display'd,
While from her breast the duteous maid
Her infant sire with food supplies.
In pitying stone she weeps, to see
His squalid hair, and galling chains :
And trembling, on her bended knee,
His hoary head her hand sustains ;
While every look and sorrowing feature prove
How soft her breast, how great her filial love.
Lo ! there the wild Assyrian queen,
With threat'ning brow, and frantic mien !
Revenge ! revenge ! the marble cries,
While fury sparkles in her eyes.
Thus was her awful form beheld,
When Babylon's proud sons rebell'd ;
She left the woman's vainer care,
And flew with loose dishevell'd hair ;
She stretch'd her hand, imbru'd in blood,
While pale Sedition trembling stood ;
In sudden silence, the mad crowd obey'd.
Her awful voice, and Stygian Discord fled !

With hope, or fear, or love, by turns,
The marble leaps, or shrinks, or burns,
 As Sculpture waves her hand ;
The varying passions of the mind
Her faithful handmaids are assign'd,
 And rise and fall by her command.
When now life's wasted lamps expire,
 When sinks to dust this mortal frame,
She, like Prometheus, grasps the fire ;
 Her touch revives the lambent flame ;
While, phoenix-like, the statesman, bard, or sage,
Spring fresh to life, and breathe through every age.
 Hence, where the organ full and clear,
With loud hosannas charms the ear,
Behold (a prism within his hands)
Absorb'd in thought, great NEWTON stands ;
Such was his solemn wonted state,
His serious brow, and musing gait,
When, taught on eagle-wings to fly,
He trac'd the wonders of the sky ;
The chambers of the sun explor'd,
 Where tints of thousand hues are stor'd ;
Whence every flower in painted robes is drest,
And varying Iris steals her gaudy vest.
 Here, as Devotion, heavenly queen,
Conducts her best, her fav'rite train,
 At NEWTON's shrine they bow !
And, while with raptur'd eyes they gaze,
With Virtue's purest vestal rays,
 Behold their ardent bosoms glow !

Hail, mighty Mind ! hail, awful name !
I feel inspir'd my lab'ring breast ;
And lo ! I pant, I burn for fame !
Come, Science, bright ethereal guest,
Oh come, and lead thy meanest humblest son,
Through Wisdom's arduous paths to fair renown.
Could I to one faint ray aspire,
One spark of that celestial fire,
The leading cynosure, that glow'd
While SMITH explor'd the dark abode,
Where Wisdom sate on Nature's shrine,
How great my boast ! what praise were mine !
Illustrious sage ! who first couldst tell
Wherein the powers of Music dwell ;
And every magic chain untie,
That binds the soul of Harmony !
To thee, when mould'ring in the dust,
To thee shall swell the breathing bust :
Shall here (for his reward thy merits claim)
" Stand next to place in NEWTON, as in fame."

ODE XLI.

TO
SILENCE.

BY
THE REV. THOMAS COLE.

COME, musing Silence, nor refuse to shed
Thy sober influence o'er this darkling cell :
The desert waste and lonely plain
Could ne'er confine thy peaceful reign ;
Nor dost thou only love to dwell
'Mid the dark mansions of the vaulted dead :
For still at eve's serenest hour
All Nature owns thy soothing power :
Oft hast thou deign'd with me to rove,
Beneath the calm sequester'd grove ;
Oft deign'd my sacred steps to lead
Along the dewy pathless mead ;
Or up the dusky lawn, to spy
The last faint gleamings of the twilight sky.
Then wilt thou still thy pensive vot'ry meet,
Oft as he calls thee to this gloomy seat :

For here, with solemn mystic rite,
Wert thou invok'd to consecrate the ground,
Ere these rude walls were rear'd remote from sight,
Or ere with moss this shaggy roof was crown'd.

Hail! blessed parent of each purer thought,
That doth at once the heart exalt and mend!
Here wilt thou never fail to find
My vacant solitude inclin'd
Thy serious lessons to attend.
For they I ween shall be with goodness fraught,
Whether thou bid me meditate
On man, in untaught Nature's state;
How far this life he ought to prize;
How far its transient scenes despise;
What heights his reason may attain,
And where its proud attempts are vain;
What toils his virtue ought to brave,
For Hope's rewarding joys beyond the grave:
Or if in man redeem'd you bid me trace
Each wondrous proof of Heaven's transcendent grace;
Then breathe some sparks of that celestial fire,
Which in the raptur'd seraph glows above,
Where sainted myriads crowd the joyful choir,
And harp their praises round the throne of love.
The trifling sons of Levity and Pride
Hence shall thy awful seriousness exclude;
Nor shall loud Riot's thoughtless train
With frantic mirth this grot profane.
No foe to peace shall here intrude.

For thou wilt kindly bid each sound subside,
Save such as soothe the list'ning sense,
And serves to aid thy influence :
Save where, soft-breathing o'er the plain,
Mild Zephyr waves the rustling grain ;
Or where some stream, from rocky source,
Slow trickles down its ceaseless course ;
Or where the sea's imperfect roar
Comes gently murm'ring from the distant shore.
But most in Philomel, sweet bird of night,
In plaintive Philomel, is thy delight :
For she, or studious to prolong her grief,
Or oft to vary her exhaustless lay,
With frequent pause, from thee shall seek relief,
Nor close her strain, till dawns the noisy day.

Without thy aid, to happier tasteful art,
No deep instructive science could prevail :
For only where thou dost preside,
Can wit's inventive powers be tried ;
And reason's better task would fail,
Did not thy haunts the serious theme impart.
The critic, that with plodding head,
Toils o'er the learning of the dead ;
The cloister'd hermit that explores,
By midnight lamp, religion's stores ;
Each sage that marks with thoughtful gaze,
The lunar orb or planet's maze !
And every bard, that strays along
The sylvan shade, intent on sacred song ;

Shall all to thee those various praises give,
Which, through thy friendly aid, themselves receive ;
For though thou mayst from glory's seats retire,
Where loud applause proclaim the honour'd name ;
Yet doth thy modest wisdom still inspire
Each nobler work that swells the voice of Fame.

ODE XLII.

TO
SLEEP.

BY
T. SMOLLET, M. D.

SOFT Sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
O listen from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod ;
Extend thy silent, soothing sway,
And charm the canker Care away.
Whether thou lov'st to glide along,
Attended by an airy throng
Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,
Such as adorn the wanton boy ;
Or to the monarch's fancy bring
Delights that better suit a king ;
The glittering host, the groaning plain,
The clang of arms, and victor's train ;
Or, should a milder vision please,
Present the happy scenes of peace ;
Plump Autumn, blushing all around,
Rich Industry with toil embrown'd,
Content, with brow serenely gay,
And genial Art's refulgent ray.

ODE XLIII.

TO
SLEEP.

BY MR. H.

FRIEND to the gloomy shade of night !
Vast source of fanciful delight !
Power ! whose care-dissolving sway,
The slave that pants o'er Indian hills,
The wretch whom snow-girt Zembla chills,
And wide creation's fertile race obey ;
The joyous choristers that flit in air,
The mutes that dwell beneath the silver flood,
The savage howling o'er th' affrighted wood,
And man, th' imperious lord of all, thy power declare.

Thy magic wand can oft restrain
The miser's sordid hopes of gain ;
Can make each heart-felt trouble cease :
Or from the sickening thought suspend
The image of a dying friend ;

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And lull Suspicion's wakeful eyes in peace.
If thou but soothe the faithful lover's rest,
No fond remembrance of each parting sigh,
Of Beauty's smile, or Pity's streaming eye,
In grief's soft moments steal around his aching breast.

Fair Virtue's friend ! thou ne'er shalt shed
Thy blessings o'er the impious head,
Or 'midst the noise of crowds be found ;
Thy balm-distilling sweets alone
To ermin'd Innocence are known,
And gay Content, with rural garlands crown'd.
By thee the shadow-trembling murderer's guilt
With doubled terror wrings the tortur'd soul,
The purpled steel, the life-destructive bowl,
Recall the baleful horrors of the blood he spilt.

When by some pale and livid light
I cheat the tedious hours of night,
Indulging o'er the Attic page :
The dying taper warns to rest,
Thy visions seize my ravish'd breast,
And pictur'd beauties real woes assuage.
O'er Helicon my bleating lambs I guard,
Or, mix'd with dull Boeotia's simple swains,
Protect my flocks in humble Ascra's plains,
And view the sky-born sisters hail their favourite bard.

Methinks I bear the Theban lyre ;
I feel my ravish'd soul aspire :
The nymphs surround the infant boy.
Already, conscious of his fame,
The festive choirs their hopes proclaim,
While Pan exults with uncouth signs of joy.
For thee, sole glory of thy abject race,
The thyme-fed bees their luscious sweets diffuse,
To soothe the numbers of thy copious muse,
And in Boeotia fix each coy reluctant grace.

Oft, fir'd with Bacchanalian rage,
The Father of the Grecian stage,
In terror clad, annoys my rest ;
I feel unnumber'd horrors rise !
The sight forsakes my swimming eyes,
While hissing furies rush upon my breast.
In solemn pomp, I see old Gela mourn,
Dissolv'd in grief beside the poet's grave,
To sorrowing sounds he lulls each plaintive wave,
His willows fading, and his sea-green mantle torn.

With longing taste, with eager lip,
In raptur'd visions oft I sip
The honey of the tragic bee :
Whose strains could every tempest quell,
Could every noxious blast dispel,
And still the hollow roaring of the sea.
Whose powerful fancy, whose exhaustless vein,

Whose daring genius, whose triumphant wing,
Deep source from whence ten thousand rivers spring,
Just bounds could limit, and each rigid rule restrain.

How oft, inspir'd with magic dread,
By Fancy to the cave I'm led,
Where sits the wise Pierian sage ;
With piercing eye, with pensive mind,
In attic solitude reclin'd,
Stern Virtue's precepts chill the poet's rage.
Blest bard! whose muse, mid mildest mortals strong,
Could each rebellious appetite controul,
Could wake each tender feeling of the soul,
And deck instruction in the pleasing charms of song.

With patriot ardor I behold
The mirthful Muse for freedom bold ;
Tho' chaste, severe ; tho' poignant, sweet ;
For long uncertain where to rest,
At length upon the poet's breast
The sportive Graces fix'd their gay retreat.
With simpler strains the Doric Muses charm ;
And oft to nobler themes of heavenly praise
As Libya's poet hymns his solemn lays,
The wanton Teian loves each chaster thought disarm.

Thus may thy languid charms dispense
Their blessings o'er my ravish'd sense,
By thee to Attic worlds convey'd.

Thus, if at Juno's fond request,
Thou e'er on Ida's top opprest
Th' Almighty Thunderer with thy dewy shade,
To soothe one mortal thy fond care employ !
And, Morpheus, thus may thy mild Lethéan powers,
For ever hovering round my midnight hours,
Thro' Fancy's mirror wrap me in ideal joy.

ODE XLIV.

ON
SLEEP.

BY JAMES SCOTT, D. D.

WHY, gentle God, this long delay,
Since Night, and careless Quiet reigns ?
Oh, hither take thy silent way,
And sooth, ah sooth my wakeful pains !
So shall my hands for thee the wreath entwine,
And strew fresh poppies at thy votive shrine.

When from the North, all wan and pale,
The sun withdraws his cheerful light,
And, arm'd with whirlwind, frost, and hail,
The big clouds bring the half year's night,
Quick to their caves the shiv'ring natives tend,
And hear without the rattling storms descend,

Then, stretcht along the shaggy bed,
To thee, indulgent Power, they cry ;
Borne on thy wings, with happier speed,
The leaden-footed moments fly ;

While Fancy paints Spring's visionary stores,
And calls the distant sun to wake the slumb'ring flow'rs.

Nor yet is Sleep's supreme command
Confin'd to these cold dreary plains ;
O'er sultry Libya's boiling sand
This universal monarch reigns ;
And where with heat the sable Indians glow,
While streams of light through purest aether flow.

Weary and faint the dusky slaves
From cold Potosi's mines retire,
From rugged rocks, and darkling caves,
When scarce the panting lungs respire :
To citron shades they take their pensive way,
Where, bath'd in od'rous winds, their listless limbs
they lay.

The tyrant's voice, the galling chain,
Th' uplifted scourge no more they fear,
Deep slumbers drown the sense of pain ;
And, floating through the peopled air,
Ideal forms in pleasing order rise,
And bright illusions swim before their eyes.

Now Orellana's foaming tide
With pliant arms they seem to cleave ;
And now the light canoe to guide
Across Muenca's glassy wave ;

Or chase in jocund troops the savage prey,
Through woods impervious to the solar ray.

Some gentle youth, by love betray'd,
Recalls the joys he felt of old,
When, wand'ring with his sable maid
Through groves of vegetable gold,
He clasp'd her yielding to his raptur'd breast,
And free from guile his honest soul exprest.

Sleep on, much-injur'd hapless swain,
Nor wake thy cruel fate to moan;
To curse th' insatiate thirst of gain,
And proud Iberia's bloody son !
Old India's genius wept o'er millions slain,
And streams of gore ran foaming to the main.

But why to tragic scenes like these
Wilt thou, my restless fancy, rove ?
Bear me to climes of downy ease,
To climes that sleep, and silence love :
Whether the shades of Lemnos most invite,
Or dark Cimmerian caves the still abode of night.

Fond fables all !—The partial God
Is flown to Belgia's drowsy plains,
There waves his Lethe-sprinkled rod,
And link'd with kindred Dullness reigns :
'Midst stagnant pools, the Bittern's safe retreat,
Beset with osiers dank behold his gloomy seat !

His dwelling is a straw-built shed,
Safe from the sun's too curious eye,
A yew-tree rears its blighted head,
And frogs and rooks are croaking nigh :
Through many a chink the hollow murm'ring breeze
Sounds like the distant hum of swarming bees.

And more to feed his slumbers soft,
And lull him in his senseless swoon,
The hard rain beats upon the loft,
And swiftly-trickling tumbles down :
All livelier, ruder sounds are banish'd far,
The lute's shrill voice, and brazen throat of war.

Hence let me woo thee, God of ease,
Ah, leave thy fav'rite haunt awhile,
And bid the midnight hours to please,
And bid the midnight gloom to smile !
Oh come, and o'er my weary limbs diffuse
The slumb'rous weight of sweet oblivious dews !

Bring to thy soft enchanting dreams,
Such as enamour'd Petrarch knew,
When, stretch'd by Sorgia's gentle streams,
Fair Laura's form his fancy drew :
Oh ! see he woos the soul-dissolving maid,
And grasps with eager arms the visionary shade.

At morn he sung the tender tale,
He sung his Laura's matchless charms,

And every tree in Clausa's vale
Attentive breath'd Love's soft alarms ;
Ev'n hoary monks full many a careless bead
Have dropt, and left their Aves half unsaid.

ODE XLV.

TO
SOLITUDE.

BY JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

THOU, that at deep dead of night
Walk'st forth beneath the pale moon's light,
In robe of flowing black array'd,
While cypress-leaves thy brows o'ershade :
Listening to the crowing cock,
And the distant sounding clock ;
Or sitting in thy cavern low,
Dost hear the bleak winds loudly blow,
Or the hoarse death-boding owl,
Or village mastiff's wakeful howl,
While through thy melancholy room
A dim lamp casts an awful gloom :
Thou, that on the meadow green,
Or daisy'd upland, art not seen,
But wandering by the dusky nooks,
And the pensive-falling brooks,
Or near some rugged, herbless rock,
Where no shepherd keeps his flock !
Musing Maid, to thee I come,
Hating the tradeful city's hum :

O let me calmly dwell with thee,
From noisy mirth and business free;
With Meditation seek the skies,
This folly-fetter'd world despise !

ODE XLVI.

TO *SOLITUDE.*

BY JAMES GRAINGER, M. D.

O SOLITUDE ! romantic maid,
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey ;
 You, Recluse, again I woo,
 And again your steps pursue.

Plum'd Conceit himself surveying,
Folly with her shadow playing,
Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
Bloated empiric, puff'd Pretence,
Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,

Intrusion with a fopling's face
(Ignorant of time and place),
Sparks of fire Dissention blowing,
Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-ey'd Censure's artful sneer,
Ambition's buskins steep'd in blood,
Fly thy presence, Solitude.

Sage Reflection bent with years,
Conscious Virtue void of fears,
Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing eye,
Halcyon Peace on moss reclin'd,
Retrospect that scans the mind,
Rapt earth-gazing Resvery,
Blushing artless Modesty,
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-ey'd Truth with bosom bare,
Inspiration, Nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.

You with the tragic Muse retir'd
The wise Euripides inspir'd ;
You taught the sadly-pleasing air
That Athens sav'd from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlock'd the springs of woe ;
You penn'd what exil'd Naso thought,
And pour'd the melancholy note.

With Petrarch o'er Valcluse you stray'd,
When Death snatch'd his long-lov'd maid ;
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
You strew'd with flow'rs her virgin urn.
And late in Hagley you were seen,
With blood-shed eyes, and sombre mien,
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay,
Darkness clapp'd her sable wing,
While you touch'd the mournful string,
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-fac'd Melancholy smil'd,
Drowsy Midnight ceas'd to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn,
Aside their harps ev'n Seraphs flung
To hear the sweet Complaint, O Young.

When all Nature's hush'd asleep,
Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
And wander o'er the works of men.
But when Phosphor brings the dawn,
By her dappled coursers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat,
And the early huntsman meet,
Where, as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,

Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.
Devotion lends her heav'n-plum'd wings,
You mount, and Nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervors glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sun-burnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chas'd the timid game ;
And there, beneath an oak reclin'd,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest.
'Till the tuneful bird of night
From the neighb'ring poplar's height,
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleas'd Echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume,
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wilding grows.

Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame ? an empty bubble ;
Gold ? a transient, shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sydney's, Raleigh's meed ?
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.

Then let me, sequester'd fair,
To your Sibyl grot repair,
On yon hanging cliff it stands
Scoop'd by Nature's salvage hands,
Bosom'd in the gloomy shade
Of cypress, not with age decay'd.
Where the owl still hooting flits,
Where the bat incessant sits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring,
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before thy shrine,
The bournless microcosm's thine.

Save me! what's yon shrouded shade,
That wanders in the dark-brown glade?
It beckons me!—vain fears, adieu,
Mysterious ghost, I follow you.
Ah me! too well that gait I know,
My youth's first friend, my manhood's woe!
Its breast it bares! What! stain'd with blood?
Quick let me staunch the vital flood.
O spirit, whither art thou flown?
Why left me comfortless alone?
O Solitude, on me bestow
The heart-felt harmony of woe,

Such, such, as on th' Ausonian shore,
Sweet Dorian Moschus trill'd of yore :
No time should cancel thy desert,
More, more, than Bion was, thou wert.

O goddess of the tearful eye
The never-ceasing stream supply.
Let us with Retirement go
To charnels, and the house of woe,
O'er Friendship's herse low-drooping mourn,
Where the sickly tapers burn,
Where Death and nun-clad Sorrow dwell,
And nightly ring the solemn knell.
The gloom dispels, the charnel smiles,
Light flashes through the vaulted isles.
Blow silky soft, thou western gale,
O goddess of the desert, hail !
She bursts from yon cliff-riven cave,
Insulted by the wintry wave ;
Her brow an ivy-garland binds,
Her tresses wanton with the winds,
A lion's spoils, without a zone,
Around her limbs are careless thrown ;
Her right-hand wields a knotted mace ;
Her eyes roll wild, a stride her pace ;
Her left a magic mirror holds,
In which she oft herself beholds.
O goddess of the desert, hail !
And softer blow thou western gale !

Since in each scheme of life I've fail'd,
And disappointment seems entail'd ;
Since all on earth I valued most,
My guide, my stay, my friend is lost ;
You, only you, can make me blest,
And hush the tempest in my breast.
Then gently deign to guide my feet
To your hermit-trodden seat,
Where I may live at last my own,
Where I at last may die unknown.

I spoke, she twin'd her magic ray,
And thus she said, or seem'd to say :
Youth, you're mistaken, if you think to find
In shades a medicine for a troubled mind ;
Wan Grief will haunt you wheresoe'er you go,
Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlet flow.
There pale Inaction pines his life away,
And, satiate, curses the return of day :
There naked Frenzy laughing wild with pain,
Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main :
There Superstition broods o'er all her fears,
And yells of demons in the Zephyr hears.
But if a hermit you're resolv'd to dwell,
And bid to social life a last farewell ;
'Tis impious—
God never made an independent man,
'Twould jar the concord of his general plan :
See every part of that stupendous whole,
“ Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;”

To one great end, the general good, conspire,
From matter, brute, to man, to seraph, fire.
Should man through Nature solitary roam,
His will his sovereign, every where his home,
What force would guard him from the lion's jaw ?
What swiftness wing him from the panther's paw ?
Or should Fate lead him to some safer shore
Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roar :
Where liberal Nature all her charms bestows,
Sunshine, birdssing, flowers bloom, and water flows,
Fool, dost thou think he'd revel on the store,
Absolve the care of Heav'n, nor ask for more ?
Tho' waters flow'd, flowers bloom'd, and Phoebus
shone,

He'd sigh, he'd murmur that he was alone.
For know, the Maker on the human breast
A sense of kindred, country, man, imprest ;
And social life to better, aid, adorn,
With proper faculties each mortal's born.

Though Nature's works the ruling mind declare,
And well deserve enquiry's serious care,
The God (whate'er misanthropy may say)
Shines, beams in man with most unclouded ray.
What boots it thee to fly from pole to pole,
Hang o'er the sun, and with the planets roll ?
What boots through space's furthest bourns to roam,
If thou, O man, a stranger art at home ?
Then know thyself, the human mind survey,
The use, the pleasure will the toil repay.

Hence Inspiration plans his manner'd lays,
Hence Homer's crown ; and, Shakspeare, hence thy
bays.

Hence he, the pride of Athens, and the shame,
The best and wisest of mankind became.
Nor study only, practise what you know,
Your life, your knowledge, to mankind you owe.
With Plato's olive wreath the bays entwine :
Those who in study, should in practice shine.
Say, does the learned Lord of Hagley's shade,
Charm man so much by mossy fountains laid,
As when, arous'd, he stems Corruption's course,
And shakes the senate with a Tully's force ?
When Freedom gasp'd beneath a Caesar's feet,
Then public virtue might to shades retreat ;
But where she breathes, the least may useful be,
And Freedom, Britain, still belongs to thee.
Though man's ungrateful, or though Fortune frown,
Is the reward of worth a song, or crown ?
Nor yet unrecompenc'd are Virtue's pains,
Good Allen lives, and bounteous Brunswick reigns.
On each condition disappointments wait,
Enter the hut, and force the guarded gate.
Nor dare repine, though early Friendship bleed,
From love, the world, and all its cares he's freed.
But know, Adversity's the child of God ;
Whom Heaven approves of most, most feel her rod.
When smooth old Ocean and each storm's asleep,
Then Ignorance may plough the wat'ry deep ;

But when the demons of the tempest rave,
Skill must conduct the vessel through the wave.
Sydney, what good man envies not thy blow ?
Who would not wish Anytus for a foe ?
Intrepid Virtue triumphs over Fate,
The good can never be unfortunate.
And be this maxim graven in thy mind,
The height of virtue is to serve mankind.

But when old age has silver'd o'er thy head,
When memory fails, and all thy vigour's fled ;
Then may'st thou seek the stillness of retreat ;
Then hear aloof the human tempest beat ;
Then will I greet thee to my woodland cave,
Allay the pangs of age, and smooth thy grave.

ODE XLVII.

TO *SUPERSTITION.*

BY JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

HENCE to some convent's gloomy isles,
Where cheerful day-light never smiles,
Tyrant, from Albion haste to slavish Rome ;
There by dim taper's livid light,
At the still solemn hours of night,
In pensive musings walk o'er many a sounding tomb.

Thy clanking chains, thy crimson steel,
Thy venom'd darts, and barbarous wheel,
Malignant fiend, bear from this isle away,
Nor dare in Error's fetters bind
One active, freeborn, British mind,
That strongly strives to spring indignant from thy sway.

Thou bad'st grim Moloch's frowning priest,
Snatch screaming infants from the breast,
Regardless of the frantic mother's woes :

Thou led'st the ruthless sons of Spain
To wondering India's golden plain,
From deluges of blood where tenfold harvests rose.

But lo ! how swiftly art thou fled,
When Reason lifts his radiant head ;
When his resounding, awful voice they hear,
Blind Ignorance, thy doating sire,
Thy daughter, trembling Fear, retire ;
And all thy ghastly train of terrors disappear,

So by the Magi hail'd from far,
When Phoebus mounts his early car,
The shrieking ghosts to their dark charnels flock ;
The full-gorg'd wolves retreat, no more
The prowling lionesses roar,
But hasten with their prey to some deep cavern'd rock,

Hail then, ye friends of Reason hail,
Ye foes to Mystery's odious veil,
To Truth's high temple guide my steps aright,
Where Clarke and Wollaston reside,
With Locke and Newton by their side,
While Plato sits above enthron'd in endless light.

ODE XLVIII.

TO
TASTE.

BY MR. H.

SAY, Goddess, wilt thou never smile
Indulgent on Britannia's isle !
Hither thy gentle footsteps bend,
On Albion's sea-girt cliffs descend ;
O come, and with thy genial ray
Chase every gloomy cloud away :
No more shall Ignorance preside,
Or Gothic Rage in triumph ride.
Let Judgment, thy unshaken friend,
With polish'd elegance attend :
Simplicity, meek rural queen,
With downcast looks and modest mien,
In loosely-flowing neat attire,
Shall charm thee with her rustic lyre.
To that in her enchanting court
The frolic Graces ever sport,
And guarded by their watchful aid,
The finer Arts shall never fade.

Blest power! whose charms alone dispense
A keener rapture to each sense ;
If Melody enchant my breast,
Or sooth my soften'd soul to rest,
By thee may every strain be crown'd,
May'st thou still harmonize each sound.
If blooming colours seem to live,
May you fresh life and vigour give;
May you restrain each poet's rage,
Or animate his purer page.
Dost thou his savage wrath appease,
Ev'n Terror's giant form can please ;
'Mid shadowy shapes in dead of night
That shoot across my dazzled sight ;
'Mid spectres of enormous size,
'Mid ghosts that from their charnels rise,
'Mid shrouded friends who solemn stalk,
And haunt me in my midnight walk ;
While wild winds blust'ring round my head,
Inspire me with poetic dread ;
Thro' closing shades, o'er valleys green,
May'st thou still solemnize the scene ;
And as the storms innoxious roll,
Pour thy lov'd horrors o'er my soul.

Yet not alone Britannia's shore
Thy fatal absence shall deplore.
See old Achaia's genius mourn,
His bosom bare, his garments torn ;

See his generous patriot breast
By all his country's wrongs oppress.
See him with haughty fix'd disdain
Lament his dastard sons in vain
To fairer happier climes belong
The painter's tints, the poet's song.
Lo! conscious of approaching night,
Where Picture wings her destin'd flight:
Behold dejected Sculpture stand
Prepar'd to leave our desert land.
Yet, Goddess, yet thy secret fire
With wond'ring rapture we admire.
By thee 'mid rugged rocks we find
Each speaking passion of the mind.
With awful horror we behold
Th' immense Alcides' monstrous mould:
While Venus, queen of soft desires,
Each tender, gentler thought inspires.

O Alexander! not alone
The warrior's skill to thee was known;
Fair Science, heaven-descended maid,
Confesses thy propitious aid:
To thee the grateful Arts shall raise
Eternal monuments of praise.
Behold with thee they die away,
To Roman ignorance a prey,
And lo! again in conquering Rome
With all their usual vigour bloom;

Again they feel the fatal blow,
And sink beneath the Vandal foe.
Once more the arts began to spread,
Once more gay Science rear'd her head;
Alas! in vain she strove t' assuage
The enthusiast zealot's bigot rage.
Wilt thou, O Taste, again appear,
Protectress of each circling year!
Wilt thou in all thy wonted prime
Review this lost unhallow'd clime?
Or where far distant regions lie,
'Mid dreary deserts bloom and die?
Say, shall the stern Olympian god
No more in living marble nod?
Shall never Raphael charm the heart,
Shall never Nature yield to art,
Shall never Maro's beauties shine,
Except in Armstrong's classic line?
And does no Leo now remain,
Who yet shall clear thy drooping train?
There are, who still thy aid implore,
Who still thy sovereign power adore;
Thy relicts with religious fear
Fond Italy shall yet revere.

Sweet Power! in simple pomp array'd
Be all thy native charms display'd.
Again reviving Sculpture breathes;
Fair Science trims her blasted wreaths;

With suppliant willing hand to thee
The pencil Picture shall decree ;
With one consent the Muse's choir
To thee shall dedicate the lyre.

Come, Goddess, feast my longing sight,
Let me direct thy pleasing flight :
Whate'er voluptuous slaves could boast
On fair Phaeacia's sunny coast,
Whate'er the poet's fancy taught,
Or imag'd to his wanton thought :
For thee a happier fate remains ;
You still shall view more blissful plains,
Where the soft guardian of thy charms
Expects thee to his longing arms :
He shall with fixt attention gaze,
Shall crown thee with immortal bays,
With lenient hand thy cares assuage,
Protect thee from Time's lawless rage,
The taunt of Scorn, the dark revile,
The languid, faint-approving smile,
The noise of Mirth, the plaintive sigh,
And simpering Folly's heedless eye.

Wouldst thou with Innocence reside,
Behold the temple's modest pride ;
Or in the darksome cavern'd cell
With solitary hermits dwell :
Wouldst thou with faint desponding air

To melancholy vaults repair,
With aching, sicken'd, cold review,
Bid every sorrow stream anew;
Here may'st thou weep thy favourite Rome,
Sad-sighing o'er each martyr's tomb:
Meek Pity, Attic maid, shall join
Her tender social tears with thine,
O'er every urn fresh laurels strow,
And fondly emulate thy woe.
Or wouldst thou newer worlds survey,
Where darkness holds her barren sway;
Where ne'er the Muse's chaplet blew;
Where Learning's laurel never grew;
Where Nature to our wond'ring eyes
Each salutary herb supplies;
Where flowers their fragrant sweets diffuse;
Where trees distil their kindly dews;
And, blest with ev'ry power to heal,
Soft slumbers o'er the senses steal.
In such enchanting, artless scenes,
'Mid bowery mazes, spreading greens,
Sooth'd by the breezy western gale,
In scented grove, or rocky dale,
Or wand'ring from the russet cot,
To seek the deep-embosom'd grot,
Beneath the orange shade inclos'd,
Or in the myrtle bower repos'd,
Or where the flaunting flowers have wove
With mingled sweets the high alcove,

Each Indian woos his favourite mate;
What Nature dictates they relate:
No youths by love's cold arts are won,
Nor maids by easy faith undone;
With eye uprais'd the simple swain
Dreads not the tortures of disdain,
But, kneeling at his fair one's feet,
Breathes vows unconscious of deceit:
Each pleasing sound she sighs to hear
Repeated on her longing ear;
Amaz'd, nor anxious to control
The mutual wishes of her soul,
Attests each unknown power above,
As witness of her spotless love;
Yet, rack'd by fond distrustful fears,
Pours out her aching heart in tears,
And tells to her admiring youth
Sweet tales of innocence and truth.

Fancy such raptures shall suggest,
Lov'd inmate of thy ravish'd breast;
Shall point where wanton zephyrs stray,
And o'er th' unruffled ocean play;
Or snatch thee to some wave-worn shore,
Where fierce Atlantic surges roar:
Where Plata with resistless force
Thro' deserts rolls his rapid course,
Or where Maranan proudly laves
Waste regions with his circling waves:

Where boundless Oroonoko fills
His channels from a thousand hills,
And with regardless rage destroys ;
While twenty mouths, with hideous noise,
From some immense Peruvian steep
Spout his vex'd billows to the deep.
Thus while you view the tyrant flood,
Wild dread shall chill thy loitering blood ;
And frighted Fancy, self-amaz'd,
Start at the phantom she had rais'd.

Should Nature's simple beauties fail,
And Art's gay structures more prevail,
Here too the polish'd dome is plac'd,
With each Vitruvian beauty grac'd :
Or wouldst thou at the early dawn
Transport thee to the dew-clad lawn :
Or from the mid-day fervor rove
Beneath the silent plantane grove :
Or with the fairy elves be seen
In dances on the level green :
Should baleful War, 'mid loud alarms,
'Mid vanquish'd foes, and conquering arms,
'Mid hosts o'erthrown, and myriads slain,
On Britain fix his iron reign :
Should Jove's fair daughter, oliv'd Peace,
Bid the wild battle's tumult cease ;
In polish'd ease you still shall share
Thy kind protector's fostering care ;

His faithful love shall still appear,
His friendly aid shall still be near,
His constant, his unwearied power
Shall lull thee in the balmy bower;
Shall watch thee o'er the dewy glade,
And guard thee from the midnight shade.

Thou too shalt all his toils repay,
Slow-linging here with fond delay;
Here shalt thou choose thy favourite seat,
Here fix thy last, thy blest retreat:
Each old Athenian bloom regain,
And here in attic splendor reign.

ODE XLIX.

TO
WISDOM.

BY MRS. CARTER.

THE solitary Bird of Night
Thro' the pale shades now wings his flight,
And quits the time-shook tow'r :
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat:
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons bend
At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray :
Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sport her gayly-colour'd dyes,
As in the glare of day.

O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art
"That glads the sense, or mends the heart,"
Blest source of purer joys:
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprise!

To thy unspotted shrine I bow:
Assist thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires;
But, taught by thy unerring rules
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

Not Fortune's Gem, Ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r:
Let Av'rice, Vanity, and Pride,
These glitt'ring envy'd toys divide,
The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart
By studious thought refin'd:
For Wealth, the smiles of glad content,
For Pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er my mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb:

Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie
Of ignorance and spite:
Alike condemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest:
Pursue thee to the peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves
In all thy graces drest.

He bid Ilyssus' tuneful stream
Convey thy philosophic theme
Of perfect, fair, and good:
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around,
In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd her wild licentious youth,
Confest the potent voice of truth,
And felt its just controul:
The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And Virtue's soft persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free unbiass'd tongue,
The hero's gen'rous strife ;
Thine are retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet endearing ties
Of still, domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To thee! supreme, all-perfect mind,
My thoughts direct their flight :
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, unchanging source
Of intellectual light!

O send her sure, her steady ray
To regulate my doubtful way,
Thro' life's perplexing road :
The mists of error to controul,
And thro' its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good.

Beneath her clear discerning eye,
The visionary shadows fly
Of Folly's painted show :
She sees, thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
That all, but Virtue's solid joys,
Is vanity and woe.

ODE L.

CONTRAST

To the Foregoing

ODE TO WISDOM.

Now see my Goddess, earthly born,
With smiling looks, and sparkling eyes,
And with a bloom that shames the morn
New risen in the eastern skies!

Furnish'd from Nature's boundless store,
A nymph of pleasure's laughing train,
Stranger to all the wise explore,
She proves all far-sought knowledge vain,

Untaught as Venus, when she found
Herself first floating on the sea,
And laughing begg'd the Tritons round
For shame to look some other way :

And unaccomplish'd all as Eve
In the first morning of her life,
When Adam blush'd, and ask'd her leave
To take her hand, and call her Wife.

Yet there is something in her face,
Tho' she's unread in Plato's lore,
Might bring even Plato to disgrace,
For leaving precepts taught before :

And there is magic in her eye,
Tho' she's unskill'd to conjure down
The pale moon from th' affrighted sky,
Would draw Endymion from the moon :

And there are words that she can speak,
Most easy to be understood,
More sweet than all the heathen Greek,
By Helen talk'd, when Paris woo'd :

And she has raptures in her power,
More worth than all the flattering claim
Of learning's unsubstantial dower,
In present praise, or future fame.

Let me but kiss her soft warm hand,
And let me whisper in her ear
What Knowledge would not understand,
And Wisdom would disdain to hear.

And let her listen to my tale,
And let one smiling blush arise,
Best omen that my vows prevail !
I'll scorn the scorn of all the wise.



ODES.

CLASS THE SECOND.

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ODES.

CLASS THE SECOND.

TO MANKIND.

ADDRESSED TO
FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES.

BY THE LATE EARL NUGENT.

INTRODUCTION TO THE PRINCE.

NOR me the glories of thy birth engage,
With royal names to swell my pompous page:
Nor meaner views allure, in soothing lays
To court thy favour with officious praise.
Yet praise it is, thus to address thine ear
In strains no slave dare sing, no tyrant hear;
While warm for Britain's rights and nature's laws,
I call forth Britain's HOPE in freedom's cause:
Assert an empire which to ALL belongs,
And vindicate a world's long-suffer'd wrongs.

These saving truths import thee most to know,
The links that tie the mighty to the low;
What now, our fellow subject, is your due,
And, when our lord, shall be a debt on you.
O! may'st thou to the throne such maxims bring!
And feel the free-man while thou reign'st the king.

INTRODUCTION TO THE PRINCE.

Far hence the tribe, whose servile arts delude,
And teach the great to spurn the multitude.
Are those unworthy of the royal heir,
Who claim the future monarch's duteous care?
Still may thy thoughts the godlike task pursue,
And to the many ne'er prefer the few!
Still may'st thou fly thy fortune's specious friends,
Who deal forth sov'reign grace to private ends;
In narrow streams divert the copious tide,
Exalt one sect and damn the world beside:
While with false lights directing partial rule,
The lord of nations falls a party's tool.
Such there have been—and such, in truth's despite,
Disgrac'd the cause of liberty and right.
But thou shalt rise superior to their arts,
And fix thy empire in a people's hearts.

Nor hence may faction boast her favour'd claim,
Where selfish passions borrow virtue's name:
Free government alone preserves the free,
And righteous rule is gen'ral liberty;
Their guiding law is freedom's native voice,
The public good defin'd by public choice,
And justly should the bold offenders fall,
Who dare invade the sov'reign rights of all;
A king who proudly makes these claims his own,
Or they whose rage would shake a lawful throne.
From truths like these proceeds a right divine,
And may the pow'r that rais'd, preserve thy scepter'd line!

ODE I.

TO

MANKIND.

Is there, or do the schoolmen dream ?
Is there on earth a pow'r supreme,
 The delegate of heav'n,
To whom an uncontroll'd command,
In every realm, o'er sea or land,
 By special grace is giv'n ?

Then say, what signs this god proclaim ?
Dwells he amidst the diamond's flame,
 A throne his hallow'd shrine ?
The borrow'd pomp, the arm'd array,
Want, fear, and impotence betray :
 Strange proofs of pow'r divine.

If service due from human kind,
To men in slothful ease reclin'd
 Can form a sov'reign's claim :
Hail, monarchs ! ye, whom heav'n ordains,
Our toils unshar'd, to share our gains,
 Ye idiots, blind and lame !

Superior virtue, wisdom, might,
Create and mark the ruler's right,
So reason must conclude ;
Then thine it is, to whom belong
The wise, the virtuous, and the strong,
Thrice sacred multitude !

In thee, vast ALL ! are these contain'd,
For thee are those, thy parts ordain'd,
So nature's systems roll :
The sceptre's thine, if such there be ;
If none there is, then thou art free,
Great monarch ! mighty whole !

Let the proud tyrant rest his cause
On faith, prescription, force, or laws,
And host's or senate's voice !
His voice affirms thy stronger due,
Who for the many made the few,
And gave the species choice.

Unsanctify'd by thy command,
Unown'd by thee, the scepter'd hand
The trembling slave may bind.
But loose from nature's moral ties,
The oath by force impos'd belies
The unassenting mind.

Thy will's thy rule, thy good its end ;
 You punish only to defend
 What parent nature gave :
 And he who dares her gifts invade,
 By nature's oldest law is made
 Thy victim or thy slave.

Thus reason founds the just decree
 On universal liberty,
 Not private rights resign'd :
 Through various nature's wide extent,
 No private beings e'er were meant
 To hurt the gen'ral kind.

Thee justice guides, thee right maintains,
 Th' oppressor's wrongs, the pilf'rer's gains,
 Thy injur'd weal impair.
 Thy warmest passions soon subside,
 Nor partial envy, hate, nor pride,
 Thy temper'd counsels share.

Each instance of thy vengeful rage,
 Collected from each clime and age,
 Though malice swell the sum,
 Would seem a spotless scanty scroll,
 Compar'd with Marius' bloody roll,
 Or Sylla's hippodrome.

But thine has been imputed blame,
Th' unworthy few assume thy name,
The rabble weak and loud ;
Or those who on thy ruins feast,
The lord, the lawyer, and the priest ;
A more ignoble crowd.

Avails it thee, if one devours,
Or lesser spoilers share his pow'rs,
While both thy claim oppose ?
Monsters who wore thy sully'd crown,
Tyrants who pull'd those monsters down,
Alike to thee were foes.

Far other shone fair Freedom's hand,
Far other was th' immortal stand,
When Hampden fought for thee :
They snatch'd from rapine's gripe thy spoils,
The fruits and prize of glorious toils,
Of arts and industry.

On thee yet foams the preacher's rage,
On thee fierce frowns th' historian's page,
A false apostate train :
Tears stream adown the martyr's tomb ;
Unpitied in their harder doom,
Thy thousands strew the plain.



These had no charms to please the sense,
No graceful port, no eloquence,
To win the Muse's throng :
Unknown, unsung, unmark'd they lie ;
But Caesar's fate o'ercasts the sky,
And Nature mourns his wrong.

Thy foes, a frontless band, invade ;
Thy friends afford a timid aid,
And yield up half the right.
Ev'n Locke beams forth a mingled ray,
Afraid to pour the flood of day
On man's too feeble sight.

Hence are the motley systems fram'd,
Of right transferr'd, of power reclaim'd ;
Distinctions weak and vain.
Wise nature mocks the wrangling herd ;
For unreclaim'd, and untransferr'd,
Her pow'rs and rights remain.

While law the royal agent moves,
The instrument thy choice approves,
We bow through him to you.
But change, or cease th'inspiring choice,
The sov'reign sinks a private voice,
Alike in one, or few !

Shall then the wretch, whose dastard heart
Shrinks at a tyrant's nobler part,
And only dares betray ;
With reptile wiles, alas ! prevail,
Where force, and rage, and priest-craft fail,
To pilfer pow'r away ?

O ! shall the bought, and buying tribe,
The slaves who take, and deal the bribe,
A people's claims enjoy ?
So Indian murd'ers hope to gain
The pow'rs, and virtues of the slain,
Of wretches they destroy.

“ Avert it, Heav'n ! you love the brave,
“ You hate the treach'rous, willing slave,
“ The self-devoted head.
“ Nor shall an hireling's voice convey
“ That sacred prize to lawless sway,
“ For which a nation bled.”

Vain pray'r, the coward's weak resource !
Directing reason, active force,
Propitious Heaven bestows.
But ne'er shall flame the thund'ring sky,
To aid the trembling herd that fly
Before their weaker foes.

In names there dwell no magic charms,
The British virtues, British arms
Unloos'd our fathers' band :
Say, Greece and Rome ! if these should fail,
What names, what ancestors avail,
To save a sinking land ?

Far, far from us such ills shall be,
Mankind shall boast one nation free,
One monarch truly great :
Whose title speaks a People's choice,
Whose sovereign will a People's voice,
Whose strength a prosp'rous State.

ODE II.

ON
TRUE GREATNESS.

BY THE REV. MR. HUDSON.

LET who will climb the towery steep
Of sovereignty, with slippery strides,
Where, on the bosom of the deep
Below, the pitchy pinnace rides :
A death's head flag, unfurl'd to view,
Waves ghastly ; and a sable crew
Gaze from the deck, and seem to wait,
Dash'd down the pointed rocks, the rash unfortunate.
Mine be the low and level way,
Amid the quiet vale to stray.
Safe in some sylvan lodge to dwell,
And lull'd by the clear stream that speeds
By shallow fords to rustling reeds,
And small lakes, fring'd with homely asphodel.

There sits the calm, the rural sage,
With nature's volume fair in view ;
And meditates the shining page
Replete with wonders ever new :
While Wisdom points on either hand,
Where plants, and herbs, and flow'rets stand

In emerald groves, and shadowy glades,
In furzy moors, or musky-smelling meads.
Truth, in her liquid glass serene,
To him explains each moral scene :
Oft, in the downward skies, a train
Of tinsel insect he surveys,
Or glow-worm, with fallacious blaze,
Just emblem of court greatness, frail and vain.

Oft in his woodland walk he stops to mark
The spirited and youthful lark,
Warn'd by the dawning in the dappled east,
Lift his melodious flight thro' upper air ;
Late the low tenant of the rushy nest
Now sings unrivall'd in his radiant sphere.
The pondering Hermit then sees Merit roam,
Above the nurslings of the courtly dome,
On Glory's sparkling wheels, rais'd from its humble dome.

First of the families of fame,
That Rome's imperial city grace,
From rural huts and hamlets came
The Fabian and Fabrician race ;
With that firm judge that could condemn
And banish the proud diadem.
To Sabine fields she owes the vine,
Whose tendrils yet round Virtue's column twine ;
Which braves Oppression's wintry breath,
And stand the icy touch of Death.

The leafless flock, that Fortune dooms
To wither, with returning spring
(While the glad flocks of Freedom sing)
Profuse of promis'd sweets, with double vigour
blooms.

Hark! hark! 'tis Brutus' name I hear,
Join'd with his fair, heroic bride ;
To Honour's hallow'd fane they steer
Along the favourable tide ;
To her and Safety there to place
The tablet, vow'd to human race :
Blow, every kind and gentle gale
Of gratitude, and fan the swelling sail.
High on a fleecy couch reclin'd,
Of white and amber clouds confin'd,
Rome's genius lifts his august head ;
Now slow descending nearer draws,
Hail'd with the popular applause,
And bids the solemn pageantry proceed.
Go, the triumphal ornaments display :
Ye sacred Salii lead the way :
Next led the order of Patrician blood,
In awful march a num'rous train compose,
And follow'd by the jubilating crowd ;
As Cybelé thro' Phrygian cities goes,
Majestic, and with golden turrets crown'd :
A hundred gods her gorgeous car surround,
A thousand tongues acclaim ; the clanging cym-
bals sound.

ODE III.

TO
THE ATHEIST.

BY R. SHEPHERD, D. D.

EXPATiate long in nice debate,
On Chance, Necessity, and Fate :
 With learn'd Lucretius stray
In Epicurus' magic grove,
Where the self-motion'd atoms rove
 In mazy mystic play.

Some vain hypothesis admit,
The specious cobweb-work of wit ;
 And daringly deny
What every object round avows,
What every act of Reason shews,
 An All-wise Deity.

The clearest evidence contest,
Divinely stamp't on every breast,
 Since Time was taught to roll ;
In Errors gloomy coverts stray,
From Truth's indisputable ray
 Remote, as pole from pole.

So shuts the moping bird of night
Her feeble eyes against the light,
That glads the cheerful day ;
And when prevailing darkness reigns,
Thro' groves obscene, or dreary plains,
She wings her dubious way.

Consult the blue expanse on high,
The blush that paints the morning sky,
The cloud that nimbly rides,
The orbs that mark with lustre bright
The spangled mantle of the night,
Who there supreme resides.

Question the gaudy flowers around,
That scent the air, or paint the ground,
Whose influence they obey :
Whose hand imparts the various dyes,
At whose command they bud and rise,
At whose command decay.

Say ye, on down, or mountain steep,
That stately tread, or lowly creep ;
And ye aerial throng,
That cheer the woodland scene and fields
With vocal strains ; whose bounty yields,
Or sustenance or song :

Who, in the ocean's waste domain,
The tenants of the watry plain
With liberal hand supplies ?

The floods in icy fetters binds,
Smooths the rough surge, and lulls the winds,
Or bids the tempest rise?

Nature in every mystic scene
Declares a plastic author's reign :
Above the morning's wings,
Beyond the sea's remotest tides,
Beneath the daedal earth resides
Th' Almighty King of Kings.

ODE IV.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

[Late Poet-Laureat.]

ONCE, I remember well the day,
'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May
Had lost their freshest hues:
When every flower on ev'ry hill,
In ev'ry vale had drank its fill
Of sun-shine and of dews.

In short, 'twas that sweet season's prime,
When Spring gives up the reins of Time
To Summer's glowing hand,
And doubting mortals hardly know,
By whose command the breezes blow
Which fan the smiling land.

'Twas then, beside a green-wood shade,
Which cloth'd a lawn's aspiring head,
I urg'd my devious way,
With loitering steps regardless where,
So soft, so genial was the air,
So wondrous bright the day.

And now my eyes with transport rove
 O'er all the blue expanse above,
 Unbroken by a cloud !
 And now beneath delighted pass,
 Where, winding through the deep-green grass,
 A full brimm'd river flow'd.

I stop, I gaze ; in accents rude,
 To thee, serenest Solitude,
 Burst forth th' unbidden lay ;
 " Begone, vile world, the learn'd, the wise,
 The great, the busy I despise,
 And pity e'en the gay.

" These, these are joys alone, I cry ;
 'Tis here, divine Philosophy,
 Thou deign'st to fix thy throne !
 Here Contemplation points the road
 Thro' Nature's charms to Nature's God !
 These, these are joys alone !

" Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
 Ye human hopes, and human fears,
 Ye pleasures and ye pains !"
 While thus I spake, o'er all my soul
 A philosophic calmness stole,
 A stoic stillness reigns.

The tyrant passions all subside;
Fear, anger, pity, shame, and pride,
No more my bosom move :
Yet still I felt, or seem to feel,
A kind of visionary zeal
Of universal love.

When lo! a voice, a voice I hear!
'Twas Reason whisper'd in my ear
These monitory strains :
"What mean'st thou, man? would'st thou unbind
The ties which constitute thy kind,
The pleasures and the pains?

"The same Almighty Power unseen,
Who spreads the gay or solemn scene
To Contemplation's eye,
Fix'd every movement of the soul,
Taught every wish its destin'd goal,
And quicken'd every joy.

"He bids the tyrant passions rage,
He bids them war eternal wage,
And combat each his foe :
Till from dissensions concord rise,
And beauties from deformities,
And happiness from woe.

“ Art thou not man, and dar’st thou find
A bliss which leans not to mankind ?
Presumptuous thought and vain !
Each bliss unshar’d is unenjoy’d,
Each power is weak unless employ’d
Some social good to gain.

“ Shall light and shade, and warmth and air,
With those exalted joys compare,
Which active Virtue feels !
When on she drags, as lawful prize,
Contempt, and Indolence, and Vice,
At her triumphant wheels ?

“ As rest and labour still succeeds
To man, whilst Virtue’s glorious deeds
Employ his toilsome day ;
This fair variety of things,
Are merely life’s refreshing springs,
To sooth him on his way.

“ Enthusiast, go, unstring thy lyre,
In vain thou sing’st, if none admire,
How sweet soe’er the strain.
And is not thy o’erflowing mind,
Unless thou mixest with thy kind,
Benevolent in vain ?

Enthusiast, go, try every sense,
If not thy bliss, thy excellence,
 Thou yet hast learn'd to scan ;
At least thy wants, thy weakness know,
And see them all uniting show,
 That man was made for man."

ODE V.

THE MAN OF SORROW.

BY MR. GREVILLE.

AH ! what avails the lengthening mead,
By Nature's kindest bounty spread
 Along the vale of flowers !
Ah ! what avails the darkening grove,
Or Philomel's melodious love,
 That glads the midnight hours !

For me (alas !) the god of day
Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,
 Nor night her comfort brings :
I have no pleasure in the rose :
For me no vernal beauty blows,
 Nor Philomela sings.

See how the sturdy peasants stride,
Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
 In cheerful ignorance blest !
Alike to them the rose or thorn,
Alike arises every morn,
 By gay Contentment drest.

Content, fair daughter of the skies,
Or gives spontaneous, or denies,
Her choice divinely free :
She visits oft the hamlet cot,
When Want and Sorrow are the lot
Of Avarice and me.

But see—or is it Fancy's dream ?
Methought a bright celestial gleam
Shot sudden thro' the groves ;
Behold, behold, in loose array,
Euphrosyne, more bright than day,
Mote mild than Paphian doves !

Welcome, O ! welcome, Pleasure's queen !
And see, along the velvet green,
The jocund train advance :
With scatter'd flowers they fill the air,
The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair
Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah ! baneful grant of angry Heaven
When to the feeling wretch is given
A soul alive to joy !
Joys fly with every hour away,
And leave th' unguarded heart a prey
To cares, that Peace destroy.

And see, with visionary haste,
(Too soon the gay delusion past)
Reality remains!
Despair has seiz'd my captive soul,
And Horror drives without controul,
And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng :
What beauties, say, ye nymphs, belong
To the distemper'd soul ?
I see the lawn of hideous dye,
The tow'ring elm nods misery,
With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,
Ye were for misery made—
'Twas thus the Man of Sorrow spoke,
His wayward step then pensive took
Along th' unhallow'd shade.

ODE VI.

THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

By the Same.

YEs, to the Sages be it told,
However great, or wise, or old—
Fair Pleasure's my pursuit ;
For her I breathe the joyful day,
For her thro' Nature's wilds I stray,
And cull the flowers and fruit.

Sweep, sweep the lute's enchanting string
And all thy sweets, lov'd Luxury, bring!
"To enjoy is to obey ;"
The heavenly mandate still prevail,
And let each unwise wretch bewail
The dire neglected day.

Ah ! graceless wretch ! to disobey,
And devious quit the flowery way,
And slight the gods decree !
Still, still, ye gods, the blessings send !
If e'er my guilty hands offend,
Indeed my heart is free.

In Pleasure's ray see Nature shine,
How dull, alas ! at Wisdom's shrine !
 " 'Tis Folly to be wise :"
Collusive term, poor vain pretence,
Enjoyment sure is real Sense
 In philosophic eyes.

I love the carol of the hound,
Enraptur'd on the living ground,
 In dashing ecstasy ;
I love the awkward courser's stride,
The courser that has been well tried,
 And with him eager fly.

And yes, I love, ye sneering wise !—
Fair Honour, spurning still at lies,
 As courting Liberty ;
Still hand in hand great Nature goes,
With joys to honour never foes,
 And all those joys are free.

And welcome thrice to British land,
From Italy's voluptuous strand,
 Ye destin'd men of art ;
Breathe on the thrilling meaning sound,
Each grace shall still be faithful found,
 At your admirer's heart.

Avert, ye gods! that curse of fools,
The pride of theoretic rules;
That dupery of sense:
I ne'er refuse the proffer'd joy,
With every good—that can annoy—
Most easily dispense.

I catch each rapture as it flies,
Each happy loss a gain supplies,
And boon still follows boon:
The smile of beauty gilds my day,
Regardless of her frowns I stray;—
Thus thro' my hours I run!

But let me not for idle rhyme
Neglect, ungrateful, good old Time:
Dear watch! thou art obey'd—
'Twas, thus the Man of Pleasure spoke,
His jovial step then careless took
To Celia—or her maid.

ODE VII.

RETIREMENT.

BY JAMES BEATTIE, L. L. D.

WHEN in the crimson cloud of Even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays ;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive Youth of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd
High o'er the glimmering dale ;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale ;
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep :

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.

Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest Power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless Fair!
Thy heavenly smile how win!
Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing!

Oft let remembrance sooth his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclin'd
He fram'd his infant lays;
When Fancy rov'd at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,
Nor Envy with malignant glare
His simple youth had harm'd.

'Twas then, O Solitude, to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah, why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,

Remote from all congenial joy !—
O take the wanderer home.

Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme ;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream,
Whence the scar'd owl on pinions grey
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

O while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along ;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car,
Flash on the startled eye.

But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore ;
For he of joys divine shall tell
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains this heart below.

For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread ;
No more I climb those toilsome heights
By guileful Hope misled ;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain ;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.

ODE VIII.

THE *HERMIT'S VISION.*

BY THE REV. THOMAS PENROSE.

MILDLY beam'd the queen of night,
Sailing thro' the grey serene :
Silver'd by her modest light,
But faintly shone the solitary scene,
With deep'ning shadows mixt, and glitt'ring breaks
between.

High on a clifty steep, o'erspread
With many an oak, whose ancient head
Did in its neighbour's top itself inwreath,
And cast an umbered gloom and solemn awe beneath.

High on a clifty steep a Hermit sat,
Weighing in his weaned mind
The various turns of mortal fate,
The various woes of human kind ;
Meek Pity's pearl oft started in his eye,
And many a pray'r he pour'd, and heav'd a frequent
sigh.

Silent was all around,
Save when the swelling breeze
Convey'd the half-expiring sound
Of distant waterfalls, and gently-waving trees.

No tinkling folds, no curfew's parting knell
Struck the sequester'd Anchoret's ear ;
Remote from men he scoop'd his narrow cell,
For much he had endur'd, no more he look'd to fear.

But still, the world's dark tempests past,
What tho' his skiff was drawn to shore,
And shelter'd in retirement fast,
Yet oft his voyage he'd ponder o'er ;
Oft in reflection life's rough ocean view,
How mount the stormy waves, how hard to struggle
through !

Before his sage revolving eyes
Various phantoms seem'd to rise,
Now retreat, and now advance,
And mazy twine the mystic dance.

Joy led the van, in rapture wild,
Thoughtless of the distant day ;
Sweet Complacence, angel mild,
Hied from the frantic pageant far away ;
For she was Wisdom's favour'd child,
In revelry untaught to stray.

Joy led the van—her painted vest,
Flowing to th' obsequious wind,
Hope had seiz'd, with flutt'ring breast,
And eager tripp'd behind.

Gay she stepp'd, till busy Fear
Whisper'd in her startled ear
"How many a cup is dash'd with gall,
"How many an evil may befall!"
Aghast awhile she heard the ruthless song,
Then faster seiz'd the robe, and hastier danc'd along.

Close Love follow'd in the train,
Love, the queen of pleasing pain :
Placid now in dear delight,
Madd'ning now in deep affright,
And prying keen with jaundic'd eye,
Pierc'd by the sting of hell-born Jealousy.

'Twixt Pride and lust of Grandeur led,
Next Ambition rear'd her head,
By Phrenzy urg'd o'er every bar to rise,
And seize the visionary prize :
Wild as she rush'd, she scorn'd to mark the ground,
Yet many a slip she made, and many a fall she found.

Pale as the waning moon,
With tear-stain'd cheek and stupid gaze,
Withering before life's sunny noon,
Grief crept along in sad amaze,

By many a stroke to keenest misery brought,
Now in a shower dissolv'd, now lost in inward thought.

As the rous'd Tiger gaunt and fell
Kindles into cruel rage,
With flashing glare and murd'rous yell—
Thus Anger past th' ideal stage,
Too fierce for wounds or groans to feel,
Onward she sprung, and shook the bloody steel.

While far behind, with silent pace and slow,
Malice was content to go,
Patient the distant hour to wait,
And hide with courteous smiles the blackest hate.
Secret long her wrath she'd keep,
'Till time disarm'd the foe, then drove her poniard
deep.

To Malice link'd, as near allied,
Envy march'd with baneful lour;
Detraction halted by her side,
Upheld by Falshood's feeble power.—

“No more!—no more!” the holy Seer exclaim'd,
“Passions wild, unbroke, untam'd,
“Must sure the human heart o'erthrow,
“And plunge in all the energy of woe.

“Grant then the boon, all-gracious Heav'n,
“Let reason ever take the helm;

“ Lest, by unheeded whirlwinds driv’n,
“ The pinnacle frail some gust may overwhelm !

“ Hang out the friendly lamp, that clear
“ From Error’s perils she may safely steer ;
“ Till death shall bid each trial cease,
“ And moor the shatter’d bark in peace !”

ODE IX.

AGAINST DESPAIR.

BY JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

FAREWELL thou dimpled cherub Joy,
Thou rose-crown'd, ever-smiling boy,
Wont thy sister Hope to lead
To dance along the primrose mead !
No more, bereft of happy hours,
I seek thy lute-resounding bowers,
But to yon ruin'd tower repair,
To meet the God of groans, Despair ;
Who, on that ivy-darken'd ground,
Still takes at eve his silent round,
Or sits yon new-made grave beside,
Where lies a frantic Suicide :
While labouring sighs my heart-strings break,
Thus to the sullen Power I speak :

“ Haste, with thy poison'd dagger, haste,
“ To pierce this sorrow-laden breast ;
“ Or lead me at the dead of night,
“ To some sea-beat mountain's height,
“ Whence with headlong haste I'll leap
“ To the dark bosom of the deep ;

" Or shew me far from human eye,
" Some cave to muse in, starve, and die,
" No weeping friend or brother near,
" My last fond, faltering words to hear !"

'Twas thus, with weight of woes opprest,
I sought to ease my bruised breast :
When straight more gloomy grew the shade,
And lo ! a tall majestic maid !
Her limbs, not delicately fair,
Robust, and of a martial air ;
She bore of steel a polish'd shield,
Where highly-sculptur'd I beheld
Th' Athenian martyr smiling stand,
The baleful goblet in his hand ;
Sparkled her eyes with lively flame,
And Patience was the seraph's name ;
Sternly she look'd, and stern began—
" Thy sorrows cease, complaining man,
" Rouse thy weak soul, appease thy moan,
" Soon are the clouds of sadness gone ;
" Tho' now in Grief's dark groves you walk,
" Where grisly fiends around you stalk,
" Beyond a blissful city lies,
" Far from whose gates each anguish flies :
" Take thou this shield, which once of yore
" Ulysses and Alcides wore,
" And which in later days I gave
" To Regulus and Raleigh brave ;

“ In exile or in dungeon drear
“ Their mighty minds could banish fear;
“ Thy heart no tenfold woes shall feel,
“ ’Twas Virtue temper’d the rough steel,
“ And, by her heavenly fingers wrought,
“ To me the precious present brought.”

ODE X.

AGAINST ILL-NATURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

OFFSPRING of Folly and of Pride,
To all that's odious, all that's base allied;
Nurs'd up by Vice, by Pravity misled,
By pedant Affectation taught and bred :
. Away, thou hideous hell-born sprite,
Go, with thy looks of dark design,
Sullen, sour, and saturnine ;
Fly to some gloomy shade, nor blot the goodly light.
Thy planet was remote; when I was born ;
'Twas Mercury that rul'd my natal morn,
What time the sun exerts his genial ray,
And ripens for enjoyment every growing day;
When to exist is but to love and sing,
And sprightly Aries smiles upon the spring.

There, in yon lonesome heath,
Which Flora, or Sylvanus never knew,
Where never vegetable drank the dew,
Or beast or fowl attempts to breathe ;
Where Nature's pencil has no colours laid ;
But all is blank, and universal shade ;

Contrast to figure, motion, life, and light,
There may'st thou vent thy spite,
For ever cursing, and for ever curs'd,
Of all th' infernal crew the worst ;
The worst in genius, measure, and decree ;
For envy, hatred, malice, are but parts of thee.

Or, wouldst thou change the scene, and quit thy den,
Behold the heaven-deserted fen,
Where Spleen, by vapours dense begot and bred,
Hardness of heart, and heaviness of head,
Have rais'd their darksome walls, and plac'd their
thorny bed ;

There may'st thou all thy bitterness unload,
There may'st thou croak, in concert with the toad.
With thee the hollow howling winds shall join,
Nor shall the bittern her base throat deny ;
The querulous frogs shall mix their dirge with thine,
Th' ear piercing hern, and plover screaming high,
While million humming gnats fit oestrums shall supply.

Away—away—behold an hideous band,
An herd of all thy minions are at hand :
Suspicion first with jealous caution stalks,
And ever looks around her as she walks,
With bibulous ear imperfect sounds to catch,
And prompt to listen at her neighbour's latch.
Next Scandal's meagre shade,
Foe to the virgins, and the Poet's fame,

A wither'd, time-deflower'd old maid,
That ne'er enjoy'd Love's ever sacred flame.
Hypocrisy succeeds with saint-like look,
And elevates her hands, and plods upon her book.
Next comes illiberal scrambling Avarice,
Then Vanity and Affectation nice—
See, she salutes her shadow with a bow,
As in short Gallic trips she minces by,
Starting Antipathy is in her eye,
And squeamishly she knits her scornful brow.
To thee, Ill-nature, all the numerous group
With lowly reverence stoop—
• They wait thy call, and mourn thy long delay :
Away—thou art infectious—haste away.

ODE XI.

THE
VANITY OF WEALTH.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

No more, thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep,
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
O quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys !
To purchase Heaven has gold the power ?
Can gold remove the mortal hour ?
In life can Love be bought with gold ?
Are Friendship's pleasures to be sold ?
No—all that's worth a wish, a thought,
Fair Virtue gives, unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
With Science tread the wondrous way,
Or learn the Muse's moral lay ;
In social hours indulge thy soul,
Where Mirth and Temperance mix the bo
To virtuous Love resign thy breast,
And be by blessing Beauty blest.

Thus taste the feast by Nature spread,
Ere Youth and all its joys are fled;
Come, taste with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
I boast, whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and STELLA, and content;
And scorn! oh! let that scorn be thine!
Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

ODE XII.

THE
HAPPINESS OF A MODERATE FORTUNE,
AND
MODERATE DESIRES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MR. GRESSET.

Written in M DCC LX.

BY JOHN LANGHORNE, D. D.

O GODDESS of the golden mean,
Whom still misjudging folly flies,
Seduc'd by each delusive scene;
Thy only subjects are the wise.
These seek thy paths with nobler aim,
And trace them to the gates of Fame.

See, foster'd in thy fav'ring shade,
Each tender bard of verse divine !
Who, lur'd by fortune's vain parade,
Had never form'd the tuneful line ;
By fortune lur'd or want confin'd,
Whose cold hand chills the genial mind.

In vain you slight the flowery crown,
That fame wreaths round the favour'd head !
Whilst laurel'd victory and renown
Their heroes from thy shades have led ;
There form'd, from courtly softness free,
By rigid virtue and by thee.

By thee were form'd, from cities far,
FABRICIUS just, CAMILLUS wise,
Those philosophic sons of war,
That from imperial dignities
Returning, plough'd their native plain,
And plac'd their laurels in thy fane.

Thrice happy he, on whose calm breast
The smiles of peaceful wisdom play,
With all thy sober charms possest,
Whose wishes never learnt to stray.
Whom truth, of pleasures pure but grave,
And pensive thoughts, from folly save.

Far from the crowd's low-thoughted strife,
From all that bounds fair freedom's aim,
He envies not the pomp of life,
A length of rent-roll, or of name :
For safe he views the vale-grown elm,
While thunder-sounding storms the mountain
pine o'erwhelm.

Of censure's frown he feels no dread,
No fear he knows of vulgar eyes,
Whose thought to nobler objects led,
Far, far o'er their horizon flies :
With reason's suff'rage at his side,
Whose firm heart rests self-satisfied.

And while alternate conquest sways
The northern, or the southern shore,
He smiles at Fortune's giddy maze,
And calmly hears the wild storm roar.
Ev'n Nature's groans, unmov'd with fear,
And bursting worlds, he'd calmly hear.

Such are the faithful hearts you love,
O FRIENDSHIP fair, immortal maid ;
The few caprice could never move,
The few whom interest never sway'd ;
Nor shed unseen, with hate refin'd,
The pale cares o'er the gloomy mind.

Soft sleep, that lov'st the peaceful cell,
On these descends thy balmy power ;
While no terrific dreams dispel
The slumbers of the sober hour ;
Which oft, array'd in darkness drear,
Wake the wild eye of pride to fear.

Content with all a farm would yield,
Thus SIDON's monarch liv'd unknown,
And sigh'd to leave his little field
For the long glories of a throne——
There once more happy and more free,
Than rank'd with DIDO's ancestry.

With these pacific virtues blest,
These charms of philosophic ease,
Wrapt in your RICHMOND's tranquil rest.
You pass, dear C——, your useful days,
Where THAMES your silent vallies laves,
Proud of his yet untainted waves.

Should life's more public scenes engage
Your time that thus consistent flows,
And following still these maxims sage
For ever brings the same repose ;
Your worth may greater fame procure,
But hope not happiness so pure.

ODE XIII.

THE *FIRE-SIDE.*

BY — COTTON, M. D.

DEAR CHLOE, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In Folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.



Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark ;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring,
Whence pleasures ever rise :
We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs :
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompence our cares.

No borrow'd joys ! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot :
Monarchs ! we envy not your state ;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need !
For Nature's calls are few !
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r ;
For if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours given :
Dear Chloe this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
(Since winter life is seldom sweet) :
 But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
 The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go,
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead :

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

ODE XIV.

ON

MARRIAGE.

RANG'D by all-ruling Heaven's design,
Low sinks this ball, a mass supine ;
 The stars high-blazing roll.
Nor lives a wretch of frantic brain,
Who dares with impious rage maintain,
 That chance directs the whole.

Yet nations wide adopt this plan :
Chance classes all degrees of man,
 Unknown in Nature's state ;
And the mere accident of birth
Marks who shall rule or till the earth,
 Th' ignoble or the great.

While such the consecrated springs,
Whence proudly issue lords and kings,
 Why sleeps the parent's care ?
Anxious to match the generous steed,
Where Strength and Beauty stamp the breed,
 Regardless of his heir.

But to no favour'd race confin'd,
The virtues of our nobler kind
All ranks alike may claim ;
Issue as fair, and brave, and wise,
As the high lineage of the skies,
May bless an humble dame.

The charm that softens manly grace,
The ray that beams in woman's face,
The sympathy of mind,
Denote (whate'er their various lot,
Whether a palace or a cot)
The mates by heaven design'd.

But peevish Age, and gloomy Pride,
And churlish Av'rice, dare divide
Those links which powerful draw
To union dear, congenial loves :
The sire condemns what God approves,
And Tyranny is law.

Far other maxims form'd our state :
All orders, mixt of low and great,
Compose the harmonious frame.
Firm hath the mighty fabric stood,
And Britain boasts her mingled blood
In many a deathless name.

Free should the sons of freedom wed
The maid by equal fondness led,
Nor, heaping wealth on wealth,
Youth pine in age's wither'd arms,
Deformity polluting charms,
And Sickness blasting Health.

But house for house, and grounds for grounds,
And mutual bliss in balanc'd pounds,
Each parent's thought employ :
These, summ'd by Wingate's solid rules,
Let fools, and all the sons of fools,
Count less substantial joy !

And yet no niggard care confines
The child indulg'd.—Lo! India's mines
Flame in the daughter's dress :
As gorgeous shines the lavish son ;
No Luxury refus'd but one—
Domestic happiness.

The victim comes in rich attire,
Dragg'd trembling by her ruthless sire ;
Thy child, O monster, save !
Better the sacrificing knife,
Plung'd in her bosom, end that life
Thy fatal passion gave.

With torch inverted Hymen stands ;
The furies wave their livid brands,
Wild Horror, pale Dismay.
Soft Pity drops the melting tear ;
And lustful satyrs grinning leer,
Sure of their destin'd prey.

Compell'd, the falt'ring priest slow-ties
The knot of plighted perjuries,
For spotless truth ordain'd.
More fitly had some Daemon fell,
Some minister of sin and hell,
The sacred rites profan'd.

Go, wedded pair! all blithe and gay
Young virgins strew the flow'ry way,
And crown your festal gate.
Invok'd the genial powers attend :
So shall a hapless line descend,
Heir to your wretched fate.

Unheir'd, a mass of barren earth,
No monster of amphibious birth
Transmits a future race.
Shall then an angel's form, conjoin'd
With all that sinks the brutal kind,
Perpetuate man's disgrace ?

Yet Nature will assert her claim :
Thine, rigid Father ! thine the blame,
If injur'd Beauty stray :
Thou shouldst have heard the Lover's voice,
Approv'd and sanctify'd the choice,
Nor curs'd the bridal day.

Welcom'd by thee, chaste Love had shed
His blessings o'er that dismal bed,
Now wrapt in guilt and fear.
The lisping babe had bless'd thy age,
Now taught, with more than infant-rage,
To chide thy loitering bier.

Hence all those baleful evils flow,
Which swell the tide of human woe,
And blot th' Almighty's plan ;
Taint ev'ry source of pure delight,
Break ev'ry band that shou'd unite
The soul of man to man.

Blank bastardy with blazon'd crest,
And harlots in patrician vest,
Triumphant Vice proclaim.
The high-born virgin, mimic, tries
Those arts which taught the low to rise,
From Poverty, thro' shame.



Behold a various motley race !
Th' unwelcome son, with alien face,
His mother's crime betrays.
No kindred Love's instinctive fire,
No social charities conspire
To light the patriot's blaze.

Hence sage Authority despis'd,
And savage Licence, ill disguis'd
In Freedom's injur'd name ;
Bold Orat'ry with brazen din,
While skulking Selfishness within
Directs Ambition's aim.

In barter vile each parent sold,
The sordid progeny of gold
Will own no other sway ;
To wealth the virgin yields her charms ;
For pay the soldier flies to arms,
Peers vote, and prelates pray.

Not such those lights (which pierc'd the gloom
Thick cast o'er earth by barb'rous Rome)
Pure as the faith they own'd.
Nor such th' unpension'd nobles' zeal :
In bosoms warm for public weal,
Their country sat enthron'd.

The statesman plann'd, the hero fought,
Their service like their love unbought ;
Yet both were well repaid :
Their Country's glory, then, was wealth ;
Youth, Beauty, Innocence, and Health
Endow'd the wedded maid.

No hireling friends did Britain drain,
No base Contractor's pilfering train
Aveng'd the vanquish'd foe :
While the land groans beneath her debt,
And hard-tax'd peasants murm'ring sweat,
In victory and woe.

Yet blest the hind whose shelter'd head,
Secure beneath his lowly shed,
Forgets the slow-worn day ;
His darling child and faithful wife,
Best comforts of the happiest life,
His suff'rings all repay.

But see ! th' unpeopl'd village falls :
Drear devastation rais'd the walls.
Say, if some tyrant reigns ?
Or dar'd the bold invader's hand,
In vengeance, hurl the flaming brand
O'er Britains ravag'd plains ?



Our coast no bold invader dares;
And GEORGE benign, with lib'ral cares,
Each cherish'd art improves.
Yet Britain views a houseless band;
Sad outcast in his native land,
The wand'ring exile roves.

Shall Luxury, diffusive spread,
Envy the wretch his pain-earn'd bread,
His cot and homely joys?
Are those the means that must replace
The strength of an exhausted race,
Decrepid sires and boys?

Tho' borne on Glory's tow'ring wings,
Fame her triumphant paean sings
Far as the billows foam:
Yet dearly were our triumphs bought;
And hardly paid the victors fought,
Whom Misery waits at home.

But, lo! the nations from afar
Crowd to repair the waste of war,
With numbers, skill, and toil.
Myriads, alas! would crowd in vain,
Whilst laws the marriage-rite restrain,
And lordlings thin the soil.

ODES.

CLASS THE THIRD.



ODES.

CLASS THE THIRD.

RUNIC ODES.

ΣΟΦΙ—

—AN EN MYXOIEI ΠΕΡΙΔΩΝ.

PIND. PYTH. 6.

BY THOMAS JOHN MATHIAS.

ODE I.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS;

OR, THE

DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.

FROM the chambers of the East,
In robes of terror grimly drest,
Ymir hath his course begun,
Rival of th' unwearied Sun.
Now, in many a glist'ring wreath,
Above, around, and underneath,
The serpent dread, of dateless birth,
Girds the devoted globe of earth ;
And, as charm'd by pow'rful spell,
Ocean heaves with furious swell,
The plumed Monarch whets his beak,
Seeking where his wrath to wreak ;

Till on the plain, with corpses strew'd,
He sates his maw with bleeding food :
While the Vessel's floating pride
Stems duration's rounding tide.

Trace again the solemn rhyme;
From Orient's ever-teeming clime
I see them come, an evil race,
Bold in heart, and stern in face ;
In turbulent array they sweep,
Beneath them groans the burthen'd deep ;
Fierce they rush, yet all obey
Monarch Lok's resistless sway.
Gaunt and wild with savage howl,
Mark the wolfish Fenris prowl ;
With him stalks a furious train,
Panting for th' ensanguin'd plain :
Is Beliep's brother left behind ?
No : he flies on wings of wind.

Know'st thou what is done above ?
No more in halls of joy and love,
The favour'd guests, profuse of soul,
Drain the skull or nectar'd bowl :
What Genii shake that nodding frame ?
These are deeds without a name.
Struck with elemental jar,
Gods themselves come forth to war :
From the many-mansion'd dome
Giant tenants loosen'd roam,

And around each rock-hewn cell,
 With heaving groan or fearful yell,
 Declare what uncontrolled pow'r
 Presiding rules the mortal hour :
 These no acts of joy and love—
 Know'st thou now what's done above ?

From the regions of the South
 Surtur bursts with fiery mouth :
 High o'er yonder black'ning shade
 Gleams the hallow'd sun-bright blade,
 Which in star-bespangled field
 Warrior Gods encount'ring wield.
 From Vengeance' red celestial store
 Ministers of ruin pour ;
 Caverns yawning, mountains rending ;
 Conscious of the fate impending,
 Ydrasil's prophetic ash
 Nods to the air with sudden crash :
 Monstrous female forms advance,
 Stride the steed and couch the lance :
 Armed heroes throng the plain,
 Harbingers of Hela's reign :
 And see, from either verge of Heav'n,
 That concave vast asunder riv'n.

Why does beauteous Lina weep ?
 Whence those lorn notes in accent deep ?
 For battle Odin 'gins prepare ;
 Aloft in distant realms of air,

Mark the murd'rous monster stalk
In printless majesty of walk.
Odin kens his well-known tread ;
The fatal sisters clip the thread :
To the mansion cold he creeps—
In vain the beauteous Lina weeps.

Glowing with paternal fire,
Generous rage and fierce desire,
See Odin's offspring, Vidar bold,
His sanguine course unfalt'ring hold.
Nought he fears the wolfish grin,
Tho' slaughter's minions round him din ;
In vain 'gainst him in fell accord
Giant forms uplift the sword ;
He locks his foe in iron sleep,
And stamps the filial vengeance deep.

Think not yet the measure full,
Or the blade with carnage dull ;
Lodina's glory, heart and hand,
Joins the fight and takes his stand.
Lo ! in many a horrid turn,
Crest that glistens, eyes that burn,
The lordly serpent rolls along,
Nor fears the brave, nor heeds the strong :
But hark, 'twas Fate in thunder spoke ;
Vidar deals the forceful stroke,
Lays the death-doom'd monster low,
And triumphs o'er his burnish'd foe.

From the cavern deep and dank,
Bonds that burst and chains that clank,
Proclaim the griesly form canine
Loosen'd from his long confine :
Garmar foams with rage and shame ;
Garmar, to gods no fearless name.

Signs abroad portentous lour ;
'Tis Desolation's fatal hour :
Fiery shapes the æther wing ;
Surtur calls, they know their King.
Dark encircling clouds absorb
The lustre of light's central orb ;
Conscious stars no more dispense
Their gently beaming influence ;
But, bursting from their shaken sphere,
Unsubstantial disappear.
No more this pensile mundane ball
Rolls thro' the wide æreal hall ;
Ingulphed sinks the vast machine.
Who shall say, the things have been !

ODE II.

THE
RENOVATION OF THE WORLD,
AND
FUTURE RETRIBUTION.

By the Same.

The Gods (or Daemones) meet on the top of mount Inda, and sing the following prophetic Song of Triumph.

Now the Spirit's plastic might,
Brooding o'er the formless deep,
O'er the dusk abysm of night,
Bids Creation cease to sleep.

Instant from the riven main
Starts the renovated earth;
Pine-clad mountain, shaded plain;
See, 'tis Nature's second birth.

Gods on Inda spread the board;
Such was the supreme decree:
Swell the strains in full accord,
Strains of holiest harmony.

" Pour the sparkling beverage high;
" Be the song with horror fraught:
" Lab'ring earth, and ruin'd sky,
" Fix the soul in solemn thought.

- “ Odin next inspire the verse,
“ Gor’d by the relentless fang;
“ Aether felt the conflict fierce,
“ Dying groan and parting pang.
- “ Where is now his vaunted might?
“ Where the terror of his eye?
“ Fled for aye from scenes of light:
“ Pour the sparkling beverage high.
- “ Lo! they fleet in radiant round,
“ Years of plenty, years of joy:
“ Sorrow’s place no more is found,
“ Cares that vex, or sweets that cloy.
- “ From the kindly teeming soil,
“ Ripen’d harvests wave unsown;
“ Wherefore need the peasant’s toil?
“ Nature works, and works alone.
- “ Ask you whose the scepter’d sway?
“ ’Tis to lordly Balder giv’n:
“ Mark him there in bright array,
“ Stalking thro’ the halls of heav’n.
- “ Hoder holds united reign;
“ Latest times their strength shall prove;
“ Monarchs of the bleak domain.
“ Know’st thou now what’s done above?

“ Is it blest delusion's hour ?
“ Rolls mine eye in frenzied trance ?
“ Beams of glory round me show'r ;
“ Troops of radiant forms advance.

“ Founded on that firm-set rock,
“ Rising view the dome of gold,
“ Fix'd secure from wintry shock :
“ There the good, and there the bold.

“ High in tracts of troubled air
“ Justice waves her awful sword :
“ Vice appall'd, with hideous stare,
“ Shrinks ere spoke the dooming word.

“ Conscience comes, a tort'ring fiend,
“ Bids his minions round him roll ;
“ Fell Remorse, the breast to rend,
“ Agony, to storm the soul.

“ In Nastronda's northern plain,
“ Hark, th' envenom'd portals ope :
“ Respite there is none of pain,
“ Comfort none, or cheering hope.

“ Dog-ey'd Lust, Adult'ry foul,
“ Murder red with many a stain,
“ At the fatal entrance scowl,
“ Bound in adamantine chain.

“ Mark the house ; if right we deem,
“ ’Tis of scales serpentine built ;
“ Round it brawls a turbid stream :
“ Mortal, such th’ abode of guilt.

“ Know’st thou now what’s done above ?
“ Know’st thou now the deeds of night ?”
They spoke : the feast of joy and love
Glow’d on Inda’s glist’ring height.

ODE III.

DIALOGUE

AT THE TOMB OF ARGANTYR.

By the Same.

HERVOR repairs to the Tomb of her Father ARGANTYR, at the dead of Night, and invokes his Spirit to deliver up the Magical Sword TRIFINGUS, which was buried with him.

HERVOR.

THY daughter calls : Argantyr, break
The bonds of death ; she calls, awake :
Reach me forth the temper'd blade
Beneath thy dusty pillow laid,
Which once a scepter'd warrior bore,
Forg'd by dwarfs in years of yore.
Where are the sons of Angrim fled ?
Mingled with the valiant dead.
From under twisted roots of oak
Blasted by the thunder's stroke,
Arise, arise, ye men of blood,
Ye who prepar'd the Vulture's food ;
Give me the sword and studded belt,
Armies whole their force have felt ;
Or grant my pray'r, or mould'ring rot,
Your name your deeds alike forgot ;

Argantyr, rouse thee from thy rest ;
'Tis an only child's request.

ARGANTYR.

Daughter, I hear the magic sound,
That wakes the tenants of the ground :
Why call'st thou thus ? what dire intent
Is within thy bosom pent ?
No friendly hand, no parent, gave
My bones to rest in hallow'd grave ;
To me no sacred rite was paid ;
Here, by barb'rous hands convey'd,
In this mansion cold, forlorn,
My gloomy ghost shall ever mourn.
Think not by unceasing pray'r
Hence the charmed sword to bear ;
For know, above in realms of light,
Trifingus is another's right.

HERVOR.

Ha ! my sire, what words accurst
Have from the lip of falsehood burst ?
Thou know'st with thee in darkness laid
Sleeps the consecrated blade :
Yield it, 'tis th' appointed hour,
Or dread avenging Odin's pow'r :
Canst thou thus, with tongue unblest,
Deny an only child's request ?

ARGANTYR.

With awe my words prophetic hear ;
Hervor, 'tis for thee I fear :
The fates have seal'd thy offspring's door
Trifingus brings them to the tomb.

HERVOR.

Talk not to me of future times ;
I swear, by force of magic rhymes,
Repose the dead shall know no more,
'Till thou the gifted sword restore.

ARGANTYR.

Maid, thy warlike soul I bless,
Who rov'st by night in armed dress,
With spell-wrought helmet, iron proof,
And garments wove in mystic woof ;
Who dar'st in thrilling accents call
The dead from their sepulchral hall.

HERVOR.

No more this idle converse hold ;
Once I thought thy spirit bold :
Give me forth the radiant brand :
Hear, and grant my just demand.
Let its strength again be try'd,
'Twas not made below to 'bide,
Yield it, 'tis th' appointed hour,
Or dread avenging Odin's pow'r.

ARGANTYR.

Here within the fated sheath,
 Hialmar's ruin lies beneath,
 Wrapt in its own terrific flame ;
 What maid but trembles at the name ?

HERVOR.

I tremble not—the flame, tho' bright,
 Is but ineffectual light,
 That plays around the buried corse,
 With meteor glare devoid of force :
 I'll grasp the sword in terror drest ;
 Grant an only child's request.

ARGANTYR.

Rash Virgin, to thy pray'r I yield :
 Lo ! Trifingus stands reveal'd !
 Blazing like the noon-day Sun—

HERVOR.

King of men, 'tis nobly done :
 This blade with rapt'rous joy I own
 A greater gift than Norway's throne.

ARGANTYR.

Fond exulting daughter, know
 These transports work thee lasting woe ;
 By the keen edge ('tis thus decreed)
 Thy sons, e'en Hydreks' self, shall bleed.

HERVOR.

I must to my ships repair ;
'Tis nought to me ; be that their care ;
If in the purple fount of life
They steep the steel in mortal strife,
By no ignoble stroke they fall,
And sink with joy to Odin's hall.

ARGANTYR.

Hie thee hence from death's domain,
With rev'rence keep Hialmar's bane ;
Touch but the blade, a warrior dies,
On either edge quick poison lies :
Thou art of a race divine,
Take the gift the gods assign.

HERVOR.

Never shall Trifingus sleep,
But move with desolating sweep ;
Never fear invade my breast,
Nor dying sons my peace molest ;
If by Trifingus' stroke they fall,
They sink with joy to Odin's hall.

ARGANTYR.

Hark, e'en now with sullen moan
Victims twelve beneath thee groan :
Armed in paternal might,
Go forth, my child, and dare the fight ;

Angrim's portion'd wealth is thine ;
Take the gift the gods assign.

HERVOR.

Now, in the silence of the tomb,
Dwell undisturb'd till final doom :
I must tread my destin'd road,
And speed me from this drear abode ;
For here, as still my steps I turn,
Flaky fires around me burn.

ODE IV.

AN *INCANTATION*

FOUNDED ON
THE NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

By the Same.

HEAR, ye Rulers of the North,
Spirits of exalted worth ;
By the silence of the night,
By subtle magic's secret rite ;
By Pèolphan murky King,
Master of th' enchanted ring ;
By all and each of hell's grim host,
Howling demon, tortur'd ghost ;
By each spell and potent word
Burst from lips of Glauron's Lord ;
By Coronzon's awful power ;
By the dread and solemn hour,
When Gual fierce, and Damael strong,
Stride the blast that roars along ;
Or, in fell descending swoop,
Bid the furious spirit stoop

O'er desolation's gloomy plain,
Haunt of warriors battle slain.
Now the world in sleep is laid,
THORBIORGA calls your aid.

Mark the sable feline coat,
Spotted girdle velvet-wrought;
Mark the skin of glistening snake,
Sleeping seiz'd in forest brake;
Mark the radiant crystal stone,
On which days Sovereign never shone,
From the cavern dark and deep
Digg'd i' th' hour of mortal sleep;
Mark the cross, in mystic round
Meetly o'er the sandal bound,
And the symbols grav'd thereon,
Holiest Tetragrammaton!
Now while midnight torches gleam,
Rivals of the Moon's pale beam,
On ocean's unfrequented shore
Some moss-grown ruin silvering o'er.
While the flame of resinous fire
Mounts aloft in curling spire;
I scatter round this charmed room,
The fragrance of the myrrh's perfume;
And, bending o'er this consecrated sword,
Confirm each murmur'd spell, each inly-thrilling word.

ODE V.

THE
CAROUSAL OF ODIN.

BY THE REV. THOMAS PENROSE.

FILL the honey'd bev'rage high,
Fill the skulls, 'tis ODIN's cry :
Heard ye not the powerful call,
Thund'ring thro' the vaulted hall ?
" Fill the meath, and spread the board,
" Vassals of the griesly Lord."—

The portal hinges grate,—they come—
The din of voices rocks the dome.
In stalk the various forms, and, drest
In various armour, various vest,
With helm and morion, targe and shield,
Some *quivering launces couch*, some biting *maces wield* :
All march with haughty step, *all* proudly shake the
crest.
The feast begins, the scull goes round,
Laughter shouts—the shouts resound.

The gust of war subsides—E'en now
The grim chief curls his cheek, and smooths his rugged
brow.

“Shame to your placid front, ye men of death!”
Cries HILDA, with disorder'd breath.
Hell echoes back her scoff of shame
To the inactive rev'ling Champion's name.
“Call forth the song,” she scream'd;—the minstrels
came——

The theme was glorious war, the dear delight
Of shining best in field, and daring most in fight.

“Joy to the soul,” the Harpers sung,
“When embattl'd ranks among,
“The steel-clad Knight, in vigour's bloom,
“(Banners waving o'er his plume)
“Foremost rides, the flower and boast
“Of the bold determin'd host!”
With greedy ears the guests each note devour'd,
Each struck his beaver down, and grasp'd his faith-
ful sword.

The fury mark'd th' auspicious deed,
And bad the Scalds proceed.

“Joy to the soul! a joy divine!
“When conflicting armies join;
“When trumpets clang, and bugles sound;
“When strokes of death are dealt around;

Owen of the mighty stroke ;
Kindling, as the hero spoke,
Cenau, Coel's blooming heir,
Caught the flame and grasp'd the spear ;
Shall Coel's issue pledges give
To the insulting foe, and live ?
Never such be Britons' shame,
Never, till this mangled frame,
Like some vanquish'd lion, lie
Drench'd in blood, and bleeding die.

“ Day advanc'd : and ere the sun
Reach'd the radiant point of noon,
Urien came with fresh supplies :
Rise, ye sons of Cambria, rise,
Spread your banners to the foe,
Spread them on the mountain's brow ;
Lift your lances high in air,
Friends and brothers of the war ;
Rush like torrents down the steep,
Thro' the vales in myriads sweep ;
Fflamdwyn never can sustain
The force of our united train.”

Havoc, havoc rag'd around,
Many a carcase strew'd the ground :
Ravens drank the purple flood,
Raven plumes were dyed in blood ;

Frighted crowds from place to place,
Eager, hurrying, breathless, pale,
Spread the news of their disgrace,
Trembling as they told the tale.

These are Taliessin's rhimes,
These shall live to distant times,
And the Bard's prophetic rage
Animate a future age.

Child of sorrow, child of pain,
Never may I smile again,
If, 'till all-subduing death
Close these eyes, and stop this breath,
Ever I forget to raise
My grateful songs to Urien's praise.

ODE VII.

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

BY T. WARTON, B. D.

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer :
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid CILGARRAN's castle hall,
Sublime in formidable state,
And warlike splendour, Henry sate ;
Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.
 Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flam'd aloof :
From massy cups, with golden gleam
Sparkled the red metheglin's stream :
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty-window'd hall,
The storied tapestry was hung :
With minstrelsy the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright :
While gifted bards, a rival throng,
(From distant Mona, nurse of song,

From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a shaggy precipice
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
And many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose;
And to the strings of various chime
Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme.

“ O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
“ High the screaming sea-mew soar'd ;
“ On Tintagel's topmost tower
“ Darksome fell the sleety shower ;
“ Round the rough castle shrilly sung
“ The whirling blast, and wildly flung
“ On each tall rampart's thundering side
“ The surges of the tumbling tide :
“ When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks
“ On Conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks :
“ By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
“ Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed !
“ Yet in vain a paynim foe
“ Arm'd with fate the mighty blow ;
“ For when he fell, an elfin queen,
“ All in secret, and unseen,
“ O'er the fainting hero threw
“ Her mantle of ambrosial blue ;
“ And bade her spirits bear him far,
“ In Merlin's agate-axled car,

“ To her green isle’s enamel’d steep,
“ Far in the navel of the deep.
“ O’er his wounds she sprinkled dew
“ From flowers that in Arabia grew :
“ On a rich enchanted bed,
“ She pillow’d his majestic head ;
“ O’er his brow, with whispers bland,
“ Thrice she wav’d an opiate wand ;
“ And to soft music’s airy sound,
“ Her magic curtains clos’d around.
“ There, renew’d the vital spring,
“ Again he reigns a mighty king ;
“ And many a fair and fragrant clime,
“ Blooming in immortal prime,
“ By gales of Eden ever fann’d,
“ Owns the monarch’s high command :
“ Thence to Britain shall return,
“ (If right prophetic rolls I learn)
“ Borne on Victory’s spreading plume,
“ His antient sceptre to resume ;
“ Once more in old heroic pride,
“ His barbed courser to bestride ;
“ His knightly table to restore,
“ And the brave tournaments of yore.”

They ceas’d : when on the tuneful stage
Advanc’d a bard, of aspect sage ;
His silver tresses, then besprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent ;
His beard, all white as spangles frore
That clothe Plinlimmon’s forests hoar,

Down to his harp descending flow'd ;
With Time's faint rose his features glow'd ;
His eyes diffus'd a soften'd fire,
And thus he wak'd the warbling wire :

“ Listen, Henry, to my read !

“ Not from fairy realms I lead

“ Bright-rob'd Tradition, to relate

“ In forged colours Arthur's fate ;

“ Though much of old romantic lore

“ On the high theme I keep in store :

“ But boastful Fiction should be dumb,

“ Where Truth the strain might best become.

“ If thine ear may still be won

“ With songs of Uther's glorious son ;

“ Henry, I a tale unfold,

“ Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,

“ Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower ;

“ Which in my youth's full early flower,

“ A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,

“ Who spoke of kings from old Lochrine,

“ Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,

“ Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,

“ What time the glistening vapours fled

“ From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's head ;

“ And on its sides the torrents grey

“ Shone to the morning's orient ray.

“ When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,

“ No princess, veil'd in azure vest,

“ Snatcht him, by Merlin's potent spell,

“ In groves of golden bliss to dwell ;

“ Where, crown’d with wreaths of mistletoe,
“ Slaughter’d kings in glory go :
“ But when he fell, with winged speed,
“ His champions, on a milk-white steed,
“ From the battle’s hurricane,
“ Bore him to Joseph’s towered fane,
“ In the fair vale of Avalon :
“ There, with chanted orison,
“ And the long blaze of tapers clear,
“ The stoled fathers met the bier ;
“ Through the dim iles, in order dread
“ Of martial woe, the chief they led,
“ And deep intomb’d in holy ground,
“ Before the altar’s solemn bound.
“ Around no dusky banners wave,
“ No mouldering trophies mark the grave :
“ Away the Ruthless Dane has torn
“ Each trace that Time’s slow touch had worn
“ And long, o’er the neglected stone,
“ Oblivion’s veil its shade has thrown :
“ The faded tomb, with honour due,
“ ’Tis thine, O Henry, to renew !
“ Thither, when Conquest has restor’d
“ Yon recreant isle, and sheath’d the sword,
“ When peace with palm has crown’d thy brow
“ Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.
“ There, observant of my lore,
“ The pavement’s hallow’d depth explore ;
“ And thrice a fathom underneath
“ Dive into the vaults of death.

“ There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
“ On his gigantic stature gaze ;
“ There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
“ All in warrior-weeds array'd ;
“ Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
“ And weapons huge of old renown.
“ Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
“ From dark oblivion Arthur's grave !
“ So may thy ships securely stem
“ The western frith : thy diadem
“ Shine victorious in the van,
“ Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan :
“ Thy Norman pike-men win their way
“ Up the dun rocks of Harold's bay :
“ And from the steeps of rough Kildare
“ Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare :
“ So may thy brow's unerring yew
“ Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrew.”

Amid the peeling symphony
The spiced goblets mantled high ;
With passions new the song impress'd
The listening king's impatient breast :
Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes ;
He scorns awhile his bold emprise ;
Ev'n now he seems, with eager pace,
The consecrated floor to trace ;
And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
The treasure of the wondrous tomb :
Ev'n now, he burns in thought to rear,
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,

Rough with the gore of Pictish kings :
Ev'n now fond hope his fancy wings,
To poise the monarch's massy blade,
Of magic-temper'd metal made ;
And drag to day the dinted shield
That felt the storm of Camlan's field. .
O'er the sepulchre profound
Ev'n now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
The daily dirge, and rites divine.

ODE VIII.

THE CRUSADE.

By the Same.

BOUND for holy Palestine,
Nimble we brush'd the level brine,
All in azure steel array'd;
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
And made the dancing billows glow;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minstrel swung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung:
 " Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
 " English Richard ploughs the deep!
 " Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,
 " From distant towers, with anxious eye,
 " The radiant range of shield and lance
 " Down Damascus' hills advance :
 " From Sion's turrets as afar
 " Ye ken the march of Europe's war!
 " Saladin, thou paynim king
 " From Albion's isle revenge we bring!

“ On Acon’s spiry citadel,
“ Though to the gale thy banners swell,
“ Pictur’d with the silver moon ;
“ England shall end thy glory soon !
“ In vain, to break our firm array,
“ Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray :
“ Those sounds our rising fury fan :
“ English Richard in the van.

“ On to victory we go,
“ A vaunting infidel the foe.”

Blondel led the tuneful band,
And swept the wire with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crown’d,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.

Soon we kiss’d the sacred earth
That gave a murther’d Saviour birth :
Then with ardour fresh endu’d,
Thus the solemn song renew’d :

“ Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
“ Heaven’s favour’d hills appear at last !
“ Object of our holy vow,
“ We tread the Tyrian vallies now.
“ From Carmel’s almond-shaded steep
“ We feel the chéering fragrance creep :
“ O’er Engaddi’s shrubs of balm
“ Waves the date-empurpled palm ;
“ See, Lebanon’s aspiring head
“ Wide his immortal umbrage spread !

“ Hail Cavalry, thou mountain hoar,
“ Wet with our Redeemer's gore !
“ Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
“ Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn ;
“ Your ravish'd honours to restore,
“ Fearless we climb this hostile shore !
“ And thou, the sepulchre of god !
“ By mocking pagans rudely trod,
“ Bereft of every awful rite,
“ And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so
 bright ;
“ For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
“ Lo, Richard leads his faithful host !
“ Aloft in his heroic hand,
“ Blazing like the beacon's brand,
“ O'er the far-affrighted fields,
“ Resistless Kaliburn he wields.
“ Proud Saracen, pollute no more
“ The shrines by martyrs built of yore !
“ From each wild mountain's trackless crown
“ In vain the gloomy castles frown :
“ Thy battering engines, huge and high,
“ In vain our steel-clad steeds defy ;
“ And rolling in terrific state,
“ On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
“ When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,
“ Amid the moon-light vapours damp,
“ Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
“ Haunt us on the tented plain,

" We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,
" Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt !
" With many a demon, pale of hue,
" Doom'd to drink the bitter dew
" That drops from Macon's sooty tree,
" Mid the dread grove of ebony.
" Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
" The Christian's holy courage quell.
" Salem, in antient majesty
" Arise, and lift thee to the sky !
" Soon on thy battlements divine
" Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
" Ye Barons, to the sun unfold
" Our Cross with crimson wove and gold !"

ODE IX.

DUNCAN'S WARNING.

BY

J. AIKIN, M. D.

As o'er the heath, amid his steel-clad Thanes,
The royal DUNCAN rode in martial pride,
Where, full to view, high-topp'd with glittering vanes,
Macbeth's strong towers o'erhung the mountain's
side;

In dusky mantle wrapp'd, a grisly form
Rush'd with a giant's stride across his way;
And thus, while howl'd around the rising storm,
In hollow thundering accents pour'd dismay.

Stop, O King! thy destin'd course,
Furl thy standard, turn thy horse,
Death besets this onward track,
Come no further,—quickly, back.

Hear'st thou not the raven's croak?
See'st thou not the blasted oak?

Feel'st thou not the loaded sky ?
Read thy danger, King, and fly.

Lo, yon' castle banners glare
Bloody through the troubled air ;
Lo, what spectres on the roofs
Frowning bid thee stand aloof !

Murder, like an eagle waits
Perch'd above the gloomy gates,
Just in act to pounce his prey ;
Come not near——away ! away !

Let not plighted faith beguile ;
Honour's semblance, Beauty's smile :
Fierce Ambition's venom'd dart
Rankles in the fest'ring heart.

Treason, arm'd against thy life,
Points his dagger, whets his knife,
Drugs his stupifying bowl,
Steels his unrelenting soul,

Now 'tis time ; ere guilty night
Closes round thee, speed thy flight.
If the threshold once be crost,
DUNCAN ! thou'rt for ever lost.

On he goes !—— resistless Fate
Hastes to fill his mortal date :
Cease, ye warnings, vain tho' true.
Murder'd King, adieu ! adieu !

NOTES ON ODES

OF THE

FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD CLASS.

NOTES ON ODES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

ODE XL.

Page 8. *THE Attic sage exhausts the bowl,*] Socrates, who was condemned to die by poison.

9. *See there the injured Poet bleed !*] Seneca, born at Corduba, who, according to Pliny, was orator, poet, and philosopher. He bled to death in the bath.

ib. *Lo! there the wild Assyrian queen,*] Semiramis, cum ei circa cultum capitis sui occupatae nunciatum esset Babylonem defecisse; altera parte crinium adhuc soluta protinus ad eam expugnandam cucurrit: nec prius decorem capillorum in ordinem quam tantam urbem in potestatem suam redegit: quocirca statua ejus Babylone posita est, &c. Val. Max. de Ira.

10. *Absorb'd in thought, great NEWTON stands ;*] A noble statue of Sir Isaac Newton, erected in Trinity-College chapel by Dr. Smith.

ODE XLIII.

Page 18. O'er Helicon my bleating lambs I guard,]

Hesiod is said to have led the life of a shepherd on mount Helicon, where, as he relates in his *Theogony*, the Muses appeared to him, and adopted him in their service. V. 24.

19. *For thee, sole glory of thy abject race,]*

Pindar, whose birth the nymphs and Pan are said to have solemnized with dances: we are likewise told, that in his infancy the bees fed him with their honey. He was born at Thebes, the capital of Beotia, a province remarkable for the dulness of its inhabitants, of which he himself takes notice in his *Olympics*.

ib. *Oft fir'd with Bacchanalian rage,*

The father of the Grecian stage

In terror clad annoys my rest;]

Aeschylus, who was reported never to have wrote but when inspir'd by wine: he had a particular genius for terrifying the audience; of which the Chorus of Furies in his *Eumenides* is a remarkable and well known instance. He was buried near the river Gelz, where the tragedians performed dramas at his tomb.

ib. *With longing taste, with eager lip,*

In raptur'd visions oft I sip

The honey of the tragic bee;]

Sophocles, who, it is said, was able to check the fury of the winds and sea.

Philostratus de Vita Apollonii Tyanei, lib. viii. p. 393.

20. *How oft inspir'd with magic dread,
By Fancy to the cave I'm led
Where sits the wise Pierian sage ;]*

Euripides, who, we learn from Aul. Gellius, lib. xv. cap. 20. p. 418, was reported to have wrote many of his tragedies in an old melancholy cave. He was generally distinguished by the epithet of Wise.

ib. *With patriot ardor I behold
The mirthful Muse for freedom bold ;]*

Aristophanes, who is esteemed to have been of singular service to the commonwealth, by representing to his fellow-citizens, the pernicious designs of their leading men.

ib. *With simpler strains the Doric Muses charm ;]*

Theocritus.

ib. *As Libya's poet hymns his solemn lays,]*

Callimachus.

ib. *The wanton Teian loves each chaster thought disarm.]*

Anacreon.

ib. *Thus, if at Juno's fond request,]* Alluding to a passage in Homer. Iliad *Æ*, v. 233.

ODE XLIV.

Page 24. *Sleep on, much-injur'd hapless swain,
Nor wake thy cruel fate to moan,
To curse th' insatiate thirst of gain,
And proud Iberia's bloody son !]*

Hernando Cortez. See the History of the Conquest of Mexico and Peru by the Spaniards.

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M

ODE XLVI.

Page 29. Dr. Grainger, who as this Ode evinces, possessed distinguished talents as a Poet, was for some time Physician to the Army, and whilst in that situation amused himself with the translations of **TIBULLUS**, which he afterwards published; as well as a tract or two on professional subjects. Having quitted the army he attended Mr. Borryau, a West-Indian, as his private tutor at Cambridge; and afterwards settled in St. Kitt's; whilst there, he wrote a didactic poem of great merit entitled the **SUGAR-CANE**, and the ballad of **BRYAN** and **PYRENE**, which the present **BISHOP** of **DROMORE** inserted in his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. From that publication the Author's corrections of this Ode are taken. Dr. Percy is believed to have been the author of those elegant translations inserted by Dr. Grainger in his edition of *Tibullus*.

ib. *Or at the purple dawn of day,*

Tadmor's marble wastes survey;] Alluding to the account of Palmyra, published by Messrs. Wood and Dawkins, and the manner in which they were struck at the sight of these magnificent ruins by break of day.

30. *You with the tragic Muse retir'd*

The wise Euripides inspir'd,] In the island of Salamis.



30. *You taught the sadly-pleasing air
That Athens sav'd from ruins bare.*] See Plutarch
in the life of Lysander.

ib. *You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlock'd the springs of woe;*] Simonides.

31. *With Petrarch o'er Valcluse you stray'd,
When Death snatch'd his long lov'd maid;*
Laura, twenty years, and ten after her death.

ib. *You strew'd with flowers her virgin urn,
And late in Hagley you were seen,*] Monody on
the death of Lady Lyttelton, by her husband, the first
Lord.

ib. *To hear the sweet Complaint, O Young.*]
Night Thoughts.

34. *Such, such, as on th' Ausonian shore,
Sweet, Dorian Moschus trill'd of yore:*] See his
Idyllia.

ib. *No time should cancel thy desert,
More, more, than Bion was, thou wert.*] Alluding
to the death of a friend.

37. *Say, does the learned Lord of Hagley's shade,
Charm man so much by mossy fountains laid,
As when, arous'd, he stems Corruption's course,
And shakes the senate with a Tully's force?*

Lord Lyttelton.

ib. *Good Allen lives,———*] Ralph Allen, Esq.
of Prior Park.

38. *Sydney, what good man envies not thy blow?*
Algernon Sydney, beheaded at Tower-hill, 7th of
December, 1683.

38. *Who would not wish Anytus for a foe ?]*
One of the accusers of Socrates.

ODE XLVIII.

*Page 43. With awful horror we behold
Th' immense Alcides' monstrous mould :
While Venus, queen of soft desires,
Each tender gentler thought inspires.]*

The Hercules of the Farnese and the Venus de Medicis.

ib. Behold with thee they die away,

To Roman ignorance a prey,] In the year of Rome 585, the Romans, under the conduct of Paulus Aemilius, in the second Macedonian war, entirely subdued Greece, and led Perseus king of Macedonia in triumph. It was not till after this victory that the Romans had any taste for the fine arts

*Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio, etc.*

HORACE, Epist. I. Lib. ii.

44. *Again they feel the fatal blow,
And sink beneath the Vandal foe.*

In the eighteenth year of Honorius, in the consulship of Veranes and Tertullus, Rome was besieged and taken by the Barbarians, under the conduct of Godigisele, king of the Vandals.

ib. Alas! in vain she strove t' assuage

The enthusiast zealot's bigot rage.] Pope Gregory, who ordered all the ancient statues and paintings to be destroyed, that there might be no remains of Heathenism.

45. *Whate'er the poet's fancy taught,
Or imag'd to his wanton thought:]*

See Homer's description of the gardens of Alcinous, *Odys.* vii. V. 112.

- ib. *Wouldst thou with Innocence reside,
Behold the temple's modest pride ;]*

The Temple of Innocence, and Hermit's Cell, in the gardens at Goodwood.

46. *Here may'st thou weep thy favourite Rome,
Sad-sighing o'er each martyr's tomb:]*

The Catacombs at Goodwood. Those in the Via Appia near Rome are generally supposed to be caves, where the primitive christians concealed themselves from their persecutors, and interred those who were martyrs for their religion. Mr. Wright, in his *Travels through Italy*, Vol. I. p. 357, acquaints us, that at the mouth of some of the niches were to be seen small vials like lachrymatories tinged with red, which they esteemed an indication that the bodies of martyrs were deposited there.

- ib. *Or wouldst thou newer worlds survey,]*

Alluding to the American wood at Goodwood. America is, from the late discovery of it, called the New World.

47. *Fancy such raptures shall suggest,
Lov'd inmate of thy ravish'd breast ;
Shall point where wanton zephyrs stray,
And o'er th' unruffled ocean play ;]*

America is bounded on the west by the Pacific Ocean, and on the East by the Atlantic.

NOTES
ON
ODES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

ODE XI.

Page 102. This Ode is founded upon a part of
GRESSET'S *sur la* **MEDIOCRITE.**

SEDUITS par d'aveugles idoles
Du Bonheur ; fantomes frivoles,
Le vulgaire & les grands ne te suivirent pas :
Tu n' eus pour sujets que ses sages
Qui doivent l'estime des âges
A la sagesse, acquiesce en marchant sur tes pas.

Tu vis nâîtres dans tes Retraites
Ces nobles et tendres poètes,
Dont la voix n'eut jamais forme de sons brillans,
Si le fracas de la fortune
Ou si indigence importune
Eût troublé leur silence, ou cachè leurs talens.

Mais en vain tu fuyois la gloire :
La renommé, et la victoire
Vinrent dans tes dèserts se choisir des héros,
Mieux formesé par tes loix stoïques
Aux vertus, aux faits hëroïques
Que parmi la mollesse, et l' orgueil des faisceaux.

Pour Mars tu formois, loin des villes
Les FABRICES, et les CAMILLES,
Et ses sages vainqueurs, philosophes guerriers
Qui, du char de la Dictature
Descendant a l'agriculture,
Sur tes secrets autels rapportoient leurs lauriers.

Trop heureux, Dêite paisible,
Le mortel sagement sensible,
Qui jamais loin de toi a porté ses desirs,
Par sa douse mélancholie
Sauvé de l'humaine folie,
Dans la vérité seul il cherche ses plaisirs.

Ignoré de la multitude,
Libre de tout servitude,
Il n'envia jamais, les grands biens, les grand noms,
Il n'ignore point que la foudre
A plus souvent réduit en poudre
Le pin de monts altiers, que l'ormeau des valons.

Sourd aux censures populaires
Il ne craint point les yeux vulgaires,
Son œil perce au-delâ de leur foible horison :
Quelques bruits que la foule en sème,
Il est satisfait de lui-même,
S'il a scû meriter l'aveu de la raison.

Il rit du sort, quand les conquêtes
Promenant de têtes en têtes
Les couronnes du nord, ou celles du midi :
Rien n'altère sa paix profonde,
Et les derniers instans du monde
N'epouvanteroient point son cœur encor hardi.

Amitié, charmante immortelle,
 Tu choisis à si cœur fidèle
 Peu d'amis mais constans, vertueux comme lui :
 Tu ne crains point que la caprice,
 Que l'intérêt les désunisse,
 Ou verse sur leurs jours les poisons de l'ennui.

Ami des frugales demeures,
 Sommeil pendant les sombres heures,
 Tu repans sur ses yeux tes songes favoris ;
 Ecartant ces songes funébres
 Qui, parmi l'effroi des ténèbres,
 Vont reveiller les grands sous les riches lambris.

C'est pour ce bonheur légitime
 Que le modeste ABOLONYME
 N'acceptoit qu'à regret le sceptre de Sidon ;
 Plus libre dans un sort champêtre,
 Et plus heureux qu'il ne scût l'être
 Sur le trône éclatant des ayeux de DIDON.

C'est par ces vertus pacifiques
 Par ces plaisirs philosophiques
 Que tu scais, cher R***, remplir d'utiles jours.
 Dans ce Tivoli solitaire,
 Oû le CHER de son onde claire
 Vient à l'aimable LOIRE associer le cours.

Fidèle à ce sage système,
 Là, dans l'étude de toi même,
 Chaque soleil te voit occuper tes loisirs ;
 Dans le brillant fracas du monde,
 Ton nom, ta probité profonde
 T'eut doncé plus d'éclat, mais moins de vrais plaisirs.

NOTES
ON
ODES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

RUNIC ODES.

To these Odes Mr. Mathias has prefixed the following Advertisement :

THESE curious remains of the most remote Northern antiquity are taken from *Bartholinus*, and imitated from the originals, *in the manner* which Mr. GRAY conceived most adapted to transfuse the wild spirit of those incomparable Norse Odes, *The Descent of Odin*, and *The Fatal Sisters*, into the English language.

The literal Latin translation of the two first Odes is subjoined for the satisfaction of those who may not be in possession of the book from which they are taken ; and the literal prose English translation of *The Dialogue at the Tomb of Argantyr*, is printed from Dr. Hickes's *Thesaurus Septentrionalis*.

To this Advertisement was subjoined the *Sonnet* annexed ; addressed to Mr. GRAY, though no more.

PARDON me, MIGHTY POET, that I turn
My daring steps to thy supreme abode,
And tread with awe the solitary road,
To deck with fancied wreaths thy hallow'd urn.

Yet, as I wander thro' this dark sojourn,
 Think not I mean with low-engender'd praise
 Thy name to sully, or profane thy lays;
 I have no *thoughts that breathe, no words that burn.*

But hark, what voice in heav'nly accents clear
 Bursts from yon cloud, that glows with temp'rate fire?
 "Cease, cease, fond youth, to drop the fruitless tear,
 "Mute tho' the raptures of his full-strung lyre:
 "E'en his own *warblings, lissen'd on his ear,*
 "Lost in seraphic harmony expire."

ODE I*.

Page 121. *The Twilight of the Gods*, in the Northern Mythology, is that Period when Lok, the Evil Being, shall break his Confinement; the Human Race, the Stars, and the Sun, shall disappear, the Earth sink in the Seas, and Fire consume the Skies: even Odin himself, and all his kindred Gods, shall perish †,

The foregoing Ode contains a Description of the Events which, according to this dark Mythology, will precede the Destruction of the World.

* See BARTHOLINUS *de Causi contemptae mortis apud Danos*. Lib. 2. C. 14.

† For a farther Account of this wild and curious System of Mythology, see Mr. Mallet's Introduction à l'Histoire de Danemarck, or rather the Translation of it, by the present Bishop of DROMORE, entitled, *Northern Antiquities*, in two Volumes 8vo.

121. *Ymir hath his course begun,*] From Ymir were descended all the families of the giants. EDDA.

ib. *Now, in many a glist'ring wreath,
Above, around, and underneath,
The Serpent dread of dateless birth,
Girds the devoted globe of earth ;]*

In the Edda, a serpent is supposed to surround the earth.

122. *While the Vessel's floating pride
Stems duration's rounding tide.]*

In the poetry of the North, the earth is stiled, "The vessel that floats on ages." I have made use of this paraphrase for the *Nagel fara*, or ship of the gods here mentioned.

ib. ————— *an evil race,*] The Muspelli, a sort of Genii.

123. *From the regions of the South
Surtur bursts with fiery mouth ;]*

The Prince of the Genii of Fire.

ib. *Harbingers of Hela's reign:]*
The Goddess of Death.

124. *Mark the murd'rous monster stalk,]*
The wolf Fenris, by whom Odin was slain.

125. *Garmar foams with rage and shame:]*
Immediately previous to the destruction of the world, the Edda supposes that the Stygian Dog, named Gar-mar, will be unbound.

It has been thought proper to subjoin to each the literal Translations of the originals of this and the two next Odes, as the Books whence they are taken are scarce.

CREPUSCULUM DEORUM,

SEU

INTERITUS MUNDI.

BARTHOLO. L. II. C. 14.

Hrymr ekr austau, &c.

HERMOS (gigas quidam) ab	Ante lapidearum habitationum
ortu aurigat;	ostia,
Intumescit mare :	Lapideorum meatuum gnari ;
Volutat se Iormungandus (an-	Nostin' adhuc quid rei geritur ?
guis terram ambire creditus)	
Furore giganteo.	Surtur ab austro prodit,
Anguis maria movet ;	Ignem comitante ;
Aquila vero clangit,	Radiat Solis instar, ensis
Dilaniat cadavera lurido rostro.	Deorum bellacium.
Nafglar (navis) solvitur.	Saxa ruinam minantur.
	Fœminæ gigantes vagantur ;
	Calcant viam Helæ :
	Diffunditur Cælum.
Navis ab ortu venit ;	
Aderunt Muspelli,	Tunc evenit Hlinæ
Per mare incolæ ;	Dolor secundus ;
Lokus vero gubernat.	Quando Odinus prodit
Incedunt furentes populi,	Ad dimicandum cum lupo ;
Cum lupo omnes ;	Occisorque Belæ,
Illiscum frater	Candidus cum surto :
Beleipi prodit.	Tum Friggæ
	Cadet maritus.
Quid novi apud Deos geritur?	
Quid apud Genios ?	
Fragore personat totus gigan-	Tum prodit magnus
tum mundus.	Filius Odini,
Dii in foro versantur :	Vidarus, ut pugnet
Gemunt nani	Cum stragis animali (lupo.)

Curat sobolis giganteæ	Ante Guipense antrum ;
Insistere	Rumpentur Catenæ,
Gladium cordi :	Et proruet lupus.
Tum patris mortem ulciscitur.	Progreditur passus novæ
	Fyorginæ proles,
Tum prodit magnus	Tristis ab angue
Filius Lodinæ ;	Mala facere non timido.
Incedit Odini filius	
Ut cum lupo (seu fratre lupi	Nigrescit Sol :
Iormungando) dimicet ;	Immergitur mari Tellus :
Magnâ audaciâ	Disparescunt e Cœlo
Occidit midgardicum anguem.	Serenæ Stellæ :
Viri omnes	Sæviti ignis
E mundo evacuabuntur.	Sub sæculi extremitatem ;
	Lambit ascendens flamma
Latrat Garmus valde	Ipsam Cælum.

ODE II.

Page 126 For the ground work of this, as well as of the preceding Ode, see BARTHOLINUS *de Causis contemptæ mortis apud Danos*. Lib. 2. c. 14.

- ib. " Pour the sparkling beverage high ;
 " Be the song with horror fraught :
 " Lab'ring earth, and ruin'd sky,
 " Fix the soul in solemn thought.]

Alluding to the preceding Ode.

127. " Odin next inspire the verse,
 " Gor'd by the relentless fang ;]

Fenris, by whom Odin was slain.

- ib. " Monarchs of the bleak domain.]

Amplum ventosum mundum. BARTHOL.

128. —————the dome of gold,]

Gimli, the Palace of the Blest ; called otherwise Vingolf, the Palace of Friendship.

128. " *In Nastronda's northern plain*

" *Hark, th' envenom'd portals ope :*]

The place of punishment for the wicked.

NOVI MUNDI EXORTUS.

BARTHOLOINUS UT SUP.

Ser hon upphoma, &c.

VIDET illa emergere

Alterâ vice

Terram e mai

Valdè viridem ;

Labuntur aquæ ;

Supervolat aquila,

Quæ in montibus

Pisces capit.

Domum stare videt

Sole clariorem,

Auro tectam

In Gimli ;

Ibi probi

Populi habitabunt,

Et per sæcula

Gaudio fruuntur.

Conveniunt Dii

In idæ campo ;

Et de dirutis habitaculis

Validis loquuntur :

Ibique mentionem faciunt

Magnorum colloquiorum,

Et Odini

Antiquorum sermonum.

Tum prodit potens ille,

Instante divino iudicio,

Validus e superis

Qui omnia regit ;

Hic sentiam fert,

Et causas dirimit,

Sacra fata statuit,

Quæ durabunt.

" Ibi deinde

" Mirabiles orbes

" Deaurati aleatorii

" In gramine inveniuntur,

" Quos olim possederant

" Rector deorum,

" Et Odini progenies."

" Advenit suscus

" Draco volans,

" Anguis asper, ab imis

" Nidensibus montibus ;

" Pennis suis fertur ;

" Pervolat campum

" Nidhoggus mortuorum.

" Nunc illa terra absorbitur."

Ferent non sati

Agri fructum :

Advers quævis cessent :

Aderit Balderus.

Incolent Balderus et Hodus

Odini dirutas ædes,

Bene bellaces Dii.

Nostin' adhuc quid rei geritur?

Domum stare videt

A sole remotam

In Nastronda ;

Fores boream spectant ;

Distillant veneni guttæ

Intro per fenestras :

Hæc contexta est domus

Spinis serpentinis.

Ibi vadare videt
Rapida fluenta
Viros perjuros,
Et nefarios,
Et qui alterius vellicant
Aurem conjugis.

"Rodebat ibi Nidhoggus ca-
davera;
"Laniavit lupus viros."
Nostin' adhuc quid rei geritur?

N. B. The lines marked thus
"are omitted in the imita-
tion.

ODE III.

For the original of this Ode, see Hickes's *Thesaurus Septentrional.* Vol. I.

Metro haud multum dissimili carmina sua scripsit Scaldus ille,
auctor libri, cui titulus HERVARER SAGA (quem edidit cl.
Olaus Varelus) ut constat ex dialogo illo inter Hervaram et
Argantyr patris sui manes, à quo ad tumultum stans, ut Tri-
fingum gladium cum eo sepultum daret, rogat.

HERVOR.

WAFNADU ARGANTYR, &c.

HERVOR.
AWAKE, Argantyr; Hervor,
the only daughter of thee and
Suasu doth awaken thee. Give
me out of the tomb the hard-
ened sword which the dwarfs
made for Suafurlama. Hervar-
dur, Hiorvardur, Hrani, and
Argantyr, with helmet and coat
of mail, and a sharp sword: with
shield and accoutrements, and
bloody spear, I wake you all un-
der the roots of trees. Are the
sons of Andgrym, who delight-
ed in mischief, now become
dust and ashes? Can none of
Eyvor's sons now speak with
me, out of the habitations of
the dead? Harvardur, Hiorvar-
dur! So may you all be within
your ribs, as a thing that is
hanged up to putrify among in-

sects, unless you deliver me the
sword which the dwarfs made,
and the glorious belt!

ARGANTYR.

Daughter Hervor, full of spells
to raise the dead, why dost thou
call so? Wilt thou run on to
thy own mischief? Thou art
mad, and out of thy senses, who
art desperately resolved to wake
dead men. I was not buried ei-
ther by father, or other friends.
Two which lived after me, got
Tirfing, one of whom is now
possessor thereof.

HERVOR.

Thou dost not tell the truth:
So let Odin hide thee in the
tomb, as thou hast Tirfing by
thee. Art thou unwilling, Ar-
gantyr, to give an inheritance
to thy only child?

ARGANTYR.

I will tell thee, Hervor, what will come to pass: this Tírfing, will, if thou dost believe me, destroy almost all thy offspring. Thou shalt have a son, who afterwards must possess Tírfing, and many think that he will be called Heidrek by the people.

HERVOR.

I do by enchantments make, that the dead shall never enjoy rest, unless Argantyr deliver me Tírfing.

ARGANTYR.

Young maid, I say thou art of manlike courage, who dost rove about by night to tombs, with spear engraved with magical spells, with helmet, and coat of mail, before the door of our hall.

HERVOR.

I took thee for a brave man, before I found out your hall. Give me out of the tomb the workmanship of the dwarfs, which hates all coats of mail; it is not good for thee to hide it.

ARGANTYR.

The death of Hjalmer lies under my shoulders; it is all wrapt up in fire: I know no maid in any country, that dares this sword take in hand.

HERVOR.

I shall keep, and take in my hand the sharp sword, if I may obtain it. I do not think that fire will burn, which plays about the sight of deceased men.

ARGANTYR.

O concealed Hervor, thou art mad. Rather than thou in a moment shouldst fall into the fire, I will give thee the sword out of the tomb, young maid, and not hide it from thee.

HERVOR.

Thou dost well, thou offspring of Heroes, that thou didst send me the sword out of the tomb. I am now better pleased, O Prince! to have it, than if I got all Norway.

ARGANTYR.

False woman, thou dost not understand, that thou speakest foolishly of that in which thou dost rejoice. For Tírfing shall if thou wilt believe me, maid, destroy all thy offspring.

HERVOR.

I must go to my seamen. Here I have no mind to stay longer. Little do I care O Royal Friend! what my sons hereafter quarrel about.

ARGANTYR.

Take and keep Hjalmar's bane, which thou shalt long have and enjoy. Touch but the edges of it, there is poison in both of them: it is a most cruel devourer of men.

HERVOR.

I shall keep, and take in hand, the sharp sword which thou hast let me have: I do not fear, O slain Father! what my sons hereafter may quarrel about.

ARGANTYR.

Farewell, daughter! I do quickly give thee twelve men's death; if thou canst believe with might and courage; even all the goods that Andgrym's sons left behind them.

HERVOR.

Dwell all of you safe in the tomb. I must begone and hasten hence, for I seem to be in the midst of a place where fire burns round about me.

Hickes's Thesaurus Septentrionalis, Vol. I. page 193.







*New Waters from the frozen North
Drives his iron Chariot forth
His grisly hand in icy chains
Fair Twofold silver flood constrains*
Vol. XIV. Ode 7 on Spring.

Dunlop del.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand June 1. 1798.

BELL'S
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT
OF 68-784
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. XIV.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



LONDON:

PRINTED BY
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.
M DCC XCI.



ODES.

OF THE

THIRD AND FOURTH CLASS.



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ODES
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ODES.

CLASS THE THIRD

CONTINUED.

ODE X.

A

WISH TO THE NEW-YEAR.

Supposed to have been written by

ELIJAH FENTON, 1705.

JANUS ! great leader of the rolling year,
Since all that's past no vows can e'er restore,
But joys and griefs alike, once hurried o'er,
No longer now deserves a smile or tear :
Close the fantastic scenes—but grace
With brightest aspects thy fore-face,
While Time's new offspring hasten to appear.
With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
Command the circling Seasons to advance,
And form their renovated dance,
With flowing pleasures fraught, and bless'd by friendly
powers.

Thy month, O Janus ! gave me first to know
A mortal's trifling cares below :
Vol. XIV.

My race of life began with thee.
Thus far, from great misfortunes free,
Contented, I my lot endure,
Nor Nature's rigid laws arraign,
Nor spurn at common ills in vain,
Which Folly cannot shun, nor wise reflection cure.

But, oh!—more anxious for the year to come,
I would foreknow my future doom.
Then tell me, Janus, canst thou spy
Events that yet in embryo lie,
For me, in Time's mysterious womb?
Tell me—nor shall I dread to hear
A thousand accidents severe;
I'll fortify my soul the load to bear,
If love rejected add not to its weight,
To finish me in woes, and crush me down with fate.

But if the Goddess, in whose charming eyes,
More clearly written than in Fate's dark book,
My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
If she must with a less propitious look
Forbid my humble sacrifice,
Or blast me with a killing frown;
If, Janus, this thou sees't in store,
Cut short my mortal thread, and now
Take back the gift thou didst bestow!
Here let me lay my burden down,
And cease to love in vain, and be a wretch no more.

ODE XI.

ON

THE COMMENCEMENT OF *THE YEAR MDCCXXXIX.*

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR, ESQ.

JANUS, who, with sliding pace,
Run'st a never-ending race,
And driv'st about, in prone career,
The whirling circle of the year,
Kindly indulge a little stay,
I beg but one swift hour's delay.
O! while th' important minutes wait,
Let me revolve the books of fate;
See what the coming year intends
To me, my country, kin, and friends.
Then mayst thou wing thy flight, and go,
To scatter, blindly, joys and woe;
Spread dire disease, or purest health,
And, as thou list, grant place or wealth.
This hour, with-held by potent charms,
Ev'n Peace shall sleep in Pow'r's mad arms;
Kings feel their inward torments less,
And for a moment wish to bless.

Life now presents another scene,
The same strange farce to act again;
Again the weary human-play'rs
Advance, and take their several shares :
Clodius riots, Caesar fights,
Tully pleads, and Maro writes,
Ammon's fierce son controls the globe,
And Harlequin diverts the mob.

To Time's dark cave the year retreats,
These hoary unfrequented seats ;
There from his loaded wing he lays
The months, the minutes, hours, and days ;
Then flies, the seasons in his train,
To compass round the year again.

See there, in various heaps combin'd,
The vast designs of human kind ;
Whatever swell'd the statesman's thought,
The mischiefs mad ambition wrought,
Public revenge and hidden guilt,
The blood by secret murder spilt,
Friendships to sordid interest given,
And ill-match'd hearts, ne'er paid in heav'n ;
What Avarice, to crown his store,
Stole from the orphan and the poor ;
Or Luxury's more shameful waste,
Squander'd on the unthankful feast.
Ye Kings, and guilty great, draw near ;
Before this awful court appear :
Bare to the Muse's piercing eye
The secrets of all mortals lie ;

She, strict avenger, brings to light
Your crimes conceal'd in darkest night;
As conscience, to her trust most true,
Shall judge between th' oppress'd and you.

This casket shows, ye wretched train,
How often merit su'd in vain.
See, there, undry'd, the widow's tears:
See, there, unsooth'd the orphan's fears:
Yet, look, what mighty sums appear,
The vile profusion of the year.
Couldst thou not, impious Greatness, give
The smallest alms that want might live?
And yet, how many a large repast,
Pall'd the rich glutton's sickly taste!
One table's vain intemp'rate load,
With ambush, death, and sickness strow'd,
Had blest the cottage peaceful shade,
And given its children health and bread:
The rustic sire, and faithful spouse,
With each dear pledge of honest vows,
Had, at the sober-tasted meal,
Repeated oft the grateful tale;
Had hymn'd, in native language free,
The song of thanks to Heaven and thee;
A music that the Great ne'er hear,
Yet sweeter to th' internal ear
Than any soft seducing note
E'er thrill'd from Farinelli's throat.

Let's still search on——This bundle's large.
What's here? 'Tis Science's plaintive charge.

Hear Wisdom's philosophic sigh
(Neglected all her treasures lie),
That none her secret haunts explore,
To learn what Plato taught before ;
Her sons seduc'd to turn their parts
To flattery's more thriving arts ;
Refine their better sense away,
And join corruption's flag, for pay.
See his reward the gamester share,
Who painted moral virtue fair,
Inspir'd the minds of generous youth
To love the simple mistress Truth ;
The patient path distinctly show'd,
That Rome and Greece to glory trode ;
That self-applause is noblest fame,
And Kings may greatness link to shame,
While honesty is no disgrace,
And peace can smile without a place.
Hear too Astronomy repine,
Who taught unnumber'd worlds to shine ;
Who travels boundless aether thro'
And brings the distant orbs to view.
Can she her broken glass repair,
Tho' Av'rice has her all to spare ?
What mighty secrets had been found,
Could Virtue but have stole five pound ?
Yet see where, given to wealth and pride,
A bulky pension lies beside.
Avaunt then, Riches ! no delay ;
I spurn th' ignoble heaps away.



What tho' your charms can purchase all
The giddy honours of this ball ;
Make natures germans all divide,
And haughty peers renounce their pride ;
Can buy proud Celia's sordid smile,
Or, ripe for fate, this destin'd isle ;
Tho' Greatness condescend to pray,
Will time indulge one hour's delay,
Or give the wretch, intent on pelf,
One moment's credit with himself ?
Virtue, that true from false discerns,
The vulgar courtly phrase unlearns,
Superior far to Fortune's frown,
Bestows alone the stable crown,
The wreath from honour's root that springs,
That fades upon the brows of Kings.

ODE XII.

TO

CUPID

ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY MR. PARROT.

COME, thou rosy-dimpled boy,
Source of every heart-felt joy,
Leave the blissful bow'rs awhile,
Paphos and the Cyprian isle :
Visit Britain's rocky shore,
Britons too thy pow'r adore ;
Britons hardy, bold, and free,
Own thy laws, and yield to thee.
Source of every heart-felt joy,
Come, thou rosy-dimpled boy.

Haste to Sylvia, haste away :
This is thine, and Hymen's day.
Bid her thy soft bondage wear,
Bid her for Love's rites prepare.
Let the nymphs with many a flower
Deck the sacred nuptial bower.

Thither lead the lovely Fair ;
And let Hymen too be there.
This is thine, and Hymen's day :
Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love, we live ;
Love alone can pleasure give.
Pomp and power, and tinsel state,
Those false pageants of the great,
Crowns and sceptres, envied things,
And the pride of Eastern kings,
Are but childish empty toys,
When compar'd to Love's sweet joys.
Love alone can pleasure give :
Only while we love, we live.

ODE XIII.

ADDRESSED

TO VALENTINE,

ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL SAY.

HAIL! best of Bishops, and of Saints the best;
By flaming love distinguish'd from the rest;
By Love, the life in heaven, and business of the blest.

Love made the world! 'Twas love alone could draw
The disagreeing seeds to Nature's law;
Heaven saw th' effects of Love, and bless'd them when it
saw.

Hence, mighty Saint, thy power; deriv'd from Love,
Thy great commission reaches all above,
And earth and sea beneath, and all that live and move.

Thou call'st the flowers: they feel the glad command;
On sunny banks in smiling rows they stand,
Broke from their mother's womb, and drest by Nature's
hand.

By thee the birds salute the welcome Spring;
Inspir'd by thee and Love, in pairs they sing:
With music and with joy the woods and vallies ring.

Fierce tigers yield to thee. To hear thy voice,
The gentle hind and rugged bears rejoice,
And fishes scud the waves to meet their happy choice.

See, see, the cheerful morn! how bright it shines!
With larger steps the sun his course reclines,
As conscious of thy day, and favouring thy designs.

All wed below, and he above would wed;
The youthful Earth has drest her fragrant bed,
And promises her shades to shroud his radiant head.

At his approach the storms and winter fly;
The joyful bride her snowy vest lays by,
Nor does, untimely coy, her naked form deny.

Ah! could thy power so warm Lucretia's heart,
And make the winter there and cold depart,
How wouldst thou bless a wretch, and ease his raging
smart!

Couldst thou but make her soul consent with mine,
And with her heart her answering hands to join,
For thee should Phoebus sing, and all the tuneful Nine.

While I in annual songs thy name would raise,
Thy day should stand above the rest of days,
All lovers bless the Saint, and crown my head with bays!

'ODE XIV.

ON

THE SPRING.

GENTLE Zephyrs come away !
On this sweet, this silent grove,
Sacred to the Muse and Love,
In softest-whisper'd murmurs play.
Come, let thy soft, thy balmy breeze
Diffuse the vernal sweets around
From sprouting flowers and blossom'd trees;
While echoing hills and vales resound
With notes, which wing'd Musicians sing
In honour to the bloom of Spring.

Lovely Season of desire !
Nature smiles with joy to see
The amorous months led on by thee,
That kindly wake her genial fire.
The brightest object in the skies,
The fairest lights that shine below,
The Sun and Myra's charming eyes,
At thy return more charming grow.
With double glory they appear,
To warm and grace the infant year.

ODE XV

ON *THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING.*

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

STERN Winter now by Spring repress'd,
Forbears the long-continued strife,
And Nature on her naked breast
Delights to catch the gales of Life.

Now, o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft Pleasure, with her laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And Vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy ! whom to beds of pain
Arthritic Tyranny consigns,
Whom smiling Nature courts in vain,
Tho' Rapture sings, and Beauty shines,

Yet tho' my limbs Disease invades,
Her wings Imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful shades,
Where **'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop, my Soul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
Where first great Nature charm'd my sight,
Where Wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me thro' the vales pursue
A guide, a father, and a friend ;
Once more great Nature's work renew,
Once more on Wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd ;
Here let me learn the use of life,
When best enjoy'd, when most improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool Meditation's quiet seat,
The generous scorn of venal power,
The silent grandeur of retreat.

When Pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
Or raging Factions rush to war ;
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not share.

But, lest I fall by subtler foes,
Bright Wisdom teach me Curio's art,
The swelling passions to compose,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

ODE XVI.

ON

SPRING.

Y WILLIAM HAMILTON OF BANGOUR, ESQ.

Immortalia ne speres, monet annus—— HOR.

Now Spring begins her smiling round,
Lavish to paint th' enamel'd ground ;
The birds exalt their cheerful voice,
And gay on every bough rejoice.
The lovely Graces, hand in hand,
Knit in Love's eternal band,
With dancing step, at early dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn ;
Where'er the youthful Sisters move,
They fire the soul to genial love.
Now, by the river's painted side,
The swain delights his country-bride :
While, pleas'd, she hears his artless vows,
Above the feather'd songster woos.
Soon will the ripen'd summer yield
Her various gifts to ev'ry field ;
Soon fruitful trees, a beauteous show,
With ruby-tinctur'd births shall glow ;

Sweet smells, from beds of lilies born,
Perfume the breezes of the morn.
The sunny day, and dewy night,
To rural play my Fair invite ;
Soft on a bank of violets laid,
Cool she enjoys the evening-shade ;
The sweets of summer feast her eye :
Yet soon, ah ! soon will Summer fly.

Attend, my lovely Maid, and know
To profit by the moral show ;
Now young and blooming thou art seen,
Fresh on the stalk of vivid green ;
Now does th' unfolded bud disclose
Full blown to sight the blushing rose :
Yet, once the sunny season past,
Think not the coo'ning scene will last ;
Let not the flatt'rer Hope persuade :
Ah ! must I say that this will fade ?

For see the Summer posts away,
Sad emblem of our own decay !
Now Winter, from the frozen North,
Drives his iron chariot forth ;
His grisly hand in icy chains
Fair Tweda's silver flood constrains :
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of Yare !
Behold his footsteps dire are seen
Confest on many a with'ring green.
Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see,
A snowy wreath clothe ev'ry tree,

Frequenting now the stream no more,
Thou fly'st, displeas'd, the barren shore.
When thou shalt miss the flow'rs that grew
But late to charm thy ravish'd view,
Shall I, ah horrid! wilt thou say,
Be like to this another day?

Yet, when in snow and dreary frost
The pleasure of the field is lost,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires supply the distant Sun,
In gay delights our hours employ,
We do not lose, but change our joy;
Happy, abandon ev'ry care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair,
To turn the page of ancient Bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
But when the beauteous white and red
From the pale ashy cheek is fled;
When wrinkles dire, and Age severe,
Make Beauty fly we know not where:
The fair, whom Fates unkind disarm,
Have they for ever ceas'd to charm?
Or is there left some pleasing art,
To keep secure a captive heart?

Unhappy love! might lovers say,
Beauty, thy food doth swift decay;
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
What Art thy famine can prevent?
Virtues prepare with early care,
That Love may live on Wisdom's fare;

Tho' ecstasy with beauty flies,
Esteem is born when beauty dies.
Happy to whom the Fates decree
The gift of heav'n in giving thee;
Thy beauty shall his youth engage;
Thy virtue shall delight his age.

ODE XVII.

WRITTEN

IN SPRING.

AND SENT TO HIS GRACE

DR. THOMAS HERRING,

Archbishop of Canterbury.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS FAWKES, M.A.

BRIGHT God of day, whose genial power
Revives the buried seed,
That spreads with foliage every bower,
With verdure every mead,
Bid all thy vernal breezes fly
Diffusing mildness through the sky ;
Give the soft season to our drooping plains,
Sprinkled with rosy dews and salutary rains.

Enough has Winter's hand severe
Hurl'd all his terrors round,
Chill'd the fair dawning of the year,
And whiten'd all the ground :

Give but thy vital beams to play,
The frozen scenes will melt away ;
And, mix'd in sprightly dance, the blooming Hours
Will wake the drowsy Spring, and Spring awake the
flowers.

Let Health, gay daughter of the skies,
On Zephyr's wings descend,
And scatter pleasures as she flies
Where Surrey's downs extend ;
There HERRING woos her friendly power,
There may she all her roses shower,
To heal that shepherd all her balms employ !
So will she sooth our fears, and give a nation joy,

Ah me ! that Virtue's godlike friends
So soon are claim'd by Fate !
Lo PELHAM to the grave descends,
The bulwark of the state :
When will fair Truth his equal find
Among the best of human kind ?
Long be the fatal day with mourning kept !
AUGUSTUS sigh'd sincere, and all the worthy wept !

Thy delegate, kind heaven, restore
To health, and safely keep ;
Let good AUGUSTUS sigh no more,
No more the worthy weep :

And still upon the royal head
The riches of thy blessings shed ;
Establish'd with his counsellors around,
Long be his prosp'rous reign, and all with glory
crown'd.

ODE XVIII.

TO

SPRING.

BY MISS FERRER

OF HUNTINGDON,

SINCE MARRIED TO THE REV. DR. PECKARD,
Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge.

HAIL, genial Goddess, blooming Spring!
Thy blest return, O let me sing,
And aid my languid lays :
Let me not sink in sloth supine
While all creation at thy shrine
Its annual tribute pays.

Escap'd from Winter's freezing power,
Each blossom greets thee, and each flower;
And foremost of the train,
By Nature (artless handmaid !) drest,
The snow-drop comes in lily'd vest,
Prophetic of thy reign.

The lark now strains his warbling throat,
While every loud and sprightly note

Calls Echo from her cell.
Be warn'd, ye fair, that listen round,
A beauteous maid became a sound,
A maid who lov'd too well.

The bright-hair'd sun with warmth benign
Bids tree, and shrub, and swelling vine
Their infant-buds display :
Again the streams refresh the plains,
Which Winter bounds in icy chains,
And sparkling bless his ray.

Life-giving Zephyrs breathe around,
And instant glows th' enamel'd ground
With Nature's vary'd hues :
Not so returns our youth decay'd,
Alas ! nor air, nor sun, nor shade,
The spring of life renews.

The sun's too quick-revolving beam
Will soon dissolve the human dream,
And bring th' appointed hour :
Too late we catch his parting ray,
And mourn the idly-wasted day
No longer in our power.

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd sight
Pursues, by virtue's constant light,

A hope beyond the skies :
Where frowning Winter ne'er shall come;
But rosy Spring for ever bloom,
And suns eternal rise.

ODE XIX.

ON
THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING.

ADDRESSED
TO A LADY IN LONDON.

BY MISS CARTER.

WHILE soft through water, earth, and air,
The vernal spirits rove,
From noisy joys, and giddy crowds
To rural scenes remove.

The mountain snows are all dissolv'd,
And hush'd the blust'ring gale,
While fragrant Zephyrs gently breathe
Along the flowery vale.

The circling planets' constant rounds
The wintry wastes repair,
And still from temporary death
Renew the verdant year.

But ah ! when once our transient bloom,
The spring of life, is o'er,
That rosy season takes its flight,
And must return no more.

Yet judge by Reason's sober rules,
From false Opinion free,
And mark how little pilfering years
Can steal from you or me.

Each moral pleasure of the heart,
Each smiling charm of truth,
Depends not on the giddy aid
Of wild inconstant youth.

The vain coquet, whose empty pride
A fading face supplies,
May justly dread the wintry gloom
Where all its glory dies.

Leave such a ruin to deplore
To fading forms confin'd ;
Nor age, nor wrinkles, discompose
One feature of the mind.

Amidst the universal change,
Unconscious of decay,
It views unmov'd the scythe of Time
Sweep all besides away.

Fix'd on its own eternal frame
Eternal are its joys,
While, borne on transitory wings,
Each mortal pleasure flies.

While ev'ry short-liv'd flower of sense
Destructive years consume,
Through friendship's fair enchanting walks
Unfading myrtles bloom.

Nor with the narrow bounds of time
The beauteous prospect ends,
But lengthen'd through the vale of death
To Paradise extends.

ODE XX.

TO
MAY.

BY MISS WHATELY,

Afterward Mrs. Darwell.

FAIREST daughter of the year,
Ever blooming, lovely May;
While thy vivid skies appear,
Nature smiles and all is gay.

Thine the flowery-painted mead,
Pasture fair, and mountain green;
Thine, with infant-harvest spread,
Laughing lies the lowland scene.

Friend of thine, the shepherd plays
Blithsome near the yellow broom,
While his flock, that careless strays,
Seeks the wild-thyme's sweet perfume.

May, with thee I mean to rove
O'er these lawns and vallies fair,
Tune my gentle lyre to love,
Cherish hope, and soften care.

Round me shall the village swains,
Shall the rosy nymphs appear:
While I sing, in rural strains,
May, to shepherds ever dear.

I had never skill to raise
Paeans from the vocal strings,
To the god-like Hero's praise,
To the pageant pomp of Kings.

Stranger to the hostile plains,
Where the brazen trumpet sound ;
Life's purple stream the verdure stains,
And heaps promiscuous press the ground :

Where the murderous cannon's breath
Fate denounces from afar,
And the loud report of death
Stuns the cruel ear of war.

Stranger to the park and play,
Birth-night balls, and courtly trains ;
Thee I woo, my gentle May,
Tune for thee my native strains.

Blooming groves, and wandering rills,
Sooth thy vacant poet's dreams,
Vocal woods, and wilds, and hills,
All her unexalted themes.

ODE XXI.

THE *MIDSUMMER WISH.*

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

O PHOEBUS! down the western sky
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle Eve, the friend of Care,
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet Nature spreads;
Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every strain be tun'd to Love.

Come, STELLA, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

While, all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish, and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when Nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of STELLA's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

ODE XXII.

AUTUMN.

By the Same.

ALAS ! with swift and silent pace
Impatient Time rolls on the year,
The Seasons change, and Nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow,
The flowers of Spring are swept away,
And Summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust, neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths are wild and bare ;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain ;
Nor Health, nor Pleasure, wanders there.

No more, while thro' the midnight shade,
 Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
 Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
 As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
 O! would some God but wings supply!
 To where each morn the Spring restores,
 Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish! me Fate compels to bear
 The downward Season's iron reign,
 Compels to breathe polluted air,
 And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
 If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail,
 And Ceres flies the naked field,
 And flowers, and fruits, and Phoebus fail?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet
 To cheer me in the darkening hour?
 The Grape remains! the friend of Wit,
 In Love and Mirth of mighty power.

Haste, press the clusters, fill the bowl—
 Apollo! shoot thy parting ray;
 This gives the sunshine of the soul,
 This, God of Health, and Verse, and Day.

Still, still, the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My STELLA with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

ODE XXIII.

WRITTEN
IN AUTUMN.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

YET once more, glorious God of day,
While beams thine orb serene,
O let me warbling court thy stay,
To gild the fading scene !
Thy rays invigorate the Spring,
Bright Summer to perfection bring,
The cold, inclement days of Winter cheer,
And make th' Autumnal months the mildest of the year.

Ere yet the russet foliage fall,
I'll climb the mountain's brow,
My friend, my Hayman, at thy call,
To view the scene below :
How sweetly pleasing to behold
Forests of vegetable gold !
How mix'd the many chequer'd shades between
The tawny mellowing hue, and the gay vivid green !

How splendid all the sky ! how still !
How mild the dying gale !
How soft the whispers of the rill
That winds along the dale !

So tranquil Nature's works appear,
It seems the Sabbath of the year ;
As if, the Summer's Labour past, she chose
This season's sober calm for blandishing repose.

Such is, of well-spent life the time,
When busy days are past,
Man, verging gradual from his prime,
Meets sacred peace at last :
His flowery Spring of pleasures o'er,
And Summer's full-blown pride no more,
He gains pacific Autumn, meek and bland,
And dauntless braves the stroke of Winter's palsy'd
hand.

For yet a while, a little while,
Involv'd in wintry gloom,
And lo ! another Spring shall smile,
A Spring eternal bloom ;
Then shall he shine, a glorious guest,
In the bright mansions of the blest,
Where due rewards on Virtue are bestow'd,
And reap the golden fruits of what his Autumn sow'd.

ODE XXIV.

ON *AUTUMN.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXI.

BY MR. C.

ADIEU the pleasing rural scene,
Sequester'd shades and meadows green,
The field thick spread with sheaves of corn,
The walk at early hour of morn.

No linnet's salutary song
Soft echoes now the sprays among:
No nightingale's more plaintive strain
Soothes the lone peasant on the plain.

The vales their cheerful green resign,
And on their stems the flowers decline:
No more we wish to pass the hour
Where elms and lilacs form a bower.

And see the swallows leave their home,
To distant, warmer climes they roam;
Where zephyrs cool, and grateful showers,
Still wake the fair autumnal flowers.

How fade the glories of the year !
They bloom awhile and disappear,
And, melancholy truth, fond man !
Thy life's a flower, thy day's a span.

Parent of all ! tremendous Power !
Whom every realm and tongue adore,
Whose mandate form'd earth's spacious plain,
And the immeasurable main ;

Prostrate before thy throne we bow,
Author of circling seasons Thou !
O hasten happier days, and bring
One Glorious, One Eternal Spring.

ODE XXV.

WINTER.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

No more the morn with tepid rays
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Usurping Darkness shares the day,
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phoebus holds a doubtful sway,

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill,

No music warbles thro' the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend;
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me STELLA, and a friend.

In Nature's aid let Art supply
With light and heat my little sphere;
Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high,
Light up a constellation here.

Let Music sound the voice of joy!
Or Mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let Love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the Season Wine prevail.

Yet Time Life's dreary Winter brings,
When Mirth's gay tale shall please no more,
Nor Music charm, tho' STELLA sings,
Nor Love nor Wine the Spring restore.

Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short Summer, man a flower,
He dies! alas! how soon he dies!

ODE XXVI.

THE WINTER'S WALK.

By the Same.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise;
The naked hill, the leafless grove,
The hoary ground, the frowning skies!

Not only through the wasted plain,
Stern Winter, is thy force confess'd;
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
I feel thy power usurp my breast.

Enlivening Hope and fond desire
Resign the heart to Spleen and Care;
Scarce frightened Love maintains her fire,
And Rapture saddens to Despair.

In groundless hope, and causeless fear
Unhappy man! behold thy doom,
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,
With mental and corporeal strife;
Snatch me, my STELLA, to thy arms,
And screen me from the ills of Life.

ODE XXVII.

TO
MORNING.

BY MISS PENNINGTON.

HAIL, roseate Morn! returning light!
To thee the sable Queen of Night
Reluctant yields her sway;
And, as she quits the dappled skies,
On glories greater glories rise,
To greet the dawning day.

O'er tufted meads gay Flora trips;
Arabia's spices scent her lips;
Her head with rose-buds crown'd;
Mild Zephyr hastes to snatch a kiss,
And, fluttering with the transient bliss,
Wafts fragrance all around.

The dew-drops, daughters of the Morn,
With spangles every bush adorn,
And all the broider'd vales;
Their voice to thee the linnets raise,
The lark, soft-trilling in thy praise,
Aurora, rising, hails!

While Nature now, in lively vest
Of glossy green, has gaily drest
Each tributary plain;
While blooming flowers and blossom'd trees,
Soft-waving with the vernal breeze,
Exult beneath thy reign!

Shall I, with drowsy poppies crown'd,
By sleep in silken fetters bound,
The downy God obey?
Ah, no!—Through yon embowering grove,
Or winding valley, let me rove,
And own thy cheerful sway!

For short-liv'd are thy pleasing powers;
Pass but a few uncertain hours,
And we no more shall trace
Thy dimpled cheek and brow serene;
Or clouds may gloom the smiling scene,
And frowns deform thy face.

So in life's youthful bloomy prime,
We sport away the fleeting time,
Regardless of our fate;
But, by some unexpected blow,
Our giddy follies we shall know,
And mourn them when too late!

ODE XXVIII.

TO

MORNING.

THE sprightly messenger of day
To Heaven ascending tunes the lay
That wakes the blushing morn :
Cheer'd with th' inspiring notes, I rise
And hail the power whose glad supplies
Th' enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence retire, O Night ! thy praise,
Majestic queen ! in nobler lays
Already has been sung :
When thine own spheres expire, thy name,
Secure from time, shall rise in fame,
Immortaliz'd by Young.

See, while I speak, Aurora sheds
Her early honours o'er the meads,
The springing valleys smile ;
With cheerful heart the village-swain
Renews the labours of the plain,
And meets the accustom'd toil.

Day's monarch comes to bless the year,
Wing'd zephyrs wanton round his car,
 Along th' aethereal road ;
Plenty and Health attend his beams,
And Truth, divinely bright, proclaims
 The visit of the God.

Aw'd by the view, my soul reveres
The Great FIRST CAUSE that bade the spheres
 In tuneful order move ;
Thine is the sable-mantled Night,
Unseen Almighty ! and the Light
 The radiance of thy love.

Hark ! the awaken'd grove repays
With melody the genial rays,
 And Echo spreads the strain ;
The streams in grateful murmurs run,
The bleating flocks salute the sun,
 And music glads the plain.

While Nature thus her charms displays,
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze
 The opening flowers diffuse ;
Temp'rance and Innocence attend,
These are your haunts, your influence lend,
 Associates of the Muse !

Riot, and Guilt, and wasting Care,
And fell Revenge, and black Despair,

Avoid the Morning's light :
Nor beams the sun, nor blooms the rose,
Their restless passions to compose,
Who Virtue's dictates flight.

Along the mead, and in the wood,
And on the margin of the flood
The Goddess walks confest :
She gives the landscape power to charm,
The sun his genial heat to warm
The wise and generous breast.

Happy the man ! whose tranquil mind
Sees Nature in her changes kind,
And pleas'd the whole surveys ;
For him the morn benignly smiles,
And evening shades reward the toils
That measure out his days.

The varying year may shift the scene,
The sounding tempest lash the main,
And Heaven's own thunders roll ;
Calmly he views the bursting storm,
Tempests nor thunder can deform
The morning of his soul.

ODE XXIX.

EVENING.

TO

STELLA.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

EVENING now, from purple wings,
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings ;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed ;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam ;
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears and keeps thy secrets, Love.
STELLA, thither let us stray !
Lightly o'er the dewy way,
Phoebus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely STELLA, far ;
In his stead, the Queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light ;
Light, that serves but just to shew
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow ;
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ,

Silence best and conscious shades
Please the hearts that Love invades;
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but Love disdain.

ODE XXX.

TO
EVENING.

BY JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

HAIL meek-ey'd Maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the wary woodman loves,
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
He jocund whistles thro' the twilight groves.

When Phoebus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk,
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dew,
And nurse the nodding vi'let's tender stalk :

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat,
To inmost bowers and cooling caverns ran,
Return to trip in wanton evening-dance,
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the war'ry scene,
And from the sheep-cotes, and fresh-furrow'd field,
Stout plowmen meet to wrestle on the green.

The swain that artless sings on yonder rock,
His nibbling sheep, and lengthened shadow spies,
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, respectful hour,
And with hoarse hummings of unnumber'd flies.

Now ev'ry passion sleeps ; desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride ;
An holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening, oft let me appear
A wandering votary in the pensive train,
List'ning to every wildly-warbling throat
That fills with farewell notes the dark'ning plain.

ODE XXXI.

TO
NIGHT.

BY MR. PARROT.

THE busy cares of day are done ;
In yonder western cloud the sun
Now sets, in other worlds to rise,
And glad with light the nether skies.
With ling'ring pace the parting day retires,
And slowly leaves the mountain tops, and gilded spires.

Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
Still shoots a gleam of fainter light :
At length descends a browner shade :
At length the glimm'ring objects fade :
'Till all submit to NIGHT's impartial reign,
And undistinguish'd darkness covers all the plain.

No more the ivy-crowned oak
Resounds beneath the woodman's stroke.
Now Silence holds her solemn sway ;
Mute is each bush, and every spray ;
Nought but the sound of murm'ring rills is heard,
Or, from the mould'ring tow'r, NIGHT's solitary bird.

Hail, sacred hour of peaceful rest !
Of pow'r to charm the troubled breast !
By thee the captive slave obtains
Short respite from his galling pains ;
Nor sighs for liberty, nor native soil ;
But for a while forgets his chains, and sultry toil.

No horrors hast thou in thy train,
No scorpion lash, no clanking chain.
When the pale murd'rer round him spies
A thousand grisly forms arise,
When shrieks and groans arouse his palsy'd fear,
'Tis guilt alarms his soul, and conscience wounds his ear.

The village swain whom Phillis charms,
Whose breast the tender passion warms,
Wishes for thy all-shadowing veil,
To tell the fair his love-sick tale :
Nor less impatient of the tedious day,
She longs to hear his tale, and sigh her soul away.

Oft by the covert of thy shade
LEANDER woo'd the THRACIAN maid ;
Through foaming seas his passion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thund'ring roar.
The conscious virgin from the sea-girt tow'r
Hung out the faithful torch, to guide him to her bow'r.

Oft at thy silent hour the sage
Pores on the fair instructive page ;

Or, rapt in musings deep, his soul
Mounts active to the starry pole :
There, pleas'd to range the realms of endless night,
Numbers the stars, or marks the comet's devious light.

Thine is the hour of converse sweet,
When sprightly wit and reason meet ;
Wit, the fair blossom of the mind,
But fairer still with reason join'd.
Such is the feast thy social hours afford,
When eloquence and GRANVILLE join the friendly
board.

GRANVILLE, whose polish'd mind is fraught
With all that ROME or GREECE e'er taught ;
Who pleases and instructs the ear,
When he assumes the critic's chair,
Or from the STAGYRITE or PLATO draws
The arts of civil life, the spirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ
The hour of mirth and social joy !
And glean from GRANVILLE's learned store
Fair science and true wisdom's lore.
Then will I still implore thy longer stay,
Nor change thy festive hours for sunshine and the day.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

ODES.

CLASS THE FOURTH.



ODES.

CLASS THE FOURTH.

ODE I.

THE *REVENGE OF AMERICA.*

BY THE REV. JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

WHEN fierce PISARRO's legions flew
O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's awful Genius rose.
He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
And heard a thousand nations groan;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To see huge PLATA foam with gore;
He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,
To view his cities smoking round.

What woes, he cry'd, hath lust of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd!
Plunderers, proceed! my bowels tear,
But ye shall meet destruction there;
From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
Th' insatiate fiend, pale Av'rice!

Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
I see all Europe's children curst
With lucre's universal thirst:
The rage that sweeps my sons away,
My baneful gold shall well repay.

ODE II.

MONA.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

“SHROUD—in the billowy mist’s deep-bosom shroud
“My ravish’d isle!”—the voice was vain!

Mona! mark yon kindling cloud

That seems to fire the main:

As flashing to th’ incumbent skies,

Broad the hostile flames arise

From the reverential wood;

Red its central gloom with blood!

Many a white-rob’d Druid hoar

Totters in the stream of gore;

Meets the falchion’s furious blow;

Sinking, execrates the foe!

Or, across the Cromleh’s stone,

Struggling, gives to Death a groan!

Or, within the circling fane,

Pours his dark mysterious strain;

Or grasps his shrine, and hails the stroke,

Stabb’d beneath his holy oak!

Yelling while the maniac maid

Hurries down the dimwood glade;

And uproots her bristling hair,
Paler amid the ghastly glare !

But lo ! the scenes of other days are fled !

Yet mysterious horror fills

The long scoop'd dales where Druids bled,

And deepens the dark hills !

Through the tree-tufted rock, that wide

Opes, as rent, its chasmy side,

Ivied ruins gleaming-grey,

Mar the torrent's foamy way !

There the enthusiast loves to dwell,

Lost in the romantic dell ;

Tracing temples, abbey-walls,

Shiver'd arches, castle-halls :

Whether the sun dart his light

'Mid the branches mossy-white ;

Or the star of eve, aslaunt,

Glimmer on the spectre haunt ;

Oft as the moon light echoes round

Add their store of mellow sound

To the crash of tumbling heaps

That o'erbrow'd the craggy steeps,

To each murmur of the cave,

Fretted by many a restless wave !

ODE III.

ON THE
POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS
OF THE
HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND;

CONSIDERED AS THE
SUBJECT OF POETRY.

INSCRIBED TO
MR. JOHN HOME.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

HOME, thou return'st from *Thames*, whose Naiads long
Have seen thee ling'ring with a fond delay,
Mid those soft Friends, whose hearts some future day
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song.
Go, not unmindful of that cordial Youth
Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by *Lavant's* side;
Together let us wish him lasting truth,
And joy untainted with his destin'd bride.
Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
My short-liv'd bliss, forget my social name;
But think, far off, how, on the Southern coast,
I met thy friendship with an equal flame!

Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
Shall prompt the Poet, and his song demand :
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail ;
Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.

There, must thou wake perforce thy *Doric* quill ;
'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet ;
Where still, 'tis said, the Fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.
There, each trim lass, that skims the milky store,
To the swart tribes their creamy bowl allots ;
By night they sip it round the cottage-door,
While airy minstrels warble jocund notes,
There, ev'ry herd, by sad experience, knows
How, wing'd with Fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd swain :
Nor thou, tho' learn'd, his homelier thoughts neglect ;
Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain ;
These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
That add new conquest to her boundless reign,
And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding
strain.

Ev'n yet preserv'd, how often may'st thou hear,
Where to the pole the *Boreal* mountains run,
Taught by the father, to his list'ning son ;
Strange lays, whose pow'r had charm'd a SPENSER'S ear.

At every pause, before thy mind possesst,
Old *Runic* Bards shall seem to rise around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,
Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd :
Whether thou bid'st the well-taught hind repeat
The choral dirge, that mourns some chieftain brave,
When ev'ry shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave ;
Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel,
Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms ;
When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny swarms,
And hostile brothers met, to prove each others arms.

'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
In *Sky's* lone isle, the gifted wizard-seer,
Lodg'd in the wintry cave with Fate's fell spear ;
Or in the depth of *Uist's* dark forest dwells :
How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
With their own vision oft astonish'd droop,
When, o'er the wat'ry strath, or quaggy moss,
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop.
Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
Their destin'd glance some fated youth descry,
Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigor seen,
And rosy health shall soon lamented die.
For them the viewless Forms of air obey,
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair ;
They know what Spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless, oft like moody Madness, stare
To see the phantom Train their secret work prepare.

To Monarchs dear, some hundred miles astray,
Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow !
The seer, in *Sky*, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
When headless *Charles* warm on the scaffold lay !
As *Boreas* threw his young *Aurora* forth,
In the first year of the first *George's* reign,
And battles rag'd in welkin of the North,
They mourn'd in air, fell, fell Rebellion, slain !
And as, of late, they joy'd in *Preston's* fight,
Saw, at sad *Falkirk*, all their hopes near crown'd !
They rav'd ! divining, thro' their *Second Sight*,
Pale, red *Culloden*, where these hopes were drown'd !
Illustrious *William* ! *Britain's* guardian name !
One *William* sav'd us from a tyrant's stroke ;
He, for a sceptre, gain'd heroic fame,
But thou, more glorious, Slavery's chain hast broke,
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke !

These, too, thou'lt sing ! for well thy magic Muse
Can to the topmost heav'n of grandeur soar !
Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more !
Ah, homely swains ! your homeward steps ne'er lose ;
Let not dank *Will* mislead you to the heath :
Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake !
What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
His glimm'ring mazes cheer th' excursive sight,
Yet turn, ye wand'ers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light ;

For watchful, lurking, 'mid th' unrustling reed,
At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch surprise.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest, indeed !
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then !
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed :
On him, enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return !
Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape,
To some dim hill that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye, the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
Meantime the wat'ry surge shall round him rise,
Pour'd sudden forth from ev'ry swelling source !
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs ?
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthful force,
And down the waves he floats a pale and breathless
corse !

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way ;
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate !

Ah, ne'er shall he return ! Alone, if night,
Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers steep !
With drooping willows drest, his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep :
Then he, perhaps, with moist and wat'ry hand,
Shall fondly seem to press her shudd'ring cheek,
And with his blue-swoln face before her stand,
And, shiv'ring cold, these piteous accents speak :
' Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils, pursue,
' At dawn or dusk, industrious as before ;
' Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
' While I lie welt'ring on the ozier'd shore,
' Drown'd by the *Kelpie's* wrath, nor e'er shall aid thee
more !'

Unbounded is thy range ; with varied skill
Thy Muse may, like those feath'ry tribes which
spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
To that hoar pile which still its ruin shows :
In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And cull them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd ground
Or thither, where beneath the showery west,
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid :
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade :
Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,

The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the Monarchs stalk with sov'reign pow'r,
In pageant robes ; and, wreath'd with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

But, oh, o'er all, forget not *Kilda's* race,
On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
Go! just, as they, their blameless manners trace!

Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintry main.
With sparing temp'rance at the needful time,
They drain the scented spring; or, hunger-prest,
Along th' *Atlantio* rock, undreading, climb,
And of its eggs despoil the *Solan's* nest.
Thus, blest in primal innocence they live,
Suffic'd and happy with that frugal fare
Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.

Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possess;
For not alone they touch'd the village breast,
But fill'd in elder time th' historic page,
There, SHAKSPEARE's self, with ev'ry garland crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour; his weird sisters found,
And with their terrors drest the magic scene.

From them he sung, when, 'mid his bold design,
Before the *Scot*, afflicted, and aghast !
The shadowy kings of *Banquo's* fated line,
Thro' the dark cave in gleamy pageant past.
Proceed ! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
Could once so well my answ'ring bosom pierce ;
Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse ;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy pow'rful verse.

In scenes like these, which daring to depart
From sober Truth, are still to Nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
Th' heroic Muse employ'd her *TASSO's* art !
How have I trembl'd, when, at *Tancred's* stroke,
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd !
When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
And the wild blast upheav'd the vanish'd sword !
How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British *FAIRFAX* strung !
Prevailing Poet ! whose undoubting mind,
Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung !
Hence, at each sound, imagination glows !
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here !
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows !
Melting it flows, pure, murm'ring, strong and clear,
And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins th' harmoni-
ous ear !

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail !
Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,

Are by smooth *Annan* fill'd, or pastoral *Tay*,
Or *Don's* romantic springs, at distance, hail!
The time shall come, when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens, o'erhung with spreading broom;
Or o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led;
Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!
Then will I dress once more the faded bow'r,
Where *Jonson* sat in *Drummond's* classic shade;
Or crop, from *Tiviotdale*, each lyric flow'r,
And mourn, on *Yarrow's* banks, where *Willy's* laid!
Meantime, ye Pow'rs that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on *Lothian's* plains, attend!—
Where'er *HOMER* dwells, on hill, or lowly moor,
To him I lose, your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my absent
friend!

ODE IV.

TO *THE TIBER.*

WRITTEN ABROAD,
BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

On entering the Campania of Rome, at Otricoli, 1755.

HAIL, sacred Stream, whose waters roll
Immortal through the classic page !
To Thee, the Muse-devoted soul,
Though destin'd to a later age
And less indulgent clime, to Thee,
Nor thou disdain, in runic lays,
Weak mimic of true harmony,
His grateful homage pays.
Far other strains thine elder ear
With pleas'd attention wont to hear,
When he, who strung the Latian lyre,
And he, who led th' Aonian quire
From Mantua's reedy lakes with osier's crown'd,
Taught Echo from thy banks with transport to resound.
Thy banks ?—alas ! is this the boasted scene,
This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,
Where sick'ning Nature wears a fainter green,
And Desolation spreads her torpid reign ?

Is this the scene where Freedom breath'd,
Her copious horn where Plenty wreath'd,
And Health at opening day
Bade all her roseate breezes fly,
To wake the sons of Industry,
And make their fields more gay?

Where is the villa's rural pride,
The swelling dome's imperial gleam,
Which lov'd to grace the verdant side,
And tremble in thy golden stream?
Where are the bold, the busy throngs,
That rush'd impatient to the war,
Or tun'd to peace triumphal songs,
And hail'd the passing car?
Along the solitary road,
The eternal flint by Consuls trod,
We muse, and mark the sad decays
Of mighty works, and mighty days.
For these vile wastes, we cry, had Fate decreed
That Veii's sons should strive, for these Camillus bleed?
Did here, in after-times of Roman pride,
The musing shepherd from Soracte's height
See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,
And temples rise, and peopled farms unite?
They did. For this deserted plain
The Hero strove, nor strove in vain;
And here the shepherd saw

Unnumber'd towns and temples spread,
While Rome majestic rear'd her head,
And gave the nations law.
Yes, Thou and Latium once were great,
And still, ye first of human things,
Beyond the grasp of time or fate
Her fame and thine triumphant springs.
What though the mould'ring columns fall,
And strow the desert earth beneath,
Though ivy round each nodding wall
Entwine its fatal wreath,
Yet say, can Rhine or Danube boast
The numerous glories thou hast lost?
Can ev'n Euphrates' palmy shore,
Or Nile, with all his mystic lore,
Produce from old records of genuine fame
Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy name?
Ev'n now the Muse, the conscious Muse is here;
From every ruin's formidable shade
Eternal Music breathes on Fancy's ear,
And wakes to more than form th' illustrious dead.
Thy Cæsars, Scipios, Catos rise,
The great, the virtuous, and the wise,
In solemn state advance!
They fix the philosophic eye,
Or trail the robe, or lift on high
The lightning of the lance.
But chief that humbler happier train
Who knew those virtues to reward

Beyond the reach of chance or pain
Secure, th' historian and the bard.
By them the hero's generous rage
Still warm in youth immortal lives;
And in their adamantine page
Thy glory still survives.
Through deep Savannas wild and vast,
Unheard, unknown through ages past,
Beneath the sun's directer beams
What copious torrents pour their streams!
No fame have they, no fond pretence to mourn,
No annals swell their pride, or grace their storied urn.
Whilst Thou, with Rome's exalted genius join'd,
Her spear yet lifted, and her corslet brac'd,
Canst tell the waves, canst tell the passing wind,
Thy wondrous tale, and cheer the list'ning waste.
Though from his caves th' unfeeling North
Pour'd all his legion'd tempests forth,
Yet still thy laurels bloom:
One deathless glory still remains,
Thy stream *has* roll'd through LATIAN plains,
Has wash'd the walls of ROME.

ODE V.

TO
THE TARN.

WRITTEN AT
MONTAUBAN IN FRANCE, 1750.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.

TARN, how delightful wind thy willow'd waves,
But ah! they fructify a land of slaves!
In vain thy bare-foot, sun-burnt peasants hide
With luscious grapes yon hill's romantic side;
No cups nectareous shall their toils repay,
The priest's, the soldier's, and the fermier's prey:
Vain glows this sun in cloudless glory drest,
That strikes fresh vigour through the pining breast;
Give me, beneath a colder, changeful sky,
My soul's best, only pleasure, LIBERTY!
What millions perish'd near thy mournful flood
When the red papal tyrant cry'd out—'Blood!
Less fierce the Saracen, and quiver'd Moor,
That dash'd thy infants 'gainst the stones of yore.
Be warn'd, ye nations round; and trembling see
Dire superstition quench humanity!

By all the chiefs in Freedom's battles lost;
By wise and virtuous ALFRED's awful ghost;
By old GALGACUS' scythed, iron car,
That, swiftly whirling through the walks of war,
Dash'd Roman blood, and crush'd the foreign
 throngs;

By holy Druids' courage-breathing songs;
By fierce BONDUCA's shield, and foaming steeds;
By the bold peers that met on Thames's meads;
By the fifth HENRY's helm, and lightning spear;
O LIBERTY, my warm petition hear;
Be ALBION still thy joy! with her remain,
Long as the surge shall lash her oak-crown'd plain!

ODE VI.

TO

THE EDEN,

A RIVER IN WESTMORELAND.

BY J. LANGHORNE, D. D.

DELIGHTFUL Eden! parent stream,
Yet shall the maids of Mem'ry say,
When, led by Fancy's fairy dream,
My young steps trac'd thy winding way;
How oft along thy mazy shore,
Where slowly wav'd the willows hoar,
In pensive thought their poet stray'd;
Or, dozing near thy meadow'd side,
Beheld thy dimply waters glide,
Bright through the trembling shade.

Yet shall they paint those scenes again,
Where once with infant-joy he play'd,
And bending o'er thy liquid plain,
The azure worlds below survey'd :
Led by the rosy-handed Hours,
When Time tript o'er that bank of flowers,

Which in thy crystal bosom smil'd;
Though old the God, yet light and gay,
He flung his glass, his scythe away,
And seem'd himself a child.

The poplar tall, that waving near
Wou'd whisper to thy murmurs free;
Yet rustling seems to sooth mine ear,
And trembles when I sigh for thee.
Yet seated on thy shelving brim,
Can Fancy see the Naiads trim
Burnish their green locks in the sun;
Or at the last lone hour of day,
To chase the lightly glancing jay,
In airy circles run.

But, Fancy, can thy mimic power
Again those happy moments bring?
Canst thou restore that golden hour,
When young Joy wav'd his laughing wing?
When first in Eden's rosy vale,
My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,
The vow sincere, devoid of guile
While Delia in her panting breast,
With sighs, the tender thought supprest,
And look'd as angels smile.

O Goddess of the crystal brow,
That dwell'st the golden meads among;
Whose streams still fair in memory flow,
Whose murmurs melodize my song!

O! yet those gleams of joy display,
Which bright'ning glow'd in Fancy's ray,
When, near thy lucid urn reclin'd,
The Dryad, Nature, bar'd her breast,
And left, in naked charms imprest,
Her image on my mind.

In vain—the maids of Mem'ry fair
No more in golden visions play;
No friendship smooths the brow of care,
No Delia's smile approves my lay.
Yet love and friendship lost to me,
'Tis yet some joy to think of thee,
And in thy breast this moral find;
That life, though stain'd with sorrow's showers,
Shall flow serene, while Virtue pours
Her sunshine on the mind.

ODE VII.

TO A

WATER - NYMPH.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MASON, M. A.

YE green-hair'd Nymphs ! whom PAN allows
To tend this sweetly-solemn Wood,
To speed the shooting scions into boughs,
And call the roseate blossoms from the bud ;
But chief, thou NAIAD, wont so long to lead
This fluid crystal sparkling as it flows ;
 Whither, ah ! whither art thou fled ?
 What shade is conscious to thy woes ?
 Ah ! 'tis yon poplar's awful gloom ;
 Poetic eyes can pierce the scene,
Can see thy drooping head, thy with'ring bloom,
See grief diffus'd o'er all thy languid mien.
Well mayst thou wear misfortune's fainting air,
Well rend those flow'ry honours from thy brow,
 Devolve that length of careless hair,
 And give yon azure veil to flow
 Loose to the wind. For ah ! thy pain
 The pitying Muse can well relate :
Ah ! let her, plaintive, pour the tend'rest strain,
To teach the Echoes thy disastrous fate.

'Twas where the alder's close-knit shade entwin'd
(What time the dog-star's fires intensely burn),
In gentlest indolence reclin'd,
Beside your ever-trickling urn
You slept serene ; all free from fears,
No friendly dream foretold your harm,
When sudden, see ! the tyrant Art appears
To snatch the liquid treasures from thy arm.
Art, Gothic Art, has seiz'd thy darling vase,
That vase which silver-slipper'd Thetis gave,
For some soft story told with grace,
Amid th' associates of the wave ;
When in sequester'd coral vales,
While worlds of waters roll'd above,
The circling sea-nymphs told alternate tales
Of fabled changes, and of slighted love.
Ah ! loss too justly mourn'd ! for now the fiend
Has on yon shell-wrought terras pois'd it high,
And thence he bids its streams descend,
With torturing regularity ;
From step to step with sullen sound
The forc'd cascades indignant leap,
'Till pent they fill the bason's measur'd round,
There in a dull stagnation doom'd to sleep.
Lost is the vocal pebble's gurgling song,
The rill soft-dripping from its rocky spring,
No free meander winds along,
Or curls, when Zephyr waves his wing,
These charms, alas ! are now no more—
Fortune, oh ! give me to redeem



The ravish'd vase ; oh ! give me to restore
Its pristine honours to this hapless stream !
Then, Nymph, again, with all their native ease,
Thy wanton waters, volatile and free,
 Shall wildly warble, as they please,
 Their soft loquacious harmony.
 Where'er they vagrant choose to rove,
 There will I lead, not force their way,
Whether to gloom beneath the shady grove,
Or in the mead reflect the sparkling ray.
Not HAGLEY's various stream shall thine surpass,
Though Nature, and her LITTLETON ordain
 That there the NAIAD band should grace
 With every wat'ry charm the plain ;
 That there the frequent rills should roll,
 And health to every flower dispense,
Free as their master pours from all his soul
The gen'rous tide of warm benevolence ;
Should now glide sweetly plaintive through the vale
In melting murmurs querulously slow ;
 Soft as that master's love-lorn tale,
 When LUCY calls forth all his woe :
 Should now from steepy heights descend,
 Deep thund'ring the rough rocks among,
Loud as the praise applauding senates lend,
When England's Cause inspires his glowing tongue.

ODE VIII.

WRITTEN UPON A

PEDESTAL

BENEATH A ROW OF ELMS IN A MEADOW NEAR
RICHMOND FERRY,

Belonging to Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq. sept. 1760.

' Ye green-hair'd Nymphs ! whom Pan allows'
To guard from harm these favour'd boughs ;
Ye blue-eyed Naiads of the stream,
That sooth the warm poetic dream ;
Ye elves and sprights, that thronging round,
When midnight darkens all the ground,
In antic measures uncontroll'd,
Your fairy sports and revels hold,
And up and down, where'er ye pass,
With many a ringlet print the grass ;
If e'er the bard hath hail'd your power
At morn's grey dawn, or evening hour ;
If e'er by moonlight on the plain
Your ears have caught th' enraptur'd strain ;
From every floweret's velvet head,
From reverend Thames's oozy bed,

From these moss'd elms, where, prison'd deep,
Conceal'd from human eyes, ye sleep,
If these your haunts be worth your care,
Awake, arise, and hear my prayer!

O banish from this peaceful plain
The perjur'd nymph, the faithless swain,
The stubborn heart, that scorns to bow,
And harsh rejects the honest vow :
The fop, who wounds the virgin's ear,
With aught that sense would blush to hear,
Or, false to honour, mean and vain,
Defames the worth he cannot stain :
The light coquet, with various art,
Who casts her net for every heart,
And smiling flatters to the chase
Alike the worthy and the base :
The dame, who, proud of virtue's praise,
Is happy if a sister strays,
And, conscious of unclouded fame,
Delighted, spreads the tale of shame:
But far, O! banish'd far be they,

Who hear, unmov'd, the orphan's cry,
Who see, nor wish to wipe away,

The tear that swells the widow's eye;
Th' unloving man whose narrow mind
Disdains to feel for human-kind,
At others bliss whose cheek ne'er glows,
Whose breast ne'er throbs with others woes,
Whose hoarded sum of private joys
His private care alone destroys ;

Ye fairies cast your spells around,
And guard from such this hallow'd ground!
But welcome all, who sigh with truth,
Each constant maid and faithful youth,
Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,
Sweet union of the willing mind!
Hearts pair'd in heaven, not meanly sold,
Law-licenc'd prostitutes for gold:
And welcome thrice, and thrice again,
The chosen few, the worthy train,
Whose steady feet, untaught to stray,
Still tread where virtue marks the way;
Whose souls no thought, whose hands have known
No deed, which honour might not own;
Who, torn with pain, or stung with care,
In others bliss can claim a part,
And, in life's brightest hour can share
Each pang that wrings another's heart:
Ye guardian spirits, when such ye see,
Sweet peace be theirs, and welcome free!
Clear be the sky from clouds or showers!
Green be the turf, and fresh the flowers!
And that the youth, whose pious care
Lays on your shrine this honest prayer,
May, with the rest, admittance gain,
And visit oft this pleasant scene,
Let all who love the Muse attend!
Who loves the Muse is virtue's friend.
Such then alone may venture here,
Who, free from guilt, are free from fear;

Whose wide affections can embrace
The whole extent of human race;
Whom Virtue and her friends approve;
Whom Cambridge and the Muses love.

ODE IX.

TO THE
REV. DR. WALWYN,
Prebendary of Canterbury.

ON HIS
**INTENDING TO CUT DOWN A GROVE TO ENLARGE
HIS PROSPECT.**

BY MISS CARTER.

In plaintive sounds, that tun'd to woe
The sadly-sighing breeze,
A weeping HAMADRYAD mourn'd
Her fate-devoted trees.

Ah! stop thy sacrilegious hand,
Nor violate the shade,
Where Nature form'd a silent haunt
For Contemplation's aid.

Canst thou, the son of Science, bred
Where learned Isis flows,
Forget that, nurs'd in sheltering groves,
The Grecian genius rose?

Within the plantane's spreading shade,
Immortal PLATO taught ;
And fair LYCEUM form'd the depth
Of ARISTOTLE'S thought.

To Latian groves reflect thy views,
And bless the Tuscan gloom ;
Where eloquence deplor'd the fate
Of Liberty and Rome.

Retir'd beneath the beechen shade,
From each inspiring bough
The Muses wove th' unfading wreaths
That circled VIRGIL'S brow.

Reflect before the fatal axe
My threaten'd doom has wrought ;
Nor sacrifice to sensual taste
The nobler growth of thought.

Not all the glowing fruits that blush
On India's sunny coast,
Can recompense thee for the worth
Of one idea lost.

My shade a produce may supply,
Unknown to solar fire ;
And what excludes APOLLO'S rays,
Shall harmonize his lyre.

ODE X.

TO

A GENTLE MAN,

ON HIS PITCHING A TENT IN HIS GARDEN.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

AH! friend, forbear, nor fright the fields
With hostile scenes of imag'd war;
Content still roves the blooming wilds,
And sheds her mildest influence there:
Ah! drive not the sweet wand'rer from her seat,
Nor with rude arts profane her latest best retreat.

Are there not bowers, and sylvan scenes,
By Nature's kind luxuriance wove?
Has Romely lost the living greens
Which erst adorn'd her artless grove?
Where through each hallow'd haunt the poet stray'd,
And met the willing Muse, and peopled every shade.

But now no bards thy woods among,
Shall wait th' inspiring Muse's call;
For though to mirth and festal song
Thy choice devotes the woven wall,
Yet what avails that all be peace within,
If horrors guard the gate, and scare us from the scene?

'Tis true of old the patriarch spread
His happier tents which knew not war,
And chang'd at will the trampled mead
For fresher greens and purer air;
But long has man forgot such simple ways,
Truth unsuspecting harm!—the dream of ancient days.

Ev'n he, cut off from human kind,
(Thy neighb'ring wretch) the child of Care,
Who, to his native mines confin'd,
Nor sees the sun, nor breathes the air,
But 'midst the damps and darkness of earth's womb
Drags out laborious life, and scarcely dreads the tomb;

Ev'n he, should some indulgent chance
Transport him to thy sylvan reign,
Would eye the floating veil askance,
And hide him in his caves again,
While dire presage in every breeze that blows
Hears shrieks and clashing arms, and all Germania's
woes.

And doubt not thy polluted taste
A sudden vengeance shall pursue;
Each fairy form we whilom trac'd
Along the morn or evening dew,
Nymph, Satyr, Faun, shall vindicate their grove,
Robb'd of its genuine charms, and hospitable Jove.

I see, all-arm'd with dews unblest,
Keen frosts, and noisome vapours drear,

Already, from the bleak north-east,
The Genius of the wood appear !
—Far other office once his prime delight,
To nurse thy saplings tall, and heal the harms of night.

With ringlets quaint to curl thy shade,
To bid the insect tribes retire,
To guard thy walks and not invade——
O wherefore then provoke his ire ?
Alas ! with prayers, with tears his rage repel,
While yet the redd'ning shoots with embryo-blossoms
swell.

Too late thou'lt weep, when blights deform
The fairest produce of the year ;
Too late thou'lt weep, when every storm
Shall loudly thunder in thy ear,
' Thus, thus the green-hair'd Deities maintain
' Their own eternal rights, and Nature's injur'd reign.'

ODE XI.

WRITTEN UPON LEAVING
A FRIEND'S HOUSE IN WALES.

BY THE REV. DR. MARKHAM,
Now Archbishop of York.

THE winds were loud, the clouds deep-hung,
And dragg'd their sweepy trains along
The dreary mountain's side ;
When, from the hill, one look to throw
On Towy's rambling flood below,
I turn'd my horse—and sigh'd.

But soon the gusts of sleet and hail
Flew thick across the darken'd vale,
And blurr'd the face of day :
Forlorn and sad, I jogg'd along ;
And though Tom cry'd, ' You're going wrong,'
Still wander'd from my way.

The scenes, which once my fancy took,
And my aw'd mind with wonder struck
Pass'd unregarded all !
Nor black Trecarris' steepy height,
Nor waste Trecastle gave delight ;
Nor clamorous Hondy's fall.

Did the bleak day then give me pain ?
The driving snow, or pelting rain,
Or sky with tempests fraught ?
No! these unheeded rag'd around ;
Nought in them so much Mine I found,
As claim'd one wandering thought.

Far other cares engross'd my mind,
Cares for the joys I left behind
In Newton's happy groves!
Yet not because its woods disclose
Or grotts or lawns more sweet than those
Which Pan at noon-day loves ;

But that, beside its social hearth,
Dwells every joy, which youthful mirth,
Or serious age can claim ;
The man too whom my soul first knew,
To virtue and to honour true ;
And friendship's sacred name.

O Newton, could these pensive lays,
In worthy numbers scan thy praise,
Much gratitude would say ;
But that the Muse, ingenuous maid,
Of *flattery* seems so much afraid,
She'll scarce her *duty* pray.

ODE XII.

TO THE

HON. WILMOT VAUGHAN,

NOW EARL OF LISBURNES IN WALES.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS COVENTRY, A. M.

Ye distant realms, that hold my friend
Beneath a cold ungenial sky,
Where lab'ring groves with weight of vapours bend,
Or raving winds o'er barren mountains fly;
Restore him quick to London's social clime,
Restore him quick to friendship, love and joy;
Be swift, ye lazy steeds of Time,
Ye moments, all your speed employ.
Behold November's glooms arise,
Pale suns with fainter glory shine,
Dark gath'ring tempests blacken in the skies,
And shiv'ring woods their sickly leaves resign.
Is this a time on Cambrian hills to roam,
To court disease in Winter's baleful reign,
To listen to th' Atlantic foam,
While rocks repel the roaring main,
While horror fills the region vast,
Rheumatic tortures Eurys brings,

Pregnant with agues flies the northern blast,
And clouds drop quartans from their flagging wings.
Dost thou explore Sabrina's fountful source,
Where huge Plinlimmon's hoary height ascends:
 Then downward mark her vagrant course,
 'Till mix'd with clouds the landscape ends?
Dost thou revere the hallow'd soil
 Where Druids old sepulchred lie;
Or up cold Snowden's craggy summits toil,
And muse on ancient savage liberty?
Ill suit such walks with bleak autumnal air,
Say, can November yield the joys of May?
 When Jove deforms the blasted year,
 Can Wallia boast a cheerful day?
 The town expects thee.—Hark, around,
 Through every street of gay resort,
New chariots rattle with awak'ning sound,
And crowd the levees, and besiege the court.
The patriot, kindling as his wars ensue,
Now fires his soul with liberty and fame,
 Marshals his threat'ning tropes anew,
 And gives his hoarded thunders aim.
 Now seats their absent lords deplore,
 Neglected villas empty stand,
Capacious Gro'venor gathers all its store,
And mighty London swallows up the land.
See sportive Vanity her flights begin,
See new-blown Folly's plenteous harvest rise,
 See mimic beauties dye their skin,
 And harlots roll their venal eyes.

Fashions are set, and fops return,
And young coquettes in arms appear ;
Dreaming of conquest, how their bosoms burn,
Trick'd in the new fantastry of the year.
Fly then away, nor scorn to bear a part
In this gay scene of folly amply spread :
Follies well us'd refine the heart,
And pleasures clear the studious head ;
By grateful interchange of mirth
The toils of study sweeter grow,
As varying seasons recommend the earth,
Nor does Apollo always bend his bow.

ODE XIII.

ON THE
DUTCHESS OF MAZARIN;
RETIRING INTO A CONVENT.

BY JOHN LANGHORNE, D. D.

Ye holy cares that haunt these lonely cells,
These scenes where salutary sadness dwells ;
Ye sighs that minute the slow wasting day,
Ye pale regrets that wear my life away ;
O bid these passions for the world depart,
These wild desires, and vanity of heart !
Hide every trace of vice, of follies past,
And yield to Heaven the victory at last.

To that the poor remains of life are due,
'Tis Heaven that calls, and I the call pursue.
Lord of my life, my future cares are thine,
My love, my duty, greet thy holy shrine :
No more my heart to vainer hopes I give,
But live for thee, whose bounty bids me live.

The Power that gave these little charms their grace,
His favours bounded, and confin'd their space ;

Spite of those charms shall time, with rude essay,
Tear from the cheek the transient rose away;
But the free mind, ten thousand ages past,
Its Maker's form, shall with its Maker last.

Uncertain objects still our hopes employ;
Uncertain all that bears the name of joy!
Of all that feels the injuries of fate
Uncertain is the search, and short the date:
Yet ev'n that boon what thousands wish to gain?
That boon of Death, the sad resource of pain!

Once on my path all fortune's glory fell,
Her vain magnificence, and courtly swell:
Love touch'd my soul at least with soft desires,
And Vanity there fed her meteor fires.
This truth at last the mighty scenes let fall,
An hour of Innocence was worth them all.

Lord of my life! O let thy sacred ray
Shine o'er my heart, and break its clouds away!
Deluding, flatt'ring, faithless world adieu!
Long hast thou taught me GOD IS ONLY TRUE.
That God alone I trust, alone adore,
No more deluded, and misled no more.

Come, sacred hour, when wav'ring doubts shall cease!
Come, holy scenes of long repose and peace!
Yet shall my heart, to other interests true,
A moment balance 'twixt the word and you?

Of pensive nights, of long-reflecting days,
Be yours, at last, the triumph and the praise!

Great gracious Master! whose unbounded sway,
Felt through ten thousand worlds, those worlds obey,
Wilt thou for once thy awful glories shade,
And deign t' espouse the creature thou hast made?
All other ties indignant I disclaim,
Dishonour'd those, and infamous to name!

O fatal ties, for which such tears I've shed,
For which the pleasures of the world lay dead!
That world's soft pleasures you alone disarm;
That world without you still might have its charm.
But now those scenes of tempting hope I close,
And seek the peaceful studies of Repose;
Look on the past as time that stole away,
And beg the blessings of a happier day.

Ye gay saloons, ye golden-vested halls,
Scenes of high treats, and heart-bewitching balls!
Dress, figure, splendor, charms of play, farewell,
And all the toilet's science to excel:
Ev'n Love, that ambush'd in this beauteous hair,
No more shall lie, like Indian archers, there.
Go, erring Love! for nobler objects given!
Go, beauteous hair, a sacrifice to Heaven!

Soon shall the veil these glowing features hide,
At once the period of their power and pride!

The hapless lover shall no more complain
Of vows unheard, or unrewarded pain ;
While calmly sleep in each untortur'd breast
My secret sorrow, and his sighs profest.

Go, flattering train ! and slaves to me no more,
With the same sighs some happier fair adore !
Your alter'd faith, I blame not, nor bewail—
And haply yet (what woman is not frail ?)
Yet, haply, might I calmer minutes prove,
If he that lov'd me knew no other love !

Yet were that ardor, which his breast inspir'd,
By charms of more than mortal beauty fir'd,
What nobler pride ! could I to Heaven resign
The zeal, the service that I boasted mine !
O change your false desires, ye flatt'ring train !
And love me pious, whom ye love profane !

These long adieus with lovers doom'd to go,
Or prove their merit, or my weakness shew ;
But Heaven, to such soft frailties less severe,
May spare the tribute of a female tear,
May yield one tender moment to deplore
Those gentle hearts that I must hold no more.

ODE XIV.

TO A

LADY GOING ABROAD.

FAR, from me my Delia goes,
And all my pray'rs, my tears are vain;
Nor shall I know one hour's repose,
Till Delia bless these eyes again.

Companion of the wretched, come,
Fair hope! and dwell with me a while;
Thy heavenly presence gilds the gloom,
While happier scenes in prospect smile.

Oh! who can tell what time may do?
How all my sorrows yet may end?
Can she reject a love so true?
Can Delia e'er forsake her friend?

Unkind and rude the thorn is seen,
No sign of future sweetness shows;
But time calls forth its lovely green,
And spreads the blushes of the rose.

Then come, fair hope, and whisper peace,
 And keep the happy scenes in view,
 When all these cares and fears shall cease,
 And Delia bless a love so true,

Hope, sweet deceiver, still believ'd,
 In mercy sent to sooth our care :
 Oh ! tell me am I now deceiv'd,
 And wilt thou leave me to despair.

Then hear ye powers, my earnest pray'r,
 This pang unutterable save ;
 Let me not live to know despair,
 But give me quiet in the grave :

Why should I live to hate the light,
 Be with myself at constant strife,
 And drag about, in nature's spight,
 An useless, joyless load of life ?

But far from her all ills remove,
 Your favourite care let Delia be,
 Long blest in friendship, blest in love,
 And may she never think on me.

But if, to prove my love sincere,
 The fates a while this trial doom ;
 Then aid me, hope, my woes to bear,
 Nor leave me till my Delia come.

Till Delia come no more to part,
And all these cares and fears remove,
Oh, come! relieve this widow'd heart,
Oh, quickly come! my pride, my love!

My Delia come! whose looks beguile,
Whose smile can charm my cares away;—
Oh! come with that enchanting smile,
And brighten up life's wintry day;

Oh, come! and make me full amends,
For all my cares, my fears, my pain;—
Delia, restore me to my friends,
Restore me to myself again.

ODE XV.

TO THE
GENIUS OF ITALY,
OCCASIONED BY
THE EARL OF CORKE'S GOING ABROAD.

BY THE REV. J. DUNCOMBE, M.A.

O THOU that, on a pointless spear reclin'd,
In dusk of eve oft tak'st thy lonely way
Where Tyber's slow, neglected waters stray,
And pour'st thy fruitless sorrows to the wind,
Grieving to see his shore no more the seat
Of arts and arms, and liberty's retreat.

Italia's Genius, rear thy drooping head,
Shake off thy trance, and weave an olive crown,
For see! a noble guest appears, well known
To all thy worthies, though in Britain bred;
Guard well thy charge, for know, our polish'd isle
Reluctant spares thee such a son as BOYLE.

There, while their sweets thy myrtle groves dispense,
Lead to the Sabine or the Tuscan plain,
Where playful Horace tun'd his amorous strain,
And Tully pour'd the stream of eloquence;

Nor fail to crown him with that ivy bloom,
Which graceful mantles o'er thy Maro's tomb.

At that blest spot, from vulgar cares refin'd,
In some soft vision or indulgent dream
Inspire his fancy with a glorious theme,
And point new subjects to his generous mind,
At once to charm his country, and improve
The last, the youngest object of his love.

But O! mark well his transports in that shade,
Where, circled by the bay's unfading green,
Amidst a rural and sequestered scene
His much-lov'd Pliny rests his honour'd head;
There, wrapt in silence, will he gaze around,
And strew with sweetest flow'rs the hallow'd ground.

But see! the sage, to mortal view confest,
Thrice waves the hand, and says, or seems to say,
' The debt I owe thee how shall I repay ?
' Welcome to Latium's shore, illustrious guest!
' Long may'st thou live to grace thy native isle,
' Humane in thought, and elegant in style!

' While on thy consort I with rapture gaze,
' My own Calphurnia rises to my view :
' That bliss unknown but to the virtuous few,
' Briton! is thine; charm'd with domestic praise,

‘ Thine are those heart-felt joys that sweeten life,
‘ The son, the friend, the daughter, and the wife.’

Content with such approve, when genial Spring
 Bids the shrill blackbird whistle in the vale,
 Home may he hasten with a prosperous gale,
And Health protect him with her fost’ring wing;
So shall Britannia to the wind and sea
Entrust no more her fav’rite ORRERY.

ODE XVI.

TO A
GENTLEMAN

UPON HIS
TRAVELS THROUGH ITALY.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.

WHILE I with fond officious care,
For You my chorded shell prepare,
And not unmindful frame an humble lay,
Where shall this verse my CYNTHIO find,
What scene of art now charms your mind,
Say, on what sacred spot of Roman ground you stray ?

Perhaps You cull each valley's bloom,
To strew o'er Virgil's laurell'd tomb,
Whence oft at midnight echoing voices sound ;
For at that hour of silence, there
The shades of ancient Bards repair,
To join in choral song his hallow'd urn around.

Or wander in the cooling shade
Of Sabine bow'rs, where Horace stray'd,

And oft repeat in eager thought elate,
 (As round in classic search you trace
 With curious eye the pleasing place,)
‘ That fount he lov’d, and there beneath that hill he
 sate.’

How longs my raptur’d breast with you
Great Raphael’s magic strokes to view,
To whose blest hand each charm the Graces gave !
 Whence each fair form with beauty glows,
 Like that of Venus, when she rose
Naked in blushing charms from Ocean’s hoary wave.

As oft by roving fancy led
To smooth Clitumnus’ banks you tread,
What awful thoughts his fabled waters raise !
 While the low-thoughted swain, whose flock
 Grazes around, from some steep rock
With vulgar disregard his mazy course surveys.

Now thro’ the ruin’d domes my Muse
Your steps with eager flight pursues,
That their cleft piles on Tyber’s plains present,
 Among whose hollow-winding cells
 Forlorn and wild Rome’s Genius dwells,
His golden sceptre broke, and purple mantle rent.

Oft to those mossy mouldering walls,
Those caverns dark, and silent halls,
Let me repair by midnight’s paly fires ;

There muse on Empire's fallen state,
And frail Ambition's hapless fate,
While more than mortal thoughts the solemn scene
inspires.

What lust of power from the cold North
Could tempt those Vandal-robbers forth,
Fair Italy, thy vine-clad vales to waste !
Whose hands profane, with hostile blade,
Thy story'd temples dar'd invade,
And all thy Parian seats of Attic art defac'd.

They, weeping Art in fetters bound,
And gor'd her breast with many a wound,
And veil'd her charms in clouds of thickest night;
Sad Poesy, much-injur'd maid,
They drove to some dim convent's shade,
And quench'd in gloomy mist her lamp's resplendent
light.

There long she wept, to darkness doom'd,
'Till Cosmo's hand her light relum'd,
That once again in lofty Tasso shone ;
Since has sweet Spenser caught her fire,
She breath'd once more in Milton's lyre,
And warm'd the soul divine of Shakspeare, Fancy's son.

Nor she, mild queen, will cease to smile
On her Britannia's much-lov'd isle,
Where these her best, her favourite three were born,

While Theron warbles Graecian strains,
Or polish'd Dodington remains,
The drooping train of Arts to cherish and adorn.

ODE XVII.

TO THE

HON. CHARLES TOWNSEND,

At the University.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

O CHARLES, in absence hear a friend complain,
Whoknows thou lov'st him wheresoe'er he goes,
Yet feels uneasy starts of idle pain,
And often would be told the thing he knows.
Why then, thou loiterer, fleets the silent year,
How dar'st thou give a friend unnecessary fear?

We are not now beside that osier'd stream,
Where erst we wander'd, thoughtless of the way:
We do not now of distant ages dream,
And cheat in converse half the ling'ring day;
No fancied heroes rise at our command,
And no TIMOLEON weeps, and bleeds no THEBAN
band.

Yet why complain? thou feel'st no want like these,
From me, 'tis true, but me alone debarr'd,
Thou still in GRANTA's shades enjoy'st at ease
The books we reverenc'd, and the friends we
shar'd;

Nor seest without such aids the day decline,
or think'st how much their loss has added weight to
thine.

Truth's genuine voice, the freely-opening mind,
Are thine, are friendship's, and retirement's lot;
To conversation is the world confin'd,
Friends of an hour, who please and are forgot;
And int'rest stains, and vanity controls
The pure unsullied thoughts, and sallies of our souls.

O I remember, and with pride repeat
The rapid progress which our friendship knew!
Even at the first with willing minds we met,
And ere the root was fix'd the branches grew.
In vain had fortune plac'd her weak barrier,
Near was thy breast from pride, and mine from servile
fear.

I saw thee gen'rous, and with joy can say,
My education rose above my birth,
Thanks to those parent shades, on whose cold clay
Fall fast my tears, and lightly lie the earth!
To them I owe whate'er I dare pretend.
Thou saw'st with partial eyes, and bade me call thee
friend.

Let others meanly heap the treasur'd store,
And awkward fondness cares on cares employ
To leave a race more exquisitely poor,
Possess'd of riches which they ne'er enjoy:

He's only kind who takes the noble way
To unbind the springs of thought, and give them pow'r
to play.

His heirs shall bless him, and look down with scorn
On vulgar pride from vaunted heroes sprung;
Lords of themselves, thank heaven that they were
born

Above the sordid miser's glitt'ring dung,
Above the servile grandeur of a throne.
For they are Nature's heirs, and all her works their
own.

ODE XVIII.

THE *ACADEMIC.*

WRITTEN APRIL MDCCLV.

At the time of the establishment of Classical Prizes, and building the new Public Library.

BY SIR JAMES MARRIOT, BART.

WHILE silent streams the moss-grown turrets lave,
Cam, on thy banks with pensive steps I tread;
The dipping osiers kiss thy passing wave,
And evening shadows o'er the plains are spread.

From restless eye of painful Care,
To thy secluded grot I fly,
Where Fancy's sweetest forms repair,
To sooth her darling Poesy;

Reclin'd the lovely Visionary lies
In yonder vale and laurel-vested bower;
Where the gay turf is deck'd with various dies,
And breathes the mingling scents of every flower:

Vol. XIV.

But to what more indulgent sky,
To what more hospitable shade,
Could trembling, bleeding, fainting fly
The helpless and devoted Maid ?

Time-honour'd Founders ! ye the virgin woo'd !
'Twas your's, with souls to native grandeur born,
To bid her radiant beauties shine renew'd,
With wealth to heap, with honours to adorn.

In Granta's happier paths she wept no more ;
Heal'd were the wounds that scarr'd her gentle breast,
Here still she smiles with Freedom's sons to rest,
Nor mourns her Attic towers, nor Tuscan shore.

Fathers of Genius ! whom the Muse adores,
For sure to you her noblest strains belong,
Beneath whose venerable roofs she pours
The grateful notes of sweetly-flowing song.

Th' increase of swift revolving years
With conscious pride exulting view ;
How all ye plann'd complete appears ;
How all your virtues bloom anew :

The generous zeal which erst ye felt remains,
Its bounteous beams still ardent to dispense ;
While unexhausted to your learned plains
Rolls the rich stream of wide munificence.

Joy to your shades ! the great career is run,
Reserv'd by Fate for some superior hand,
Confest, the last, th' auspicious work shall stand,
And Statesman, Monarch end what ye began.

Ye too, once Inmates of these walls renown'd,
Whose spirits, mingling with th' ethereal ray,
Of universal Nature trac'd the bound,
Or rais'd in majesty of thought the lay,

See your lov'd Arts this clime to grace,
Their rival radiance brighter shed,
While Holles smiles the wreath to place
Upon the youthful Victor's head.

Where Spenser sits among your thrones sublime,
To the soft music of his mournful lays
Listening ye weep for his ungrateful time,
And point the better hope of happier days.

If with the dead dishonour's memory dies,
Forget, much injur'd Name, th' unworthy woe ;
In strains like thine so may our accents flow,
In nobler numbers yon fair domes arise.

When Faction's storms, or some fell Tyrant's hate
Arts join'd with Freedom to one grave shall doom,
Then tho' these structures to the hand of Fate
Bend their proud height, like thine, imperial Rome,

Know, vainly, Time, thy rapid rage
Shall point its wide destroying aim,
Since what defies the force of age
Thus consecrates the pile to Fame;

Some future eye the ruin'd heap shall trace,
The name of Holles on the stone behold,
Shall point a Brunswic to a distant race,
Benign, and awful on the swelling gold.

Th' historic page, the poet's tuneful toil,
With these compar'd, their mutual aid shall raise
To build the records of eternal praise,
And deck with endless wreaths their honour'd soil.

Sweeter than warbled sounds that win the sense
Flows the glad music of a grateful heart,
Beyond the pomp of wordy eloquence,
Or strains too cold, high-wrought with labour'd art.

Tho' weakly sounds the jarring string;
Tho' vainly would the Muse explore
The heights to which with eagle wing
Alone can heaven-taught Genius soar;

Yet shall her hand ingenious strive to twine
The blooming chaplet for her Leader's brow;
While with new verdure grac'd, in Glory's shrine,
The ampler Palms of civic Honours grow;

When he, these favour'd shades appears to bless,
Whose guardian counsels guide a nation's fate,
And with superior toils for Europe's state
Mixes the thought of Granta's happiness.

Hail seats rever'd ! where thoughtful pleasures dwell,
And hovering Peace extends her downy wings,
Where musing Knowledge holds her humble cell,
And Truth divine unlocks her secret springs ;

This verse with mild acceptance deign
To hear ; this verse yourselves inspire,
Ere yet within your sacred fane
The Muse suspends her votive lyre.

Thee, Granta, thus with filial thanks I greet,
With smiles maternal thou those thanks receive,
For Learning's humble wealth, for friendship sweet,
For every calmer joy thy scenes could give.

While thus I sport upon thy peaceful strand,
The storms of life at awful distance roar ;
And still I dread, still lingering on the shore,
To launch my little bark, and quit the land.

ODE XIX.

A

FRAGMENT.

Supposed to have been found in a dark Passage in the
TOWER OF LONDON.

BY

MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Rise, winds of night ! relentless tempests, rise !
Rush from the troubled clouds, and o'er me roll ;
In this chill pause a deeper horror lies,
A wilder fear appals my shudd'ring soul.—
'Twas on this day, this hour accurst,
That Nature starting from repose
Heard the dire shrieks of murder burst—
From infant innocence they rose,
And shook these solemn towers !—
I shudd'ring pass that fatal room
For ages wrapt in central gloom ;—
I shudd'ring pass that iron door
Which Fate perchance unlocks no more ;
Death smear'd with blood o'er the dark portal lowers.

How fearfully my step resounds
Along these lonely bounds :
Spare, savage blast ! the taper's quiv'ring fires,
Deep in these gath'ring shades its flame expires.
Ye host of heaven ! the door recedes—
It mocks my grasp—what unseen hands
Have burst its iron bands ?
No mortal force this gate unbarr'd
Where danger lives, which terrors guard—
Dread powers ! its screaming hinges close
On this dire scene of impious deeds—
My feet are fix'd !—Dismay has bound
My step on this polluted ground—
But lo ! the pitying moon, a line of light
Athwart the horrid darkness dimly throws,
And from yon grated window chases night.—

Ye visions that before me roll,
That freeze my blood, that shake my soul !
Are ye the phantoms of a dream ?
Pale spectres ! are ye what ye seem ?
They glide more near—
Their forms unfold !
Fix'd are their eyes, on me they bend—
Their glaring look is cold !
And hark !—I hear
Sounds that the throbbing pulse of life suspend.

' No wild illusion cheats thy sight

' With shapes that only live in night—

' Mark the native glories spread
 ' Around my bleeding brow !
 ' The crown of Albion wreath'd my head,
 ' And Gallia's lilies twin'd below—
 ' When my father shook his spear,
 ' When his banner sought the skies,
 ' Her baffled host recoil'd with fear,
 ' Nor turn'd their shrinking eyes:—
 ' Soon as the daring eagle springs
 ' To bask in heav'ns empyreal light,
 ' The vultures ply their baleful wings,
 ' A cloud of deep'ning colour marks their flight,
 ' Staining the golden day:—
 ' But see ! amid the rav'nous brood
 ' A bird of fiercer aspect soar—
 ' The spirits of a rival race,
 ' Hang on the noxious blast, and trace,
 ' With gloomy joy, his destin'd prey;
 ' Inflame th' ambitious wish that thirsts for blood,
 And plunge his talents deep in kindred gore.

' View the stern form that hovers nigh,
 ' Fierce rolls his dauntless eye
 ' In scorn of hideous death ;
 ' Till starting at a brother's name,
 ' Horror shrinks his glowing frame,
 ' Locks the half-utter'd groan,
 ' And chills the parting breath:—
 Astonish'd nature heav'd a moan !

- ‘ When her affrighted eye beheld the hands
‘ She form’d to cherish read her holy hands.’

- ‘ Look where a royal infant kneels,
‘ Shrieking, and agoniz’d with fear,
‘ He sees the dagger pointed near
‘ A much lov’d brother’s breast,
‘ And tells an absent mother all he feels :—
‘ His eager eye he casts around ;
‘ Where shall her guardian form be found,
‘ On which his eager eye would rest
‘ On her he calls in accents wild,
‘ And wonders why her step is slow
‘ To save her suff’ring child !—
‘ Rob’d in the regal garb, his brother stands
‘ In more majestic woe—
‘ And meets the impious stroke with bosom bare,
‘ Then fearless grasps the murd’rer’s hands,
‘ And asks the minister of hell to spare
‘ The child whose feeble arms sustain
‘ His bleeding form from cruel Death.—
‘ In vain fraternal fondness pleads,
‘ For cold is now his livid cheek
‘ And cold his last aspiring breath :
‘ And now with aspect meek,
‘ The infant lifts his mournful eye,
‘ And asks, with trembling voice, to die,
‘ If death will cure his heaving heart of pain—
‘ His heaving heart now bleeds—

- ‘ Foul tyrant! o’er the gilded hour
‘ That beams with all the blaze of power,
‘ Remorse shall spread her thickest shroud;
‘ The furies in thy tortur’d ear
‘ Shall howl, with curses deep, and loud,
‘ And wake distracting fear!
‘ I see the ghastly spectre rise,
‘ Whose blood is cold, whose hollow eyes
‘ Seem from his head to start—
‘ With upright hair, and shiv’ring heart,
‘ Dark o’er thy midnight couch he bends,
‘ And clasps thy shrinking frame, thy impious spirit
rends.’

Now his thrilling accents die—

His shape eludes my searching eye—

But who is he, convuls’d with pain,

That writhes in every swelling vein?

Yet in so deep so wild a groan,

A sharper anguish seems to live

Than life’s expiring pang can give:—

He dies deserted and alone—

If pity can allay thy woes

Sad spirit they shall find repose—

Thy friend, thy long-lov’d friend is near!

He comes to pour the parting tear,

He comes to catch the parting breath—

Ah heaven! no melting look he wears,

His alter’d eye with vengeance glares;

Each frantic passion at his soul,

'Tis he has dash'd that venom'd bowl
With agony, and death.

But whence arose that solemn call ?
Yon bloody phantom waves his hand,
And beckons me to deeper gloom—
Rest, troubled form ! I come—
Some unknown power my step impels
To horror's secret cell—
' For thee I raise this sable pall,
' It shrouds a ghastly band !
' Stretch'd beneath, thy eye shall trace
' A mangled regal race :
' A thousand suns have roll'd, since light
' Rush'd on their solid night—
' See, o'er that tender frame grim famine hangs,
' And mocks a mother's pangs !
' The last, last drop which warm'd her veins
' That meagre infant drains—
' Then gnaws her fond sustaining breast—
' Stretch'd on her feeble knees, behold
' Another victim sinks to lasting rest—
' Another, yet her matron arms would fold
' Who strives to reach her matron arms in vain—
' Too weak her wasted form to raise,
' On him she bends her eager gaze ;
' She sees the soft imploring eye
' That asks her dear embrace, the cure of pain—
' She sees her child at distance die—

-
- ‘ But now her stedfast heart can bear
‘ Unmov’d, the pressure of despair—
‘ When first the winds of winter urge their course
‘ O’er the pure stream, whose current smoothly
glides,
‘ The heaving river swells its troubled tides;
‘ But when the bitter blast with keener force,
‘ O’er the high wave an icy fetter throws,
‘ The harden’d wave is fix’d in dead repose.’—
‘ Say who that hoary form? alone he stands,
‘ And meekly lifts his wither’d hands—
‘ His white beard streams with blood—
‘ I see him with a smile, deride
‘ The wounds that pierce his shrivell’d side,
‘ Whence flows a purple flood—
‘ But sudden pangs his bosom tear—
‘ On one big drop of deeper dye,
‘ I see him fix his haggard eye
‘ In dark and wild despair!
‘ That sanguine drop which wakes his woe—
‘ Say, spirit! whence its source.’—
‘ Ask no more its source to know—
‘ Ne’er shall mortal eye explore
‘ Whence flow’d that drop of human gore,
‘ Till the starting dead shall rise,
‘ Unchain’d from earth, and mount the skies,
‘ And time shall end his fated course.’—
‘ Now th’ unfathom’d depth behold—
‘ Look but once! a second glance

‘ Wraps a heart of human mould
‘ In death’s eternal trance.’

‘ That shapeless phantom sinking flow
‘ Deep down the vast abyss below,
‘ Darts, thro’ the mists that shroud his frame,
‘ A horror, nature hates to name !’—
‘ Mortal, could thine eyes behold
‘ All those sullen mists enfold,
‘ Thy sinews at the sight accurst
‘ Would wither, and thy heart-strings burst ;
‘ Death would grasp with icy hand
‘ And drag thee to our grizzly band—
‘ Away! the sable pall I spread,
‘ And give to rest th’ unquiet dead—
‘ Haste! ere its horrid shroud enclose

‘ Thy form, benumb’d with wild affright,

‘ And plunge thee far thro’ wastes of night,

‘ In yon black gulph’s abhorr’d repose !’

As starting at each step I fly,

Why backward turns my frantic eye,

That closing portal past ?—

Two sullen shades half-seen advance !—

On me, a blasting look they cast,

And fix my view with dang’rous spells,

Where burning phrenzy dwells !—

Again their vengeful look—and now a speechless—

* * * * *

ODE XX.

NETLEY ABBEY.

BY W. SOTHEBY, ESQ.

SOFT on the wave the oars at distance sound,
The night-breeze sighing through the leafy spray,
With gentle whisper murmurs all around,
Breathes on the placid sea, and dies away.
As sleeps the Moon upon her cloudless height,
And the swoln spring-tide heaves beneath the light,
Slow lingering on the solitary shore
Along the dewy path my steps I bend,
Lonely to yon forsaken fane descend,
To muse on youth's wild dreams amid the ruin's hoar.

Within the shelter'd centre of the aisle,
Beneath the ash, whose growth romantic spreads
Its foliage trembling o'er the funeral pile,
And all around a deeper darkness sheds ;
While through yon arch, where the thick ivy twines,
Bright on the silver'd tow'r the moon-beam shines,
And the grey cloyster's roofless length illumines,
Upon the mossy stone I lie reclin'd,
And to a visionary world resign'd,
Call the pale spectres forth from the forgotten tombs.

Spirits! the desolated wreck that haunt,
Who frequent by the village maiden seen,
When sudden shouts at eve the wanderer daunt,
And shapeless shadows sweep along the green;
And ye, in midnight horrors heard to yell
Round the destroyer of the holy cell,
With interdictions dread of boding sound;
Who, when he prowl'd the rifled walls among,
Prone on his brow the massy fragment flung;—
Come from your viewless caves, and tread this hel-
low'd ground!

How oft, when homeward forc'd, at day's dim close,
In youth, as bending back I mournful stood
Fix'd on the fav'rite spot, where first arose
The pointed ruin peeping o'er the wood;
Methought I heard upon the passing wind
Melodious sounds in solemn chorus join'd,
Echoing the chaunted vesper's peaceful note,
Oft through the veil of night's descending cloud,
Saw gleaming far the visionary croud
Down the deep vaulted aisle in long procession float.

But now; no more the gleaming forms appear,
Within their graves at rest the fathers sleep;
And not a sound comes to the wistful ear,
Save the low murmur of the tranquil deep:
Or from the grass that in luxuriant pride
Waves o'er yon eastern window's sculptur'd side,

The dew-drops bursting on the fretted stone :
While faintly from the distant coppice heard,
The music of the melancholy bird
Trills to the silent heav'n a sweetly-plaintive moan.

Farewell, delightful dreams, that charm'd my youth !
Farewell th' aërial note, the shadowy trail !
Now while this shrine inspires sublimer truth,
While cloyster'd echo breathes a solemn strain,
In the deep stillness of the midnight hour,
Wisdom shall curb wild fancy's magic pow'r,
And as with life's gay dawn th' illusions cease,
Though from the heart steal forth a sigh profound ;
Here Resignation o'er its secret wound
Shall pour the lenient balm that soothes the soul to
peace.



NOTES ON ODES

OF THE

THIRD AND FOURTH CLASS.

NOTES ON ODES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

ODE XIII.

Page 10. Mr. Say was the son of an ejected minister of Southampton, and after having been some years Pastor of a dissenting congregation at Ipswich, in 1723, succeeded Dr. Calamy in that which belongs at present to Dr. Kippis. Soon after Mr. Say's death, which happened April 12, 1743, at the age of 68, several of his poems, and two essays in prose, were published in one volume in quarto, by subscription. The latter, "On the Harmony, Variety, and Power of Numbers in general," and, "On those of Paradise Lost in particular," have been much admired by persons of taste and judgment. His only daughter married Mr. Toms, a dissenting teacher at Hadleigh in Suffolk.

ODE XXVII.

Page 42. The writer of this Ode was daughter of the Reverend Mr. Pennington, Rector of Huntingdon. She died in 1759, at the age of 25. Mr. Duncombe has celebrated her in "The Fëminiad," for her "Cop-per Farthing."

NOTES

ON

ODES OF THE FOURTH CLASS.

ODE III.

Page 61. Mr. William Collins was born at Chichester in Sussex, in the year 1721: in which city his father was a reputable tradesman. He was admitted a scholar of Winchester college, Feb. 23, 1733, where he spent seven years under the care of Dr. Burton. In the year 1740, in consideration of his merit, he was placed first in the list of those scholars who are elected from Winchester college to New college, Oxford: but no vacancy happening at the latter, he entered, the same year, a commoner of Queen's, and July 29, 1741, was elected a demy, or scholar, of Magdalen college in the same university. At school he began to study poetry and criticism, particularly the latter. The following epigram, written by him while at Winchester-school, discovers a genius, and turn of expression, very rarely to be met with in juvenile compositions.

TO

MISS AURELIA C—R,

ON HER WEEPING AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING.

Cease, fair Aurelia, cease to mourn ;
Lament not Hannah's happy state ;
You may be happy in your turn,
And seize the treasure you regret.

With Love united Hymen stands,
And softly whispers to your charms ;
' Meet but your lover in my bands,
' You'll find your sister in his arms.'

His Latin exercises were never so much admired as his English.—At Oxford he wrote the epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer, and Oriental eclogues, which were first published in 1742, under the title of Persian eclogues. About the year 1743, he left Oxford. Having taken the degree of bachelor of arts, and being weary of the confinement and uniformity of an academical life, through a fond imagination that a man of parts was sure of making his fortune in London, and being struck with the name of author and poet, he without consulting his friends was induced to remove to town, rashly resolving to live by his pen, without undertaking the drudgery of any profession. Here he soon dissipated his small fortune, to compensate for which, he projected the history of the revival of learn-

ing in Italy, under the pontificates of Julius II. and Leo X. His subscription for this work not answering his expectations, he engaged with a bookseller, to translate Aristotle's Poetics, and to illustrate it with a large and regular comment. This scheme also being laid aside, he turned his thoughts to dramatic poetry, and being intimately acquainted with the manager, resolved to write a tragedy, which however he never executed. In the year 1746 he published his Odes; and shortly after went abroad to our army in Flanders, to attend his uncle, colonel Martin, who, dying soon after his arrival, left him a considerable fortune; which however he did not live long to enjoy, for he fell into a nervous disorder, which continued, with but short intervals till his death, in 1756, and with which disorder his head and intellects were at times affected.

For a man of so elevated a genius, Mr. Collins has written but little: his time was chiefly taken up in laying extensive projects, and vast designs, which he never even begun to put in execution.

Of our Poet, Dr. Johnson, who well knew him, soon after his death, communicated this account.

Mr. Collins was a man of extensive literature, and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted not only with the learned tongues, but with the Italian, French, and Spanish languages. He had employed his mind chiefly upon works of fiction, and subjects of fancy; and, by indulging some peculiar habits of thought,

was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens. This was however the character rather of his inclination than his genius, the grandeur of wildness, and the novelty of extravagance, were always desired by him, but were not always attained. But diligence is never wholly lost: if his efforts sometimes caused harshness and obscurity, they likewise produced in happier moments sublimity and splendor. This idea, which he had formed of excellence, led him to oriental fictions, and allegorical imagery; and, perhaps, while he was intent upon description, he did not sufficiently cultivate sentiment: his poems are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire, nor unfurnished with knowledge either of books or life, but somewhat obstructed in its progress, by deviation in quest of mistaken beauties.

His morals were pure, and his opinions pious. In a long continuance of poverty, and long habits of dissipation, it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed, and long association with fortuitous companions will at last relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervour

of sincerity. That this man, wise and virtuous as he was, passed always unentangled through the snares of life, it would be prejudice and temerity to affirm. But it may be said, that at least he preserved the source of action unpolluted, that his principles were never shaken, that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, and that his faults had nothing of malignity or design, but proceeded from some unexpected pressure, or casual temptation.

The latter part of his life cannot be remembered but with pity and sadness. He languished some years under that depression of mind which enchains the faculties without destroying them, and leaves reason the knowledge of right, without the power of pursuing it. These clouds, which he found gathering on his intellects, he endeavoured to disperse by travel, and passed into France, but found himself constrained to yield to his malady, and returned: he was for some time confined in a house of lunatics, and afterwards retired to the care of his sister in *Colchester**, where death at last came to his relief.

After his return from France, the writer of this character paid him a visit at Islington, where he was waiting for his Sister, whom he had directed to meet him: there was then nothing of disorder discernable in his mind by any but himself, but he had then withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children

* It is apprehended, *Chichester*.

carry to the school; when his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, 'I have but one book,' says Collins, 'but that is the best.'

Mr. COLLINS, says Dr. Johnson, shewed the WARTONS in his last illness an *Ode*, inscribed to Mr. JOHN HOME, on the *Superstitions of the Highlands*, which they thought superior to his other works. Of this *Ode* the foregoing is said to be a copy discovered among some old papers, in the concealed drawers of a bureau, left among other articles, by a relation, to the PUBLISHER, who, however, ought not to have WITHHELD IN HIS NAME.

Page 61. *Mid those soft Friends, whose hearts some future day,*

Shall melt, perhaps, to hearty tragic song.]

How truly did Collins predict Home's tragic powers!

ib. *Go, not unmindful of that cordial Youth*

Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by Lavant's side;]

A Gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins.

63. ———— *the shepherd's shiel,]*

A summer hut, reared in the high part of the mountains, for the purpose of pasturing flocks in the warm season.

64. *Stanza Five.]*

Before the Copy here given of this *Ode* was discovered, one still less perfect was found by a Scottish Clergyman, to fill a chasm in which the lines annexed were

substituted by Mr. MACKENZIE, author of the *Man of feeling*.

- ‘ Or on some bellying rock that shades the deep,
- ‘ They view the lurid signs that cross’d the sky,
- ‘ Where in the west the brooding tempest lie ;
- ‘ And hear their first, faint, rustling pennons sweep.
- ‘ Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark
- ‘ The broad, unbroken billows heave and swell,
- ‘ In horrid musings rapt, they sit to mark
- ‘ The lab’ring moon ; or list the nightly yell
- ‘ Of that dread spirit, whose gigantic form
- ‘ The seer’s entranced eye can well survey,
- ‘ Through the dim air who guides the driving storm,
- ‘ And points the wretched bark its destin’d prey.
- ‘ Or him who hovers on his flagging wing,
- ‘ O’er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean’s waste,
- ‘ Draws instant down whate’er devoted thing
- ‘ The falling bréeze within its reach hath plac’d——
- ‘ The distant seaman hears, and flies with trembling haste.
- ‘ Or, if on land the fiend exerts his sway,
- ‘ Silent he broods o’er quicksand, bog or fen,
- ‘ Far from the shelt’ring roof and haunts of men,
- ‘ When witch’d darkness shuts the eye of day
- ‘ And shrouds each star that wont to cheer the night ;
- ‘ Or, if the drifted snow perplex the way,
- ‘ With treach’rous gleam he lures the fated wight,
- ‘ And leads him flound’ring on and quite astray.’

64. *As Boreas threw his young Aurora forth,
In the first year of the first George’s reign,]*
By young *Aurora*, The Poet undoubtedly meant the appearance of the northern lights, which happened

about the year 1715; a phaenomenon, it has been said, that no ancient writer has taken notice of, nor even any modern, previous to this period. An assertion, however, which but ill accords with VIRGIL'S:—

Armerum sonitum toto Germania caelo—

not to mention the vivid description of SPENSER, alluding to a like appearance during the reign of Elizabeth.

ib. *They rav'd! at their Second Sight,*
Second Sight is the term for the divination of the Highlanders.

ib. *Illustrious William!—*]

The late *Duke of Cumberland*, who defeated the *Prinzender* at the battle of *Culloden*.

ib. *Let not dank Will—*]

A fiery meteor, called by various names, such as *Will o' the Wisp*, *Jack with a Lanthorn*, &c. It hovers over marshes and fens.

66. *Drown'd by the Kelpie's ———]*

The water fiend.

ib. *——that hoar pile——]*

One of the Hebrides is called *The Isle of Pigmies*, where it is reported, that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel.

ib. *Or thither, where beneath the show'ry west,*

The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid:]

ICOLMKILL, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

67. *Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading, climb,
And of its eggs despoil the Solan's nest.]*

An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

69. *Are by smooth Annan fill'd, or pastoral Tay,
Or Don's romantic springs, at distance, hail!]*

Three rivers in Scotland,

- ib. *Then will I dress once more the faded bow'r,
Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade;]*

Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, 1619, to the Scotch poet Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh.

- ib. *The cordial youth on Lothian's plains,—]*
Barrow, it seems, was at the Edinburgh university, which is in the county of Lothian.

ODE V.

- Page 74. *What millions perish'd near thy mournful flood
When the red papal tyrant cry'd out—blood!]*

Alluding to the persecutions of the Protestants, and the wars of the Saracens, carried on in the Southern provinces of France.

ODE VII.

- Page 79. *Ye green-hair'd Nymphs! whom PAN allows
To tend this sweetly-solemn Wood,]*

At Eberstone-Lodge a seat near Scarborough, finely situated with a great command of water, but disposed in a very false taste.

ODE X.

Page 88. *Has Remely lost the living greens
Which erst adorn'd her artless grove ?]*

In Scarsdale, in the County of Derby.

ODE XI.

Page 91. — *Newton's happy groves!]*

Newton is the name of a seat belonging to Sir John Price.

ODE XII.

Page 93. The writer of this Ode, a near relation, and if we mistake not, brother, of the Author of "PHILEMON TO HYDASPES," was educated at Magdalen college, Cambridge; and there distinguished himself as an elegant scholar and an amiable man. The "*Adventures of Pompey the little,*" were written by him. He died of the small pox, vicar of Edgware, in 1759.

ODE XVI.

Page 109. *While Theron warbles Graecian strains,]*

The author of the Pleasures of Imagination.

ODE XVII.

Page 110. The Gentleman addressed in this Ode, was second son of the third Viscount Townsend.

After having filled some of the highest posts under government, with distinguished honour, he died Sept. 4, 1767, aged 42.

THE END.



BELL'S
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT
OF 65-785-
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. XV.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
Ere the wild growth of Britain's plains.



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M DCC XCII.



ODES

OF THE

SIXTH CLASS.



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ODES.

CLASS THE SIXTH.

ODE I.

BY A LADY,

On observing some white Hairs
UPON THE HEAD OF HER HUSBAND.

THOU to whose power reluctantly we bend,
Foe to life's fairy dreams, relentless Time,
Alike the dread of lover, and of friend,
Why stamp thy seal on manhood's rosy prime ?
Already twining 'mid my Thyrsis' hair,
The snowy wreaths of age, the monuments of care:

Thro' all her forms, tho' Nature own thy sway,
That boasted sway thou'lt here exert in vain;
To the last beam of life's declining day,
Thyrsis shall view, unmov'd, thy potent reign.
Secure to please, whilst goodness knows to charm;
Fancy and taste delight, or sense and truth inform:
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Tyrant, when from that lip of crimson glow,
Swept by thy chilling wing, the rose shall fly ;
When thy rude scythe indents his polish'd brow,
And quench'd is all the lustre of his eye ;
When ruthless age disperses ev'ry grace,
Each smile that beams from that enchanting face—

Then thro' her stores shall active memory rove,
Teaching each various charm to bloom anew,
And still the raptur'd eye of faithful love,
Shall bend on Thyrsis its delighted view ;
Still shall he triumph with resistless power,
Still rule the conquer'd heart to life's remotest hour.

ODE II.

ON

A FIT OF THE GOUT.

BY ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.

WHEREFORE was man thus form'd with eye sublime,
With active joints, to traverse hill or plain,
But to contemplate Nature in her prime,
Lord of this ample world, his fair domain ?
Why on this various earth such beauty pour'd,
But for thy pleasure, man, her sovereign Lord ?

Why does the mantling vine her juice afford
Nectareous, but to cheer with cordial taste ?
Why are the earth, and air, and ocean, stor'd
With beast, fish, fowl ; if not for man's repast ?
Yet what avails to me, or taste, or sight,
Exil'd from ev'ry object of delight ?

So much I feel of anguish, day and night
Tortur'd, benumb'd ; in vain the fields to range
Me vernal breezes, and mild suns invite :
In vain the banquet smokes with kindly change
Of delicacies, while on every plate
Pain lurks in ambush, and alluring fate.

Fool I not to know the friendly powers create
These maladies in pity to mankind :
These abdicated reason reinstate,
When lawless appetite usurps the mind ;
Heaven's faithful centries at the door of bliss
Plac'd to deter, or to chastise excess.

Weak is the aid of wisdom to repress
Passion perverse ; philosophy how vain !
'Gainst Circe's cup, enchanting sorceress ;
Or when the Syren sings her warbling strain.
Whate'er or sages teach, or bards reveal,
Men still are men, and learn but when they feel.

As in some free and well-pois'd common weal
Sedition warns the rulers how to steer,
As storms and thunders rattling with loud peal,
From noxious dregs the dull horizon clear ;
So when the mind imbrutes in sloth supine,
Sharp pangs awake her energy divine.

Cease then, ah cease, fond mortal, to repine
At laws, which nature wisely did ordain ;
Pleasure, what is it ? rightly to define,
'Tis but a short-liv'd interval from pain ;
Or rather each alternately renew'd,
Gives to our lives a sweet vicissitude.

ODE III.

A

MORNING SOLILOQUY

ON

DEAFNESS.

BY THE REV. MR. POWIS.

NATURE! thy genial call I hear,
Which wakes the morn and me,
And seems to strike upon my ear,
Though deaf to all but thee:
To me the hours in silence roll away;
No music greets the dawn, or mourns the close of day.

To me the sky-larks, pois'd aloft,
In silence seem to play,
And hail no more in warblings soft
The rising dawn of day;
For me in vain they swell their liquid throats,
Contemplative I muse, nor hear the jocund notes.

To me the shepherd pipes in vain,
In vain the milk-maid sings :
Lost are the bleatings of the plain,
The gurgling of the springs;
No more I hear the nightingale complain,
When to the moon she chaunts her sad love-labour
strain.

And when with me Lucinda strays
Along the breezy grove,
In transport on her charms I gaze,
And think she talks of love ;
Ah! cease, dear Maid, to talk of love in vain,
For smiles alone to me the voice of love explain.

Pygmalion thus, when he survey'd
The work his hand had form'd,
Enamour'd, wish to see the maid
With mutual passion warm'd ;
And as he woo'd, his ear he oft inclin'd,
Whilst yet no voice of love reliev'd his anxious mind

Cease thy complaints (methinks ev'n now
The voice of reason cries)
Dispel the gloom that clouds thy brow,
Suppress the heaving sighs ;
What Fate decrees 'tis folly to bewail ;
Weigh then the good and ill in Wisdom's equal scale

No more in Friendship's thin disguise
Shall flattery sooth thine ear,
Experienc'd kindness makes thee wise,
To know thy friend sincere ;
No more shalt thou attend to Faction's cries,
The taunts of jealous Pride, or Envy's blasting lies

No more shall now thy mind be tost
By every breath of praise ;
No more thy reason shall be lost
In controversy's maze ;
Thou safe through Life's sequester'd vale shalt go,
And learn from Nature's works her wise decrees to
know.

ODE IV.

TO

A FRIEND

WOUNDED IN A DUEL.

BY MR. PARROT.

How long shall tyrant Custom bind
In slavish chains the human mind ?
How long shall false fantastic honor draw
The vengeful sword, with fury fell,
And ranc'rous Malice, dark as hell,
In spite of Reason's rule, and Nature's eldest law ?

Too many gallant youths have bled ;
Too much of British blood been shed
By Britons' swords, and that foul monster's laws :
Youths that might else have nobly dar'd ;
More glorious wounds and dangers shar'd
For Britain's just defence, and Virtue's injur'd cause.

So when the fierce Cadmean youth
Sprung from the dragon's venom'd tooth,

Each chief arose in shining armour drest :
With rage inspir'd, the furious band
Soon found a ready foe at hand,
And plung'd the pointed steel each in a brother's breast.

Has Britain then no other foes,
That thus her sons their lives expose
To private war, and feuds, and civil fray ?
Does Spain insult her flag no more !
Does Lewis yet his thoughts give o'er
Of universal rule, and arbitrary sway ?

'Tis Britons' to support the law ;
'Tis theirs ambitious kings to awe,
And equal rights of empire to maintain.
For this our fathers, brave and stout,
At Agincourt and Cressy fought,
And heap'd fam'd Blenheim's field with mountains of
the slain.

How will the Gallic monarch smile,
To see the son's of Albion's isle
Their country's blood with ruthless weapon's drain
Themselves avenge the glorious day
When Marlborough swept whole hosts away,
And sent the frighted Danube purple to the main !

O say, in this inglorious strife
Thy arm had robb'd thy friend of life,

What pangs, what anguish had thy bosom prov'd !
How hadst thou cur'd the cruel deed,
That caus'd the gallant youth to bleed,
Flur'd by thy guilty sword, and slain by him he lov'd !

How did the fair Maria blame
Thy high-bred spirit's eager flame,
That, courting danger, slighted her soft love !
Far other wreaths for thee she twin'd ;
Far other cares for thee design'd ;
And for the laurel crown the myrtle chaplet wove.

If not for her's, for Britain's sake,
Forbear thy precious life to stake ;
Nor taint thy honor with so foul a deed.
One day thy country may require
Thy gallant arm and martial fire :
Then may'st thou bravely conquer, or as bravely bleed.

ODE V.

WRITTEN ON BOARD

HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP THE CANTERBURY,

After she had lost all her Masts in a Storm.

WITH gallant pomp, and beauteous pride,
The floating pile in harbour rode,
Proud of her freight, the swelling tide
Reluctant left the vessel's side,
And rais'd it as she flow'd.

The waves with Eastern breezes curl'd,
Had silver'd half the liquid plain ;
The anchors weigh'd, the sails unfurl'd,
Serenely mov'd the wooden world,
And stretch'd along the main.

The scaly natives of the deep
Press to admire the vast machine,
In sporting gambols round it leap,
Or swimming low, due distance keep,
In homage to their queen.

Thus, as life glides in gentle gale,
Pretended friendship waits on pow'r,
But early quits the borrow'd veil
When adverse Fortune shifts the sail,
And hastens to devour.

In vain we fly approaching ill,
Danger can multiply its form;
Expos'd we fly like Jonas still,
And heaven, when 'tis heaven's will,
Overtakes us in a storm.

The distant surges foamy white
Foretell the furious blast;
Dreadful, though distant was the sight,
Confed'rate winds and waves unite,
And menace every mast.

Winds whistling through the shrouds proclaim.
A fatal harvest on the deck;
Quick in pursuit as active flame,
Too soon the rolling ruin came,
And ratify'd the wreck.

Thus Adam smil'd with new-born grace,
Life's flame inspir'd by heav'nly breath:
Thus the same breath sweeps off his race,
Disorders Nature's beauteous face,
And spreads disease and death.

Stripp'd of her pride, the vessel rolls,
And as by sympathy she knew
The secret anguish of our souls,
With inward deeper groans condoles
The danger of her crew.

Now what avails it to be brave,
On liquid precipices hung?
Suspended on a breaking wave,
Beneath us yawn'd a sea-green grave,
And silenc'd every tongue.

The faithless flood forsook her keel,
And downward launch'd the lab'ring hull,
Stunn'd she forgot awhile to reel,
And felt almost, or seem'd to feel,
A momentary lull.

Thus in the jaws of death we lay,
Nor light, nor comfort found us there,
Lost in the gulph and floods of spray
No sun to cheer us, nor a ray
Of hope, but all despair.

The nearer shore, the more despair,
While certain ruin waits on land;
Should we pursue our wishes there,
Soon we recant the fatal pray'r,
And strive to shun the strand.

At length, the Being whose behest
Reduc'd this Chaos into form,
His goodness and his pow'r express'd,
He spoke—and, as a God, suppress'd
Our troubles, and the storm.

ODE VI.

ON

THE DUKE OF YORK'S

SECOND DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND

AS REAR ADMIRAL.

Written aboard the Royal George.

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

AGAIN the royal streamers play!
To glory Edward hastes away;
Adieu, ye happy silvan bowers,
Where Pleasure's sprightly throng await!
Ye domes, where regal Grandeur towers
In purple ornaments of state!
Ye scenes where Virtue's sacred strain
Bids the tragic Muse complain!
Where Satire treads the comic stage,
To scourge and mend a venal age.
Where Music pours the soft, melodious lay,
And melting Symphonies congenial play!
Ye silken Sons of Ease, who dwell
In flowery vales of Peace, farewell!

In vain the Goddess of the myrtle grove
Her charms ineffable displays;
In vain she calls to happier realms of Love,
Which Spring's unfading bloom arrays:
In vain her living roses blow,
And ever-vernal pleasures grow;
The gentle sports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful shore:
Arcadian ease no longer charms,
For War and Fame alone can please.
His throbbing bosom beats to arms,
To war the Hero moves, through storms and win-
try seas.

CHORUS.

The gentle sports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful shore,
For War and Fame alone can please,
To War the Hero moves, through storms and win-
try seas.

Though Danger's hostile train appears
To thwart the course that Honor steers;
Unmov'd he leads the rugged way,
Despising peril and dismay:
His country calls; to guard her laws,
Lo! every joy the gallant youth resigns;
Th' avenging naval sword he draws,
And o'er the waves conducts her martial lines:

Hark ! his sprightly clarions play,
Follow where he leads the way !
The piercing fife, the sounding drum,
Tell the deeps their Masters come :

CHORUS.

Hark ! his sprightly clarions play,
Follow where he leads the way !
The piercing fife, the sounding drum,
Tell the deeps their Masters come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike Son
The thorny course of Virtue run,
When, taught by her unerring voice,
He made the glorious choice :
Severe, indeed, th' attempt he knew,
Youth's genial ardors to subdue :
For Pleasure Venus' lovely form assum'd;
Her glowing charms divinely bright,
In all the pride of Beauty bloom'd,
And struck his ravish'd sight.
Transfix'd, amaz'd,
Alcides gaz'd :
Inchanting grace
Adorn'd her face,
And all his changing looks confest
Th' alternate passions in his breast !

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Her swelling bosom half-reveal'd,
 Her eyes that kindling raptures fire,
 A thousand tender pains inspir'd,
 A thousand flatter'ing thoughts inspir'd,
 Persuasion's sweetest language hung
 In melting accent on her tongue :
 Deep in his heart, the winning tale
 Infus'd a magic power;
 She press'd him to the rosy vale,
 And shew'd th' Elysian bower :
 Her hand that trembling ardors move,
 Conducts him blushing to the blest alcove :
 Ah ! see o'erpower'd by Beauty's charms,
 And won by Love's resistless arms,
 The captive yields to Nature's soft alarms !

CHORUS.

Ah ! see o'erpower'd by Beauty's charms,
 And won by Love's resistless arms,
 The captive yields to Nature's soft alarms !

Assist, ye guardian Powers above !
 From ruin save the Son of Jove !
 By heavenly mandate Virtue came,
 And check'd the fatal flame :
 Swift as the quiv'ring needle wheels,
 Whose point the magnet's influence feels.
 Inspir'd with awe,
 He, turning, saw

The Nymph divine
Transcendent shine ;
And, while he view'd the godlike maid,
His heart a sacred impulse sway'd :
His eyes with ardent motion roll,
And Love, Regret, and Hope, divide his soul.
But soon her words his pain destroy,
And all the numbers of his heart,
Return'd by her celestial art,
Now swell'd to strains of nobler joy.
Instructed thus by Virtue's lore,
His happy steps the realms explore,
Where guilt and error are no more :
The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,
Before her breath dispelling, melt away :
Broke loose from Pleasure's glittering chain,
He scorn'd her soft inglorious reign :
Convinc'd, resolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,
And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

CHORUS.

Broke loose from Pleasure's glittering chain,
He scorn'd the soft inglorious reign :
Convinc'd, resolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,
And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

So when on Britain's other Hope she shone,
Like him the royal youth she won :

Thus taught, he bids his fleet advance
To curb the power of Spain and France :
Aloft his martial ensigns flow,
And hark ! his brazen trumpets blow !
The watry profound,
Awak'd by the sound,
All trembles around :
While Edward o'er the azure fields
Fraternal wonder wields :
High on the deck behold he stands,
And views around his floating bands
In awful order join :
They, while the warlike trumpets strain,
Deep sounding, swells along the main,
Extend th' embattled line.
Then Britain triumphantly saw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vast ocean give law.

CHORUS.

Then Britain triumphantly saw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vast ocean give law.

Now with shouting peals of joy,
The ships their horrid tubes display,
Tire over tire in terrible array,
And wait the signal to destroy :

The sailors all burn to engage :
Hark ! hark ! their shouts arise,
And shake the vaulted skies !
Exulting with bacchanal rage,
Then Neptune the Hero revere,
Whose power is superior to thine !
And, when his proud squadrons appear,
The trident and chariot resign !

CHORUS.

Then Neptune the Hero revere,
Whose power is superior to thine !
And, when his proud squadrons appear,
The trident and chariot resign !

Albion, wake thy grateful voice !
Let thy hills and vales rejoice :
O'er remotest hostile regions
Thy victorious flags are known ;
Thy resistless martial legions
Dreadful move from zone to zone :
Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,
And all the trembling globe controul ;
Thy seamen, invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud, can subdue :
To thy great trust,
Severely just,

All dissonant strife they disclaim :
 To meet the foe,
 Their bosoms glow ;
 Who only are rivals in fame.

CHORUS.

Thy seamen invincibly true,
 No menace, no fraud, can subdue :
 All dissonant strife they disclaim,
 And only are rivals in fame.

For Edward tune your harps, ye Nine !
 Triumphant strike each living string,
 For him in extacy divine,
 Your choral to Paeans sing !
 For him your festive concerts breathe !
 For him your flow'ry garlands wreath !
 Wake ! O wake the joyful song !
 Ye Fauns of the woods,
 Ye Nymphs of the floods,
 The musical current prolong !
 Ye Sylvans, that dance on the plain,
 To swell the grand chorus accord !
 Ye Tritons, that sport on the main,
 Exulting, acknowledge your Lord !
 Till all the wild numbers combin'd,
 That floating proclaim
 Our Admiral's name,
 In symphony roll on the wind !

CHORUS.

Wake! O wake the joyful song!
Ye Sylvans, that dance on the plain,
Ye Tritons, that sport on the main,
The musical current prolong!

O! while consenting Britons praise,
These motive measures deign to hear;
For thee my muse awakes her lays,
For thee th' unequal viol plays,
The tribute of a soul sincere.
Nor thou, illustrious Chief, refuse
The incense of a nautic muse!
For ah! to whom shall Neptune's sons complain
But him whose arms unrival'd rule the main.
Deep on my grateful breast,
Thy favour is imprest:
No happy son of wealth or fame,
To court a royal patron came!
A hapless youth whose vital page
Was one sad lengthen'd tale of wo,
Where ruthless fate, impelling tides of rage,
Bade wave on wave in dire succession flow,
To glittering stars and titled names unknown,
Preferr'd his suit to thee alone.
The tale your sacred pity mov'd;
You felt, consented, and approv'd;

Then touch my strings, ye blest Pierian quire !
Exalt to rapture every happy line !
My bosom kindle with Promethean fire !
And swell each note with energy divine,
No more to plaintive sounds of wo
Let the vocal numbers flow !
Perhaps the chief to whom I sing
May yet ordain auspicious days
To wake the lyre with nobler lays,
And tune to war the nervous string.
For who, untaught in Neptune's school,
Though all the powers of genius he possess,
Though disciplin'd by classic rule,
With daring pencil can display
The fight that thunders on the watry way,
And all its horrid incidents express ?
To him, my Muse, these warlike strains belong !
Source of thy hope, and patron of thy song.

CHORUS.

To him, my Muse, these warlike strains belong !
Source of thy hope, and patron of thy song.

ODE VII.

THE ROYAL VOYAGE.

BY SIR JAMES MARRIOT.

HIGH on the bounding bark the Royal Fair
Mounts o'er the billows of the watry way;
Serene as Cynthia through the fields of air,
Queen of the Night extends her cloudless ray,
When all the forests tremble to the gleam,
And the transparent seas reflect the silver beam.

But see the whitening surge, the gathering clouds;
Hark! the winds whistle through the shrouds,
They bow the mast, they rend the sail,
The sea-worn mariner is pale,
And views the blackening storm, and hears th' in-
creasing gale.

But not, O Royal Maid,
Let Fear thy breast invade:
Know, happy Fair! approv'd by heaven,
To thee the empire of the Main is given,
In vain loud winds the deep deform,
Love shall triumphant ride the storm.

Peace! every roaring child of troubled air :
Unmov'd the Queen of sea-girt Albion sings:
Her flying fingers touch the strings ;
Around their Queen the trembling train repair :
Her courage lifts their own ;
Her music soothes their care.

Happy Queen of Albion's isle,
On whom the Loves and Graces smile :
Haste from Germania's plain, and death-devoted shore,
Soon thy weary steps shall try
A happier land, a milder sky,
Where no din of arms shall roar,
Nor winds, nor swelling seas assault thee more.
Thus, 'midst the storms which blow
O'er Thracian hills of snow,
Orpheus tun'd the golden lyre,
And saw the beasts of death retire.
Thus, fearless of the night and watry grave,
Leander's bosom met the wave,
While Love before him flew his way to guide,
And through the foaming tide
Gave to his nervous arm redoubled power,
While Hymen shook the torch bright on the distant
tower.
Hail! happy fires of mutual love, unknown
To purchas'd dalliance and tumultuous joy ;
True Pleasure sits on Virtue's awful throne ;
There all the Loves their golden shafts employ :

Mild and unclouded the eternal flame,
Reward of virtuous Love, and Heaven's best blessing
came.

Swift the wing'd hours shall urge their stealing way,
Nor oft the waning moon shall know decay
Ere a new race shall rise of scepter'd kings.
From thee, Strelisian Fair, the future hero springs.
See, the long lines of royal youths extend,
To Britain's throne new subjects bend ;
 Where'er her glittering standards rise,
 In other seas, in other skies,
Shall spread the godlike fame of mildest victories :
 Auspicious youths be born !
 Arise ! O haste ! your native soil adorn !
 Not valarous arms alone
 Shall guard the regal throne ;
 But shining arts, and holy laws,
 And ancient Freedom's well-defended cause,
 Shall lift secure your praise sublime
 Through all the radiant paths of time,
 On Dorubernian cliffs the Muse hath told,
 Prophetic child of Druids old,
 Whereon she sits, and hears from either pole
 In every wind victorious thunders roll.

ODE VIII.

ON

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE NUPTIALS

OF

JOHN DODD ESQ.

WITH MISS JULIANA JENNINGS.

BY THE REV. J. WHALEY, M. A.

BRIGHT Phoebus, and thou Goddess Maid,
Who mak'st the springing woods thy care,
Whose ears our yearly vows invade,
Oh! bend, and listen to our prayer!

Great God, whose steps bright day attends,
With thee it comes, with thee retires;
May none be happier than my friend,
Who bless thy light or feel thy fires.

Thou too, Lucina, hear our strains,
Though virgin thou thyself and pure,
Oh teach the teeming wife her pains
With happy patience to endure.

For through the rolling nights and days,
Since Hymen call'd this pair his own,
Nor thy soft beams, nor Paeon's rays,
A purer nuptial torch have known.

Ye certain Fates, on whose fix'd will
Unchangeable decrees depend,
Oh! guard this chosen pair from Ill,
Like their beginning be their end.

For them may ever cheerful health
In every breathing gale be borne,
And flowing yet well-order'd wealth
Their fields, their streams, their board, adorn

To their whole youth give sprightly joy;
And to their long-extended day
Those tranquil measures that ne'er cloy,
Nor sink till life's lamp fades away.

ODE IX.

TO

PEREGRINE

MARQUIS OF CARMARTHEN.

ON HIS MARRIAGE WITH

THE LADY ANNE SEYMOUR. 1719.

BY THE REV. THOMAS NEWCOMB, M. A.

STAY, Phoebus! blooming God of light!

Those distant worlds, to which you fly,
No wonder boast to pay your flight,

No beauty to detain your eye;
No youths so blest, no nymphs so kind,
As those you choose to leave behind.

Look down a while, great Orb, below,
And, wond'ring ask thy golden skies
What lamps above with lustre glow

With brightness, fair as Seymour's eyes,
Whose rival beams as they admire,
Her beauty throws them back their fire.

Not to behold her purer light,
To distant regions you repair ;
Thy evening rays not half so bright,
Thy morning glories scarce so fair ;
Without a rival, from thy throne
There thou may'st make a day alone.

Let others from each God implore,
A new increase of glory crave,
You, blest already, ask no more
But to secure that bliss they gave ;
Possess'd of Seymour's charms to live,
Is all their kindest love can give.

See Heaven, to grace th' auspicious day,
Keeps back for her the rolling year ;
While Summer suns, with kind delay,
The smiling brow of Autumn cheer.
Which does, to grace her nuptial, bring
The flowers and verdure of the Spring.

Oh, ask your heart, your beating heart,
As near her looks, confus'd, you lie,
If kindest Fate did e'er impart
A joy so soft, a bliss so high,
As her inspiring blushes give,
Which not to view were not to live.

We, when the Gods their smiles detain,
To blame their rigour are inclin'd ;
You, of their fondest love complain,
Alike, when too severe, or kind :
Excess of bliss may bliss destroy,
Nor make us feel, but suffer joy.

So when the shining sons of light
On earth their beauty would display,
Each form, with heavenly lustre bright,
O'erwhelms the world with too much day :
Around each head what glories live,
Obscure the morn they seem to give.

Those blessings, which your birth or fame,
Your youth and glory could impart,
For greater far, you now disclaim,
The triumph o'er fair Seymour's heart :
Which in her smiles and beauties won,
Are all forgot, and all outdone.

How many joys at once inspire,
Your breast with pleasing transport move,
Her virtue does your bosom fire
With wonder, and her eyes with love !
What passion must that soul destroy,
Where Love itself's but half her joy !

Yet thus possess'd of every bliss,
That Fate can give, or you implore,
Although you feel no pain but this,
To want a power of asking more ;
Of one great joy depriv'd you live,
To know your Heaven no more can give.

Thus the brave Greek no pleasure found,
But sigh'd (his crowns neglected by)
That he had still an arm to wound,
But Nature left no foe to die ;
The vanquish'd world with pain he view'd,
And almost wish'd it not subdu'd.

Though Seymour's beauties and her mind
Resistless charms could both impart,
She took the noblest way to find
A passage to your yielding heart ;
Choosing with Virtue to surprise,
And reach'd your soul before your eyes.

Oh say, what magic force you try,
Fair Nymph, your triumphs to fulfil ;
When thus you throw your beauties by,
Yet boast a power to conquer still :
Those useless glories lay aside
For which a thousand youths have died.

Just so the pure transparent tide,
That from some silver fountain came,
Taught through its flowery banks to glide,
With clearest waves, and still the same,
Does to the distant ocean bring
The crystal of its parent spring.

If e'er thy bosom knew distress,
Forcing thy sorrows to complain ;
If Heaven, so us'd thy fate to bless,
E'er hid her smiles, and gave thee pain ;
For this fair moment left behind,
Absolve the Gods, and own them kind.

What tears your eyes have lately shed,
(When sighing near her hearse alone ;
Close by the beauteous breathless dead,
You liv'd, but only liv'd to moan.)
Oh ! think the Gods have well repaid,
Each bliss return'd, and grief allay'd.

Oh ! think the Fair you now possess,
Does all your Love and Virtue claim,
Each parent view, and learn to guess
Your own thus mingling with their fame :
Each godlike action must be tried,
To prove ourselves to Heaven allied.

Their great superior worth to trace,
Must be your first, your fair design
To follow— since with every grace
Already theirs, you still must shine :
Like them in Glory to improve,
Forsake your earth, and think on Jove.

Whose great example else below,
What Goddess' praise, what Hero's fame,
Can teach your kindling breast to glow,
With virtues worthy Seymour's name?
Who but themselves can patterns give,
And teach us like themselves to live.

Oh ! place their glories ever fair
Before your eyes, your soul to move;
Revolve, what nations by his care
Enjoy, what wretches by her love;
And while their pity fills your mind,
You strive in vain to be unkind.

Through kings, and kingly heroes veins,
The noble stream already past,
Still rolls impatient, till it gains,
To mix with Osborne's blood at last ;
To higher fame despairs to rise,
Till lost in that above the skies.

So the fair Tame, and Isis' waves,
At last together kindly go ;
One common bank their current laves,
One mingling stream their waters flow.
Till to the ocean's conquering tide
They give their waves, and yield their pride.

Forgive, blest pair, the Muse who tries,
And would in verse your fame adorn ;
Presaging now with curious eyes
Kind hours and moments yet unborn ;
Viewing in time's fair fruitful womb
A thousand scenes of bliss to come.

She now beholds the lovely boy
Divide each parent's soft surprise ;
While, to indulge and feed their joy,
One boasts his cheeks, and one his eyes ;
And from his infant looks presage,
And read the wonders of his age.

That doubtful grace which Nature draws,
By turns each melting heart beguiles ;
While here the manly father awes,
And there the charming mother smiles ;
Both in each look some glory find ;
One views him brave, the other kind.

Still may your Heaven its smiles confess,
Not lessen, nor augment their store,
Whose love will ne'er behold them less,
Whose power can only make them more !
That joy to distant Time endures,
Which Virtue gives, and Fate secures.

ODE X.

THE MUSE RECALLED.

ON

THE NUPTIALS OF
LORD VISCOUNT ALTHORP,

(Now Earl Spencer.)

AND

THE HON. MISS LAVINIA BINGHAM,

(Eldest Daughter of Charles Lord Lucan.)

March 6, 1781.

BY WILLIAM JONES, ESQ.

RETURN, celestial Muse

By whose bright fingers o'er my infant head,
Lull'd with immortal symphony, were spread
Fresh bays and flow'rets of a thousand hues ;

Return : thy golden lyre,

Chorded with sunny rays of temper'd fire,
Which in Astracæ's tale, I fondly hung,

Bold I reclaim : but, ah, sweet Maid,

Bereft of thy propitious aid

My voice is tuneless and my harp unstrung.

In vain I call . . . what charm, what potent spell
Shall kindle into life the long-unwaken'd shell ?

Haste ! the well-wrought basket bring,
Which two Sister Graces wove,
When the Third, whose praise I sing,
Blushing sought the bridal grove,
When the slow-descending sun
Gilt the bow'rs of WIMBLEDON.
In the vase mysterious fling
Pinks and roses gemm'd with dew,
Flow'rs of ev'ry varied hue,
Daughters fair of early Spring,
Laughing sweet with sapphire eyes,
Or with Iris' mingled dyes :
Then around the basket go,
Tripping light with silent pace,
While with solemn voice and slow
Thrice pronouncing, thrice I trace
On the silken texture bright,
Character'd in beamy light,
Names of more than mortal pow'r,
Sweetest influence to diffuse,
Names that from her shadiest bow'r
Draw the soft reluctant Muse.

First, I with living gems enchase
The name of Her, whom for this festive day
With zone and mantle elegantly gay
The Graces have adorn'd, herself a Grace,
MOLESWORTH . . . hark ! a swelling note
Seems a Zephyr's wing to float,

Or has vain Hope my flatter'd sense beguil'd ?
Next Her, who braided many a flow'r
To deck her Sister's nuptial bow'r,
BINGHAM, with gentle heart and aspect mild :
The charm prevails . . . I hear, I hear
Strains nearer yet, and yet more near.
Still, ye Nymphs, and Youths, advance,
Sprinkle still the balmy show'r,
Mingle still the mazy dance,
Two names of unresisted pow'r,
Behold, in radiant characters I write :
O rise ! O leave thy secret shrine,
For they, who all thy nymphal train outshine,
DUNCANNON, heav'nly Muse, and DEVONSHIRE in-
vite.

Saw ye not yon mortal wave ?
Heard ye not a warbled strain ?
Yes ! the harp, which Clio gave,
Shall his ancient sound regain.
One dearer name remains. Prepare, prepare !
She comes . . . how swift th' impatient air
Drinks the rising accent sweet !
Soon the charm shall be complete.
Return, and wake the silent string ;
Return, sweet Muse, for ALTHORP bids me sing.
'Tis she . . . and, as she smiles, the breathing lyre
Leaps from his silken bands, and darts ethereal fire.

Bright son of Ev'ning, lucid Star,
Auspicious rise thy soften'd beam,
Admir'd ere Cynthia's pearly car
O'er heav'n's pure azure spreads her gleam :
Thou saw'st the blooming Pair,
Like thee serenely fair,
By love united end the nuptial vow,
Thou seest the mirthful Train
Dance to th' unlabor'd strain,
Seest bound with myrtle ev'ry youthful brow.
Shine forth, ye silver eyes of Night,
And gaze on virtues crown'd with treasures of delight.

And thou, the golden-tressed Child of Morn,
Whene'er thy all inspiring heat
Bids bursting rose-buds hill and mead adorn,
See them with ev'ry gift that Jove bestows,
With ev'ry joy replete,
Save when they melt at sight of human woes.
Flow smoothly, circling Hours,
And o'er their heads unblended pleasure pour;
Nor let your fleeting round
Their mortal transports bound,
But fill their cup of bliss, eternal Pow'rs,
Till Time himself shall cease, and suns shall blaze no
more.

Each morn, reclin'd on many a rose
LAVINIA's pencil shall disclose

New forms of dignity and grace,
Th' expressive air, th' impassion'd face,
The curled smile, the bubbling tear,
The bloom of hope, the snow of fear,
To some poetic tale fresh beauty give,
And bid the starting tablet live ;

Or with swift fingers shall she touch the strings,
And in the magic loom of harmony
Notes of such wond'rous texture weave,
As lifts the soul on seraph wings,
Which as they soar above the jasper sky,
Below them suns unknown and worlds unnumber'd
leave.

While Thou, by list'ning crowds approv'd,
Lov'd by the Muse and by the Poet lov'd,
ALTHORP, shouldst emulate the fame
Of Roman Patriots and th' Athenian name ;
Shouldst charm with full persuasive eloquence,
With all thy Mother's grace, and all thy father's
sense,
Th' applauding Senate ; whilst, above thy head,
Exulting liberty should smile,
Then bidding dragon-born Contention cease,
Should knit the dance with meek-ey'd Peace,
And by thy voice impell'd, should spread
An universal joy around her cherish'd isle.

But ah ! thy public virtues, Youth, are vain
In this voluptuous, this abandon'd age,
When Albion's Sons with frantic rage,
In crimes alone and recreant baseness bold,
Freedom and concord with their weeping Train,
Repudiate ; slaves of vice, and slaves of gold !
They on stary pinions sailing
Through the chrystal fields of air,
Mourn their efforts unavailing,
Lost persuasions, fruitless care :
Truth, Justice, Reason, Valour with them fly
To seek a purer soil, a more congenial sky.

Beyond the vast Atlantic deep
A dome by viewless Genii shall be rais'd,
The walls of adamant compact and steep,
The portals with sky-tinctur'd gems emblaz'd :
There on a lofty throne shall Virtue stand ;
To her the Youth of Delaware shall kneel ;
And, when her smiles rain plenty o'er the land,
Bow, Tyrants, bow beneath th'avenging steel !
Commerce with fleets shall mock the waves,
And Arts, that flourish not with slaves,
Dancing with ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Muse,
Shall bid the valleys laugh, and heav'nly beams dif-
fuse.

She ceases ; and a strange delight

Still vibrates on my ravish'd ear :

What floods of glory drown my sight !

What scenes I view ! What sounds I hear !

This for my Friend . . . but, gentle Nymphs, no
more

Dare I with spells divine the Muse recall :

Then, fatal Hark ! . . . silent rapture o'er,

Calm I replace the sacred wall.

Ah, see how . . . hangs the lyre,

Not lightning no . . . glitt'ring wire !

Me to the brawling bar and wrangles high

Bright-hair'd Sabrina calls and rosy-bosom'd Wye.

ODE XI.

ON

THE BIRTH OF A FIRST CHILD.

BY THE REV. DR. JEFFRY,

(Late Dean of Carlisle.)

EXHAUSTED by her painful throes,
Let Nature take her due repose :
Sweet, dearest Anna, be thy sleep,
While I my joyful vigils keep ;
O be thy joy sincere as mine,
For sure my pangs have equall'd thine.

Sleep on, and waking, thou shalt see
All that delights thy soul in me ;
Friend, husband, and a name most dear,
The father of thy new-born care ;
As thou on her thy eyes shall cast,
Thank Heaven for all the danger past,

Heaven for no trivial cause ordains,
That joy like this succeeds thy pains,
But by this sacred pledge demands
A parent's duty at thy hands ;

While thou thy infant charge shalt rear,
My love shall lighten every care.

Since I before the hallow'd shrine,
First call'd my dearest Anna mine,
Ne'er did my pulse so rapid move,
Nor glad my heart with equal love;
Those charms which this infant lie
Shall bind me to thy eye.

My partial eye no measure trace
The features in thy face;
And if kind Heaven thy mercy hear
The fondness of a father's prayer,
In her may I those manners see,
Those virtues I adore in thee.

ODE XII.

TO

A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY,

BEING THE FIRST OF APRIL.'

LET others write for bye-designs,
I seek some moral in my lines,
Which whosoever reads must bear,
Or great, or learn'd, or young, or fair;
Permit me then, with friendly lay,
To moralize your April day.

Checquer'd your native month appears
With sunny gleams, and cloudy tears;
'Tis thus the world our trust beguiles,
Its frowns as transient as its smiles;
Nor pain, nor pleasure long will stay,
For life is but an April day.

Health will not always last in bloom,
But age or sickness surely come;
Are friends belov'd? why fate must seize
Or these from you, or you from these:
Vol XV. E

Forget not earnest in your play,
For youth is but an April day.

When piety and fortune move
Your heart to try the bands of love,
As far as duty gives you power,
Guiltless enjoy the present hour :
Gather ye while you may,
For love is but a May day.

What clouds so soon about are seen,
Oh, may they never reach within !
But virtue's strong restraints bind
The strongest temptations of the mind :
Calm may you shed your setting ray,
And sunshine end your April day.

ODE XIII.

ON

*THE BIRTH-DAY OF FREDERICK,
PRINCE OF WALES, 1739.*

BY THE LATE EARL NUGENT.

FITLY to hail this happy day,
Freedom demands a festal lay,
And wakes the silent string :
The gen'rous Muse untaught to fear,
Inspires what Britain's Prince should hear,
And Britain's Bards should sing.

Accurs'd the wretches ever be,
And foes to sacred liberty,
Who impious dare presume
To sooth his ear with such a strain,
As better fits the cringing train,
The slaves of France or Rome.

Far other speaks the voice of Truth,
O! may it warn thee, Royal Youth !
To fly base Flattery's lore.
The syren sings ; who listen, die ;
Behold yon wreck with cautious eye !
Nor trust the faithless shore !

And when beneath thy counsel'd reign,
Britain shall plow the subject main,
Complete heaven's great design !
Restrain thy powers with binding laws !
And grateful own the glorious cause,
That rais'd thy scepter'd line !

So shalt thou earn unequal fame,
From blessings deathless as thy name,
By latest time enjoy'd ;
Whilst gifts from arbitrary sway,
Shine the vain pageants of a day,
Neglected and destroy'd.

Thy throne shall thus unshaken stand ;
Its ample base, a prosperous land ;
Thy strength, a nation's might ;
And thus thy future race shall be
Safe in a bless'd necessity,
Guided and rul'd by right.

Let priests an hallow'd bondage preach !
Let school-men earth-born godhead teach !
Let loyal madmen rave !
Wise nature feels, she mocks their rules ;
And laws oppress'd, from diff'rent schools,
Unite the free and brave.

So form'd, now shines the patriot band,
The guardians of a threaten'd land,
Of Britain and her crown.

May such adorn each future age,
Equal to stem wild faction's rage,
Or pull a tyrant down!

Genius of Freedom, and of Peace!
Bid rapine and contention cease!
Protect what you bestow'd!
Well may a burden'd realm complain,
If, rescued from the galling chain,
She sinks beneath her load.

ODE XIV.

ON

LORD HAY'S BIRTH-DAY.

(The present Earl of Errol.)

BY JAMES BEATTIE, LL. D.

A MUSE, unskill'd in venal praise,
Unstain'd with flattery's art;
Who loves simplicity of lays
Breath'd ardent from the heart;
While gratitude and joy inspire,
Resumes the long unpractis'd lyre,
To hail, O HAY! thy natal morn:
No gaudy wreath of flowers she weaves,
But twines with oak the laurel-leaves,
Thy cradle to adorn.

For not on beds of gaudy flowers
Thine Ancestors reclin'd:
Where sloth dissolves, and spleen devours,
All energy of mind.
To hurl the dart, to ride the car,
To stem the deluges of war,

And snatch from fate a sinking land
Trample th' invader's lofty crest,
And from his grasp the dagger wrest,
And desolating brand.

'Twas this that rais'd th' illustrious line
To match the first in fame.
A thousand years have seen it shine
With unabated flame :
Have seen thy mighty sires appear
Foremost in glory's high career,
The pride and pattern of the brave.
Yet, pure from lust of blood their fire,
And from Ambition's wild desire ;
They triumph'd but to save.

The Muse with joy attends their way
The vales of peace along :
There to its Lord the village gay
Exalts the grateful song.
Yon castle's glittering towers contain
No pit of wo, no clanking chain ;
Nor to the suppliant's wail resound :
The opening doors the needy bless,
The unfriended hail their calm recess ;
And gladness smiles around.

There, to the sympathetic heart,
Life's best delights belong :
To mitigate the mourner's smart,
To guard the weak from wrong.

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Let not thy towering mind despise
The village and the grove.
No slanderer there shall wound thy fame ;
No ruffian take his deadly aim ;
No rival weave the secret snare :
For Innocence with angel-smile,
Simplicity that knows not guile,
And Love and Peace are there.

When winds the mountain oak assail,
And lay its glories waste ;
Content may slumber in the vale,
Unconscious of the blast.
Through scenes of tumult while we roam,
The heart, alas ! is ne'er at home ;
It hopes in time to rove no more :
The mariner, nor vainly brave,
Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state !
The good alone have joy sincere ;
The good alone are great !
Not less when, in the vale of peace,
They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
And hear the voice of artless praise,
Than when, along the trophy'd plain
Sublime they lead the victor train,
While shouting nations gaze.

ODE XV.

ON

THE DAY OF THE PUBLICATION

OF

MR. GIBBON'S CONTINUATION OF HIS HISTORY;

WHICH WAS ALSO HIS BIRTH-DAY.

BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

GENII of England and of Rome!
In mutual triumph here assume
The honours each may claim!
This social scene with smiles survey!
And consecrate the festive day
To friendship and to fame!

Enough, by desolation's tide,
With anguish, and malignant pride,
Has Rome bewail'd her fate;
And mourn'd that time in havock's hour,
Defac'd each monument of power
To speak her truly great.

O'er maim'd Polybius, just and sage,
O'er Livy's mutilated page,
How deep was her regret !
Touch'd by this queen, in ruin grand,
See ! Glory, by an English hand,
Now pays a mighty debt.

Lo ! sacred to the Roman name,
And rais'd, like Rome's immortal fame,
By genius and by toil,
The splendid work is crown'd to-day,
On which oblivion ne'er shall prey,
Nor envy make her spoil !

England, exult ! and view not now
With jealous glance each nation's brow,
Where History's palm has spread !
In every path of liberal art,
Thy sons to prime distinction start,
And no superior dread.

Science for thee a Newton rais'd ;
For thy renown a Shakspeare blaz'd,
Lord of the drama's sphere !
In different fields to equal praise
See History now thy GIBBON raise
To shine without a peer !

Eager to honour living worth,
And bless to-day the double birth,
That proudest joy may claim;
Let artless truth this homage pay,
And consecrate the festive day
To friendship and to fame.

ODE XVI.

TO

MR. ELLIS,

OCCASIONED BY A BEAUTIFUL PAINTING

OF

THE HON. GEORGE WALPOLE,

ONLY SON TO LORD WALPOLE, 1741.

(And late Earl of Orford.)

BY THE REV. THOMAS NEWCOMB, M. A.

WHILE Princes give thy art applause,
The royal eye which oft beguiles ;
While Frederick on thy canvas awes,
And in thy frames Augusta smiles ;

Blush not, fam'd Artist, to descend
To forms as fair though born less high ;
And the same colors nicely blend,
For William's and for Walpole's eye.

Though beauty's self from thy soft draught,
We view more soft and beauteous still ;
Once let the poet's humble thought
Direct the painter's forming quill.

His heart inflam'd with love of praise,
Thy pencil, artist, cannot swell ;
Then leave him to his poet's lays,
When fir'd, and panting to excel.

Each outward charm thy color shews,
Beauties less seen his thoughts employ ;
Who the kind friend and patriot views
Just form'd, and opening in the boy.

Those looks the virgin's eye that bless
Thy hand may reach—but say whose art,
What pencil, can those gifts express,
Which please and touch a parent's heart?

'Tis thine to paint youth's native fire,
On beauty's cheek the blush to raise ;
'Tis ours each virtue to inspire,
To lend the gift, and after, praise.

Mankind may own the piece entire,
The Muses' skill, and thine admit ;
Beauty with sense could they admire,
Good-nature join'd with manly wit.

When thus the sister-arts unite,
And make some favorite form their care,
Each eye the image must delight,
By turns presented kind and fair,

To paint each heavenly feature true,
By men, by Gods, to be admir'd ;
Apelles thus his Venus drew,
Just as great Homer's thought inspir'd.

With silent pace life steals away ;
What then, lov'd Artist, can we choose,
Thus frail, to save us from decay,
But thou a Pencil, I a Muse ?

In this lov'd Youth we each may live,
When Time has eat our crumbling bust ;
And the short praise our marbles give
Is, with the arch, o'erwhelm'd with dust.

To distant times his deathless name
May ours, however mean, convey ;
While thus we give a meaner fame,
A nobler only to enjoy.

The feather thus unmark'd before,
Reaching the eagle as he flies,
Is, with the arrow, upward bore
By Jove's great bird above the skies.

Unless we then extend our span,
By some fair deeds of virtuous fame,
The life Heaven gives to wretched man
Is lost—and scarce deserves a name.

We breathe, the phantoms of a day,
Till glory stretches out our date;
Our acts this snatches from decay,
The rest we owe to Time and Fate.

That glory ours—who, to prolong
The actions of the good and brave,
Have power, in colors and in song,
To bear their fame beyond the grave.

A thousand eyes in Kneller's paint
Nathan and Churchill still adore,
Though the fam'd general, king, and saint
Survive, to bless the world, no more.

When the great Patriot of his race
Late shall assert his native sphere;
When envy shall no more debase
His fame, or rage restrain its tear;

When one is lost—to fill our eyes
With gladness and our joy renew,
We view another Walpole rise,
And thank thy pencil for the view.

His youth and smiles, which now demand
My numbers and thy rival art;
To draw his looks the Painter's hand,
The Muses' skill to shew his heart;

When lost in time, and ripening years
Shall once his country save or bless,
And claim'd by Fate make Britain's tears
For her lov'd dying guardians less.

A fairer piece thy thought shall feign,
The Muse a nobler gift shall bring,
When, in some future Brunswic's reign,
You draw the Patriot which I sing.

ODE XVII.

ADDRESSED TO
AN AEOLUS'S HARP,

AND SENT
TO THE VISCOUNTESS IRWIN,
(When Miss Shepherd.)

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MASON, A. M.

YES, magic lyre! now all complete
Thy slender frame responsive rings,
While kindred notes with undulation sweet
Accordant wake from all thy vocal strings.
Go then to her, whose soft request
Bade my blest hands thy form prepare;
Ah, go, and sweetly sooth her tender breast
With many a warble wild, and artless air.
For know, full oft, while o'er the mead
Bright June extends her fragrant reign,
The Fair shall place thee near her slumb'ring head
To court the gales that cool the sultry plain.
Then shall the Sylphs and Sylphids bright,
Mild Genii all, to whose high care
Her virgin charms are giv'n, in circling flight
Skim sportive round thee in the fields of air.

Some, flutt'ring 'mid thy trembling strings,
 Shall catch the rich melodious spoil,
And lightly brush thee with their purple wings,
 To aid the zephyrs in their tuneful toil ;
While others check each ruder gale,
 Expel rough Boreas from the sky,
Nor let a breeze its heaving breath exhale,
 Save such as softly pant, and panting die.
Then, as thy swelling accents rise,
 Fair Fancy, waking at the sound,
Shall paint bright visions on her raptur'd eyes,
 And waft her spirits to enchanted ground,
To myrtle groves, Elysian greens,
 'Mid which some fav'rite youth shall rove,
Shall meet, shall lead her through the glitt'ring scenes,
 And all be music, ecstasy, and love.

ODE XVIII.

TO
MR. HANDEL,

ON HIS
PLAYING UPON THE ORGAN, 1722.

BY THE REV. DANIEL PRAY, M. A.

How shall the Muse attempt to teach,
Artist divine ! in fitting lays,
What voice with equal thought can reach
Thine and the sacred Organ's praise ?
Oh ! might the numbers flow with ease,
As thou our spirits dost command,
Which rise and fall by just degrees,
Each soul obsequious to thy hand !

With joy and wonder fill'd, we seem
Borne by the swelling sound on high,
Like Jacob in his blissful dream,
All Heaven approaching to descry !

Now in more lengthen'd notes, and slow,
We hear, inspiring sacred dread,
The deep majestic Organ blow,
Symbol of sounds that rouse the dead !

A pleasing horror fills the dome !
The statues o'er each antique tomb,
Attentive look ! while we like them become !
See ! All, resembling statues, stand,
Enchanted by thy magic hand !
A solemn pause ensues——
All things are hush'd, and every breath
Seems stopp'd as in the arms of death !
Each restless Passion softly lull'd to peace,
And silent Thought seems only not to cease !
How dreadful is this place ! What holy fear
Thrills through our shuddering veins ! Hail,
 heavenly choir,
That round th' Eternal sing ! for surely here
Jehovah is ! far, ye Profane, retire.
Again we hear ! and silence now is drown'd
In rapturous notes, and extacy of sound !

Fix'd in one solid stedfast gaze,
The rustic hind, a human brute,
Devours the sounds in deep amaze,
Entranc'd, immoveable, and mute.

His wakening soul begins to guess
Some God within that frame must dwell,
Now full convinc'd that nothing less
Could speak so sweet, so wondrous well.

What sacred rage their breast alarms,
Whose more than barbarous zeal exclaims
Against the soft persuasive charms
Of music, which the savage tames ?

Such they that tore the Thracian Bard,
And with their frantic clamor drown'd
What woods and rocks with rapture heard,
Both Voice and melodious sound !

Ev'n me, untaught to voice to raise,
Wont still to haunt the silent bower,
Thy notes provoke to their praise,
And oh ! that they in air'd the power !

But as th' unheeded numbers flow,
Thy skill no sooner they rehearse,
Than (as too groveling all and low)
My heighten'd fancy scorns the verse.

Thus the fond bird whom shade and silence cheers,
Some great musician's varied solo hears,
Her little soul alarm'd, his notes essays,
She sings alternate as the artist plays :
Warbling she strives, each modulation tries,
Till tir'd, her weak wings droop, and griev'd, she dies !
In Roman strains this Strada sweetly sung,
But sweeter Philips in our ruder tongue.

While blest with thy celestial airs,
How vain we count the views of life,
The miser's hopes, the lover's cares,
Domestic feuds, and public strife !

No more amus'd with gaudy sights,
The world seems now to disappear,
While sound alone the soul delights,
Which ravish'd would for ever hear !

Thy music, like the sacred page,
Tempers the fierce, uplifts the faint,
Composes youth, enlivens age,
Th' obdurate melts, inflames the saint !

Each now refin'd from low desires,
Rais'd high by thee, and nobler grown,
His elevated thought admires,
And feels a spirit not his own !

But who can paint the Poet's fires ?
How are life's feeble strings oppress'd
With the strong rage thy touch inspires,
While glowing transports swell his breast ?

Rising with thy exalted strain,
His labouring soul now fain would fly,
Fain would shake off this mortal chain,
And reascend its native sky !

Thus led by Maro's Muse to Cuma's cave,
 We hear the Maid inspir'd divinely rave ;
 Her changing color and disorder'd hair
 Raptures too great to be sustain'd declare :
 With heighten'd features, and wild glaring eyes,
 Panting for breath, " The God, the God ! " she
 cries :

The voice not hers, and more than mortal sound,
 From vault to vault like thunder echoes round !

Hark ! Cornet and Cremona join,
 Deep Diapason and Bassoon,
 With Flute and Voice human, divine !
 A choir of instruments in one !
 Now loud all stops in concerts blow !
 By the harmonious whirlwind driven,

**Our souls are ravish'd into Heaven,
 And seem to spurn the world below !**

Blest emblem of seraphic joys !
 Where various forms and powers combine
 In harmony of thought and voice,
 While all to hymn their Sovereign join !
 But man, unhappy man, whose mind
 In the same Heaven was fram'd for peace,
 Varies discordant, like the wind,
 Whom God nor Sovereign long can please.

Swoll'n thoughts in his tumultuous soul
Now like the troubled billows roll ;
Becalm'd, they now to spleen subside,
Now, languid, as the ebbing tide !

Yet as thy volant touch pursues
Through all proportions low and high
The wondrous fugue, it peace renews
Serene as the unsullied sky,

Gladsome, as when Aurora's cheerful beams
Dispel vain phantoms and delusive dreams.
Th' attending Graces with thy fingers move,
And as they interweave the various notes,
Concord and ease, delight and purest love,
Flow where the undulating music floats !
Base spirits fly ; and all is Holy ground
Within the circle of the sacred sound !

See ! Discord of her rage disarm'd,
Relenting, calm, and bland as Peace ;
Ev'n restless noisy Faction charm'd,
And Envy forc'd thy skill to bless !
Here Phrenzy and distracted Care
Pleas'd and compos'd would ever dwell ;
While joys, unknown till now they share,
And feel a Heaven possess'd for Hell !

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ODE XIX.

OCCASIONED BY READING

MR. WEST'S TRANSLATION OF PINDAR.

BY THE REV. J. WARTON, D. D.

ALBION, exult ! thy sons a voice divine have heard
The man of Thebes hath in thy vales appear'd !
Hark ! with fresh rage and undiminish'd fire,
The sweet enthusiast smites the British lyre ;
The sounds that echoed on Alphéus' streams
Reach the delighted ear of listening Thames :
Lo ! swift across the dusty plain
Great Theron's foaming coursers strain !
What mortal tongue e'er roll'd along
Such full impetuous tides of nervous song ?

The fearful, frigid lays of cold and creeping Art,
Nor touch, nor can transport th' unfeeling heart ;
Pindar, our inmost bosom piercing, warms
With glory's love, and eager thirst of arms ;
When Freedom speaks in his majestic strain,
The patriot-passions beat in every vein :

We long to sit with heroes old,
'Mid groves of vegetable gold,
Where Cadmus and Achilles dwell,
And still of daring deeds and dangers tell.

Away, enervate bards, away,
Who spin the courtly, silken lay,
As wreaths for some vain Louis' head,
Or mourn some soft Adonis dead :
No more your polish'd lyrics boast,
In British Pindar's strength o'erwhelm'd and lost :
As well might ye compare
The glimmerings of a waxen flame,
(Emblem of verse correctly tame)
To his own Aetna's sulphur-spouting caves,
When to Heav'n's vault the fiery deluge raves,
When clouds and burning rocks dart thro' the trou-
bled air.

In roaring cataracts down Andes' channel'd steeps
Mark how enormous Orellana sweeps !
Monarch of mighty floods ! supremely strong,
Foaming from cliff to cliff he whirls along,
Swoln with an hundred hills' collected snows :
Thence over nameless regions widely flows,
Round fragrant isles, and citron-groves,
Where still the naked Indian roves,
And safely builds his leafy bow'r,
From slavery far, and curst Iberian power.

So rapid Pindar flows.—O parent of the lyre,
Let me for ever thy sweet sons admire !
O ancient Greece, but chief the bard whose lays
The matchless tale of Troy divine emblaze ;
And next Euripides, soft pity's priest,
Who melts in useful woes the bleeding breast ;
And him, who paints th' incestuous king,
Whose soul amaze and horror wring ;
Teach me to taste their charms refin'd,
The richest banquet of th' enraptur'd mind !

For the blest man, the Muse's child,
On whose auspicious birth she smil'd,
Whose soul she form'd of purer fire,
For whom she tun'd a golden lyre,
Seeks not in fighting fields renown :
No widows' midnight shrieks, nor burning town,
The peaceful poet please ;
Nor ceaseless toils for sordid gains,
Nor purple pomp, nor wide domains,
Nor heaps of wealth, nor power, nor statesman's
schemes,
Nor all deceiv'd Ambition's feverish dreams,
Lure his contented heart from the sweet vale of ease.

ODE XX.

TO

THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPERE.

BY JOHN OGILVIE, D. D.

RAFT from the glance of mortal eye,
Say, bursts thy Genius to the world of light?
Seeks it yon star-bespangled sky?
Or skims its fields with rapid flight?
Or mid' yon plains where Fancy strays,
Courts it the balmy-breathing gale?
Or where the violet pale
Droops o'er the green-embroider'd stream?
Or where young Zephyr stirs the rustling sprays,
Lies all dissolv'd in fairy dream?
O'er yon bleak desert's unfrequented round
See'st thou where nature treads the deep'ning gloom,
Sits on yon heary tow'r with ivy crown'd,
Or wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb;
Hear'st thou the solemn music wind along?
Or thrills the warbling note in thy mellifluous song?

Oft while on earth 'twas thine to rove
Where'er the wild-ey'd Goddess lov'd to roam,
To trace serene the gloomy grove,
Or haunt meek Quiet's simple dome ;
Still hovering round the Nine appear,
That pour the soul-transporting strain ;
Join'd to the Loves' gay train,
The loose-rob'd Graces crown'd with flow'rs,
The light wing'd Gales that lead the vernal Year,
And wake the rosy-featur'd Hours.
O'er all bright Fancy's beamy radiance shone,
How flam'd thy bosom as her charms reveal !
Her fire-clad eye sublime, her starry zone,
Her tresses loose that wanton'd on the gale ;
On thee the Goddess fix'd her ardent look,
Then from her glowing lips these melting accents broke :

- ' To thee, my favourite Son, belong
- ' The lays that steal the listening hour ;
- ' To pour the rapture-darting song,
- ' To paint gay Hope's elysian bower.
- ' From Nature's hand to snatch the dart,
- ' To cleave with pangs the bleeding heart ;
- ' Or lightly sweep the trembling string,
- ' And call the Loves with purple wing
- ' From the blue deep, where they dwell
- ' With Naiads in the pearly cell,
- ' Soft on the sea-born Goddess gaze ;
- ' Or in the loose robe's floating maze

‘ Dissolv’d in downy slumbers rest ;
‘ Or flutter o’er her panting breast.
‘ Or wild to melt the yielding soul,
‘ Let sorrow clad in sable stole
‘ Slow to thy musing thought appear ;
‘ Or pensive Pity pale ;
‘ Or Love’s desponding tale
‘ Call from th’ intender’d heart the sympathetic tear.’

Say, whence the magic of thy mind ?
Why thrills thy music on the springs of thought !
Why, at thy pencil’s touch refin’d,
Starts into life the glowing draught ?
On yonder fairy carpet laid,
Where Beauty pours eternal bloom,
And Zephyr breathes perfume ;
There nightly to the tranced eye
Profuse the radiant Goddess stood display’d,
With all her smiling Offspring nigh.
Sudden the mantling cliff, the arching wood,
The broider’d mead, the landskip, and the grove,
Hills, vales, and sky-dipt seas, and torrents rude,
Grots, rills, and shades, and bowers that breath’d
of love,
All burst to sight !—while glancing on the view,
Titania’s sporting Train brush’d lightly o’er the dew.

The pale-ey’d Genius of the shade
Led thy bold step to Prosper magic’s bower ;

Whose voice the howling winds obey'd,
Whose dark spell chain'd the rapid hour :
Then rose serene the sea-girt isle ;
Gay scenes by Fancy's touch refin'd
Glow'd to the musing mind :
Such visions bless the hermit's dream,
When hov'ring Angels prompt his placid smile,
Or paint some high ecstatic theme.
Then flam'd Miranda on th' enraptur'd gaze,
Then sail'd bright Ariel on the Bat's fleet wing :
Or starts the list'ning throng in still amaze !
The wild note trembling on th' aerial string !
The form in heav'n's resplendent vesture gay
Floats on the mantling cloud, and pours the melting lay.

O lay me near yon limpid stream,
Whose murmur soothes the ear of wo !
There in some sweet poetic dream
Let Fancy's bright Elysium glow !
'Tis done :—o'er all the blushing mead
The dark wood shakes his cloudy head ;
Below, the lily-fringed dale
Breathes its mild fragrance on the gale ;
While in pastime all-unseen,
Titania rob'd in mantle green
Sports on the mossy bank :—her Train
Skims light along the gleaming plain ;
Or to the flutt'ring breeze unfold
The blue wing streak'd with beamy gold ;

Its pinions opening to the light :—
Say, bursts the vision on my sight ?
Ah, no ! by Shakspeare's pencil drawn
The beauteous shapes appear ;
While meek-eyed Cynthia near
Illumes with streamy ray the silver-mantled lawn.

But hark ! the tempest howls afar !
Bursts the loud whirlwind o'er the pathless waste !
What Cherub blows the trump of war ?
What Demon rides the stormy blast ?
Red from the lightning's livid blaze,
The bleak heath rushes on the sight ;
Then wrapt in sudden night
Dissolves.—But ah ! what kingly form
Roams the lone desert's desolated maze !
Unaw'd ! nor heeds the sweeping storm.
Ye wan-ey'd lightnings spare the cheek of age !
Vain wish ;—though anguish leaves the bursting
groan.

Deaf as the flint, the marble ear of Rage
Hears not the mourner's unavailing moan :
Heart-pierc'd he bleeds, and stung with wild despair
Bares his time-blasted head, and tears his silver hair.

Lo ! on yon long-resounding shore,
Where the rock totters o'er the headlong deep ;
What phantoms bath'd in infant gore
Stand muttering on the dizzy steep !

Their murmur shakes the Zephyr's wing;
The storm obeys their powerful spell;
See, from his gloomy cell
Fierce Winter starts! his scowling eye
Bloats the fair mantle of the breathing Spring,
And lowers along the ruffled sky.
To the deep vault the yelling Harpies run,
Its yawning mouth receives th' infernal crew.
Dim thro' the black gloom winks the glimmering sun,
And the pale furnace gleams with brimstone blue.
Hell howls: and fiends that join the dire acclaim
Dance on the bubbling tide, and point the livid flame.

But ah! on sorrow's cypress bough
Can Beauty breathe her genial bloom?
On Death's cold cheek will passion glow?
Or Music warble from the tomb?
There sleeps the Bard, whose tuneful tongue
Pour'd the full stream of mazy song.
Young Spring, with lip of ruby, here
Showers from her lap the blushing year;
While along the turf reclin'd,
The loose wing swimming on the wind,
The Loves with forward gesture bold,
Sprinkle the sod with spangling gold;
And oft the blue-eyed graces trim
Dance lightly round on downy limb;
Oft too, when Eve demure and still
Chequers the green dale's purling rill,

1942

ODE XXI.

FOR MUSIC,

PERFORMED

AT THE THEATRE IN OXFORD,

ON THE SECOND OF JULY, 1751,

BEING THE ANNIVERSARY APPOINTED BY THE
LATE LORD CREW, BISHOP OF DURHAM,

For the Commemoration of Benefactors to the University.

BY THE REV. T. WARTON, B.D.

WHERE shall the Muse, that on the sacred shell
Of men in arts and arms renown'd
The solemn strain delights to swell;
O! where shall Clio choose a race,
Whom fame with every laurel, every grace,
Like those of Albion's envied isle, has crown'd?
Daughter and mistress of the sea,
All honor'd Albion, hail!
Where'er thy commerce spreads the swelling sail,
Ne'er shall she find a land like thee,
So brave, so learned, and so free,
All-honor'd Albion, hail!

But in the princely land of all that's good and great,
Would Clio seek the most distinguish'd seat,
Most blest, where all is so sublimely blest,
That with superior grace o'erlooks the rest,
Like a rich gem in circling gold enshrin'd ;
Where Isis' waters wind
Along the sweetest shore
That ever felt fair Culture's hands,
Or Spring's embroider'd mantle wore,
Lo! where majestic Oxford stands ;
Virtue's awful throne !
Wisdom's immortal source !
Thee well her best belov'd may boasting Albion
own,
Whence each fair purpose of ingenuous praise,
All that in thought or deed divine is deem'd,
In one unbounded tide, one unremitted course,
From age to age has still successive stream'd ;
Where Learning and where Liberty have nurst
For those that in their ranks have shone the first,
Their most luxuriant growth of ever-blooming bays.

In ancient days, when she the queen endu'd
With more than female fortitude,
Bonduca led her painted ranks to fight :
Oft-times in adamantine arms array'd,
Pallas descended from the realms of light,
Imperial Britonesse ! thy kindred aid.

As once, all glowing from the well-fought day,
The goddess sought a cooling stream,
By chance, inviting with their glassy gleam,
Fair Isis' waters flow'd not far away.

Eager she view'd the wave,
On the cool bank she bar'd her breast,
To the soft gale her locks ambrosial gave;
And thus the watry nymph address:
Hear, gentle nymph, whoe'er thou art,
Thy sweet refreshing stores impart:
A Goddess from thy mossy brink
Asks of thy crystal stream to drink:
Lo! Pallas asks the friendly gift;
Thy coral-crowned tresses lift,
Rise from the wave, propitious power,
O listen from thy pearly bower!

Her accents Isis' calm attention caught,
As lonesome, in her secret cell,
In ever-varying hues, as mimic fancy taught,
She rang'd the many-tinctur'd shell:
Then from her work arose the Nais mild;
She rose, and sweetly smil'd
With many a lovely look,
That whisper'd soft consent:
She smil'd, and gave the Goddess in her flood
To dip her casque, tho' dy'd in recent blood:
While Pallas, as the boon she took,
Thus pour'd the grateful sentiment.

For this, thy flood the fairest name
Of all Britannia's streams shall glide,
Best favourite of the sons of fame,
Of every tuneful breast the pride :
For on thy borders, bounteous queen,
Where now the cowslip paints the green
With unregarded grace,
Her wanton herds where nature feeds,
As lonesome o'er the breezy reeds
She bends her silent pace ;
Lo ! there, to Wisdom's goddess dear
A far-fam'd city shall her turrets rear,
There all her force shall Pallas prove ;
Of classic leaf with every crown,
Each olive, meed of old renown,
Each ancient wreath, which Athens wove,
I'll bid her blooming bowers abound ;
And Oxford's sacred seats shall tower
To thee, mild Nais of the flood,
The trophy of my gratitude !
The temple of my power !

Nor was the pious promise vain ;
Soon illustrious Alfred came,
And pitch'd fair Wisdom's tent on Isis' plenteous
plain.
Alfred, on thee shall all the muses wait,
Alfred, majestic name !
Of all our praise the spring !
Thee all thy sons shall sing,

Deck'd with the martial and the civic wreath :
In notes most awful shall the trumpet breathe
'o thee, great Romulus of Learning's richest state.

Nor Alfred's bounteous hand alone,
Oxford, thy rising temples own :
Soon many a man munificent,
he prince, the prelate, laurel-crown'd crowd,
Their ample bounty lent
To build the beauteous monument,
That Pallas vow'd.
And now she lifts her head sublime
Majestic in the moss of time ;
Nor wants there Grecia's better part,
'Mid the proud piles of ancient art,
Whose fretted spires, with ruder hand,
Wainfleet and Wickham bravely plann'd ;
Nor decent Doric to dispense
New charms 'mid old magnificence ;
And here and there soft Corinth weaves
Her daedal coronet of leaves ;
While, as with rival pride their towers invade the sky,
Radcliffe and Bodley seem to vie,
Which shall deserve the foremost place,
Or Gothic strength, or Attic grace.

O Isis ! ever will I chant thy praise :
Not that thy sons have struck the golden lyre

With hands most skilful; have their brows
twin'd

With every fairest flower of Helicon,
The sweetest swans of all th' harmonious choir;
Have had the musing mind

Of every science pierce the pathless ways,
And from the rest the wreath of wisdom won;

But that thy sons have dar'd to feel
For Freedom's cause a sacred zeal;
With British breast, and patriot pride,
Have still Corruption's cup defy'd;
In dangerous days untaught to fear,
Have held the name of honor dear.

But chief of this illustrious day,
The Muse her loudest Paens, loves to pay.
Ere while she strove with accents weak
In vain to build the lofty rhyme;
At length, by better days of bounty cheer'd,
She dares unfold her wing.
Hail hour of transport most sublime!
In which, the man rever'd
Immortal CREW commands to sing,
And gives the pipe to breathe, the string to speak.

Blest prelate, hail!
Most pious patron, most triumphant theme;
From whose auspicious hand
On Isis' towers new beauties beam,

New praise her nursing fathers gain ;
Immortal CREW !
Blest prelate, hail !
Ev'n now fir'd Fancy sees thee lead
To Fame's high-seated fane
The shouting band !
O'er every hallowed head
Fame's choicest wreaths she sees thee spread
Alfred superior smiles the solemn scene to view ;
And bids the Goddess lift
Her loudest trumpet to proclaim,
O CREW ! thy consecrated gift,
And echo with his own in social strains thy name.

July 1, 1749.

VERGIL

[At that time fellow of Pembroke-Hall.]

HERE all thy active fires diffuse,
Thou genuine British Muse ;
Hither descend from yonder orient sky,
Cloth'd in thy Heav'n-wove robe of harmony.

Come, imperial Queen of song,
Come with all that free-born grace,
Which lifts thee from the servile throng,
Who meanly mimic thy majestic pace ;

That glance of dignity divine,
Which speaks thee of celestial line;
Proclaims thee inmate of the sky,
Daughter of Jove and Liberty.

RECITATIVE.

The elevated soul, who feels
Thy awful impulse, walks the fragrant ways
Of honest unpolluted praise:
He with impartial justice deals
The blooming chaplets of immortal lays:
He flies above ambition's low career;
And nobly thron'd in Truth's meridian sphere,
Thence, with a bold and Heav'n-directed aim,
Full on fair Virtue's shrine he pours the rays of fame.

AIR II.

Goddess! thy piercing eye explores
The radiant range of Beauty's stores,
The steep ascent of pine clad hills,
Catches each lively color'd grace,
The crimson of the wood-Nymph's face,
The verdure of the velvet lawn,
The purple in the eastern dawn,
Of all those tints, which, rang'd in vivid glow,
Mark the bold sweep of the celestial bow.

RECITATIVE.

But chief she lifts her tuneful transports high,
When to her intellectual eye
The mental beauties rise in moral dignity:

The sacred zeal for Freedom's cause,
That fires the glowing Patriot's breast;
The honest pride that plumes the Hero's crest,
When for his country's aid the steel he draws;
Or that, the calm, yet active heat,
With which mild Genius warms the Sage's heart,
To lift fair Science to a loftier seat,
Or stretch to ampler bounds the wide domain of art.

AIR III.

These, the best blossoms of the virtuous mind,
She culls with taste refin'd;
From their ambrosial bloom
With bee-like skill she draws the rich perfume,
And blends the sweets they all convey,
In the soft balm of her mellifluous lay.

RECITATIVE.

Is there a clime, where all these beauties rise
In one collected radiance to her eyes?
Is there a plain, whose genial soil inhales
Glory's invigorating gales,
Her brightest beams where Emulation spreads,
Her kindliest dews where Science sheds,
Where every stream of Genius flows,
Where every flower of Virtue glows?
Thither the Muse exulting flies,
There she loudly cries——

CHORUS I.

All hail, all hail,
Majestic Grantal hail thy awful name,
Dear to the Muse, to Liberty, to Fame.

RECITATIVE.

You too, illustrious Train, she greets
Who first in these inspiring seats,
Caught the bright beams of that aetherial fire,
Which now sublimely prompts you to aspire
To deeds of noblest note: whether to shield
Your country's liberties, your country's laws;
Or in Religion's hallow'd cause
To hurl the shafts of reason, and to wield
Those heav'nly-temper'd arms, whose rapid force
Arrests base Falsehood in her impious course,
And drives rebellious Vice indignant from the field.

AIR IV.

And now she tunes her plausive song
To you her sage domestic throng;
Who here, at Learning's richest shrine,
Dispense to each ingenuous youth
The treasures of immortal Truth,
And open Wisdom's golden mine.

RECITATIVE.

Each youth, inspir'd by your persuasive art,
Clasps the dear form of virtue to his heart;
Vol XV. H

And feels in his transported soul
Enthusiastic raptures roll,
Gen'rous as those the sons of Cecrops caught
In hoar Lycæum's shades from Plato's fire-clad thought.

AIR V.

O Granta! on thy happy plain,
Still may these Attic glories reign :
Still mayst thou keep thy wonted state,
In unaffected grandeur great ;

RECITATIVE.

Great as at this illustrious hour,
When he, whom GEORGE'S well-weigh'd choice
And Albion's general voice
Have lifted to the fairest heights of power,
When he appears, and deigns to shine
The leader of thy learned line ;
And bids the verdure of thy olive bough
'Mid all his civic chaplets twine,
And add fresh glories to his honour'd brow.

AIR VI.

Haste then, and amply o'er his head
The graceful foliage spread ;
Mean while the Muse shall snatch the trump of Fame,
And lift her swelling accents high,
To tell the world that PELHAM'S name,
Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

FULL CHORUS.

The Muse shall snatch the trump of Fame,
And lift her swelling accents high,
To tell the world that PELHAM's name,
Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

ODE XXIII.

FOR

THE ENCOENIA,

WELD AT OXFORD, JULY, 1773.

AT THE RECEPTION OF

THE RIGHT HON. FREDERIC LORD NORTH,

(Chancellor of the University.)

BY DR. WHEELER, PROFESSOR OF POETRY.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. HAYES.

RECITATIVE.

DAUGHTERS of Beauty, who enraptur'd hail
The Virgin Quire, in that romantic vale
Where Isis down her green enamel'd edge
Glides in soft eddies o'er the waving sedge ;
 And Cherwell from his osier'd bed
 Oft hears the fairies' printless tread,
 When misty night with silent pace
 Steals gradual o'er their circling chace :
And you, illustrious Chiefs, who glow
 With ardor for your country's weal,
 Yet, 'mid the call of patriot zeal,
At Phoebus' shrine with transport bow :

AIR.

From busy scenes to these embower'd retreats
Your step auspicious mitred Sheldon greets ;
While Peace, attendant at her hallow'd fane,
Parent of Science, swells your solemn train.

RECITATIVE.

Mark, where the fiend of War, on havock bent,
Gigantic ranges o'er Moldavia's land,
And Warsaw's sons, by feuds remorseless rent,
Reluctant own the Victor's stern command !
Hesperia views the gathering cloud
From Gallia rise, and lowering Spain ;
While floating bulwarks with their thunders loud
Affright the Naiads of th' Egean main.

RECITATIVE.

Britannia sits inthron'd in awful state,
Sole Arbitress serene ; ' and what she wills, is Fate.'

AIR.

Heroes in the ghastly fight
Vainly vaunt achievements brave ;
Check, O check your lawless might !
Valour conquers but to save.
Happier they, whom Wisdom's lore
Prompts to frame the social plan ;
Fraught with Science' richest store,
Call'd to bless and perfect man.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

What martial sons, once proud of thy behest,
O Rhedycina, blazon wide the page
By Memory mark'd ! full many a royal guest
Here mus'd attentive to the hoary sage.
Lion-hearted Richard's spear
Glitter'd first in Beaumont's shade ;
Here he couch'd his lance, and here
Panted for the bold Crusade.
Henry, thunder-bolt of war,
Here plann'd his hardest deeds ; here learnt to
wield
His maiden sword, and hurl the massy bar ;
Here grasp the mimic shield.

RECITATIVE.

Enough, heroic souls, of cruel fight ;
Forgive, if milder arms invite
The grateful muse for social worth to twine
The wreath of Honour snatch'd from Virtue's shrine.

SYMPHONY.

RECITATIVE.

Heard ye, while echoing from yon azure sphere
Prophetic accents struck th' astonish'd ear ?

AIR.

I see the sovereign form descend,
And wrapt in stole majestic, downward bend.

RECITATIVE.

Britons, if aught ye boast of Cressy's field,

[ACCOMPANIED.]

Where many a crimson'd helm and batter'd shield,
By delving plowmen turn'd, recalls the name
Of Edward, high enroll'd by deathless Fame;
That praise be mine. But better far
The peaceful sway, than spoils of savage war
To Me, or Bolingbroke's undaunted son,
On Poictou's tented plains by valour won.
With crowded canvas wing'd, 'tis yours to sweep
Golconda's shores, and darken all the deep.

AIR.

But stay, you bold advent'urers stay;
Nor, blithsome o'er the briny surge,
With madd'ning speed misguided urge
To pearly Ind' your heedless way.
What boots it that my Edward led
In Freedom's cause his eager van;
If you, relentless foes to man,
O'er fruitful climes dire famine spread?

RECITATIVE.

Yet haply shall a Brunswick's rule benign,
By sapience counsell'd, prune your daring wing,
And distant tribes with haste consign
Their wav'ring homage to a guardian King.

Asia, no more thy guiltless natives mild,
By ruthless hand despoil'd,
Frantic their fabled Genii shall invoke
With wizard rites, and curse their galling yoke.

AIR.

Ye chiefs, who near your liege's throne
Attendant, hold the helm of state;
As Edward's tilting barons shone
In royal Windsor's trophied gate;
O think, while on your puissant thigh
The mystic garter firm you bind,
From that quaint badge what lessons high
Reflecting warm each op'ning mind.
The gen'rous youths near Isis' stream,
Who joyous hail a sovereign's choice,
Crown'd by Rhedycina's voice,
With rival ardor catch th' instructive theme.

RECITATIVE. [*Accompanied.*]

' Goodness deck'd with glory, wide
' Darts her lustre, heav'nly bright;
' Fame, to Virtue unally'd,
' Shines—the meteor of a night.'

CHORUS.

The generous youths near Isis' stream,
Who joyous hail a sovereign's choice,
Crown'd by Rhedycina's voice,
With rival ardor catch the instructive theme.

ODE XXIV.

THE
FEMALE REIGN.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL COBBE, M. A.

WHAT can the British senate give,
To make the name of ANNA live,
By future people to be sung,
The labor of each grateful tongue ?
Can faithful registers, or rhyme,
In charming eloquence, or sprightly wit,
The wonders of her reign transmit
To th' unborn children of succeeding time ?
Can painters' oil, or statuaries' art,
Eternity to her impart ?
No ! titled statues are but empty things,
Inscrib'd to royal vanity,
The sacrifice of flattery
To lawless Neros, or Bourbonian kings.
True virtue to her kindred stars aspires,
Does all our pomp of stone and verse surpass,
And mingling with ethereal fires,
No useless ornament requires
From speaking colors, or from breathing brass.

Greatest of princes! where the wand'ring sun
Does o'er earth's habitable regions roll,
From th' eastern barriers to the western goal,
And sees thy race of glory run
With swiftness equal to his own :
Thee on the banks of Flandrian Scaldis sings
The jocund swain releas'd from Gallic fear ;
The English voice unus'd to hear,
Thee the repeating banks, thee every valley rings.
The sword of heav'n how pious ANNA wields,
And heav'nly vengeance on the guilty deals,
Let the twice fugitive Bavarian tell ;
Who, from his airy hope of better state,
By lust of sway irregularly great,
Like an apostate angel fell :
Who, by imperial favor rais'd,
I' th' highest rank of glory blaz'd ;
And had 'till now unrivall'd shone,
More than a king, contented with his own ;
But Lucifer's bold steps he trod,
Who durst assault the throne of GOD ;
And for contented realms of blissful light,
Gain'd the sad privilege to be
The first in solid misery,
Monarch of hell, and woes, and everlasting night.
Corruption of the best is always worst :
And foul ambition like an evil wind,
Blights the fair blossoms of a noble mind ;
And if a seraph fall he's doubly curst.

Had guile, and pride, and envy grown
In the black groves of Styx alone,
Nor ever had on earth the baleful crop been sown ;
The swain, without amaze, had till'd
The Flandrian glebe, a guiltless field :
Nor had he wonder'd, when he found
The bones of heroes in the ground :
No crimson streams had lately swell'd
The Dyle, the Danube, and the Scheld.
But evils are of necessary growth,
To rouse the brave, and banish sloth ;
And some are born to win the stars,
By sweat and blood, and worthy scars.
Heroic virtue is by action seen,
And vices serve to make it keen ;
And as gigantic tyrants rise,
NASSAUS and CHURCHILLS leave the skies,
The earth-born monsters to chastise.

If, heavenly Muse, you burn with a desire
To praise the man whom all admire ;
Come from thy learn'd Castalian springs,
And stretch aloft thy Pegasean wings,
Strike the loud Pindaric strings,
Like the lark who soars and sings ;
And as you sail the liquid skies,
Cast on Menapian fields your weeping eyes :
For weep they surely must,
To see the bloody annual sacrifice ;
To think how the neglected dust,

Which with contempt is basely trod,
Was once the limbs of captains, brave and just,
The mortal part of some great demi-god;
Who for thrice fifty years of stubborn war,
With slaught'ring arms, the gun and sword,
Have dug the mighty sepulchre,
And fell as martyrs on record,
Of tyranny aveng'd, and liberty restor'd.

See, where at Audenard, with heaps of slain,
Th' heroic man, inspir'dly brave,
Mowing across, bestrews the plain,
And with new tenants crowds the wealthy grave.
His mind unshaken at the frightful scene,
His looks as cheerfully serene,
The routed battle to pursue,
As once adorn'd the Paphian Queen,
When to her Thracian paramour she flew,
The gath'ring troops he kens from far,
And with a bridegroom's passion and delight,
Courting the war, and glowing for the fight,
The new Salmonius meets the Celtic thunderer.
Ah, cursed pride! infernal dream!
Which drove him to this wild extreme,
That dust a deity should seem;
Be thought, as through the wond'ring streets he
rode,
A man immortal, or a god:
With rattling brass, and trampling horse,
Should counterfeit th' inimitable force

Of divine thunder : horrid crime !
But vengeance is the child of time,
And will too surely be repaid
On his profane devoted head,
Who durst affront the powers above,
And their eternal flames disgrace,
Too fatal, brandish'd by the real Jove,
Or Pallas, who assumes, and fills his awful place :

The British Pallas ! who, as Homer's did
For her lov'd Diomedé,
Her hero's mind with wisdom fills,
And heav'nly courage in his heart instils.
Hence through the thickest squadrons does he
ride,
With ANNA's angels by his side.
With what uncommon speed
He spurs his foaming, fiery steed,
And pushes on through midmost fires,
Where France's fortune, with her sons, retires !
Now here, now there, the sweeping ruin flies ;
As when the Pleiades arise,
The southern wind afflicts the skies,
Then mutt'ring o'er the deep, buffets th' unruly
brine,
'Till clouds and water seem to join.
Or as a dyke cut by malicious hands,
O'erflows the fertile Netherlands.

Which with center, th' impetuous sea
 Was once the li-
 The mortal part, with tumultuous noise,
 Who for thrice delug'd plain,
 With slaug- rip'ning grain;
 Have dug th- he destroys:
 And fell- ard from an hill bewails the watry
 Of tyre

See, w- the unimprison'd stream!
 Th- the force of MINDELHEIM!
 Mo- the woods of Audenard
 I- shield the Gaul, a fenceless guard,
 I- may whirlwinds be withheld,
 MARLB'ROUGH's footsteps o'er the foaming
 Scheld.

In vain the torrent would oppose,
 In vain arm'd banks, and hosts of foes:
 The foes with coward haste retire,
 Fly faster than the river flows,
 And swifter than our fire.

Vendosme from far upbraids their shame,
 And pleads his royal master's fame.

'By Condè's mighty ghost,' he cries,
 'By Turenne, Luxemburgh, and all
 'Those noble souls who fell a sacrifice
 'At Lens, at Fleurus, and at Landen fight,
 'Stop, I conjure, your ignominious flight.'
 But Fear is deaf to Honor's call.

g threat and soothing pray'r
regardless air.
may
ows of the ocean stay ;
e CHURCHILL like a driving wind,
high spring-tide, pursues behind,
d with redoubled speed urges their forward
way.

Nor less, Eugenius, thy important care,
Thou second thunderbolt of war !
Partner in danger and in fame,
The wind, with MARLBOROUGH's, shall bear,
To distant colonies thy conqu'ring name.
Nor shall my Muse forget to sing
From harmony what blessings spring :
To tell how Death did enviously repine,
To see a friendship so divine ;
When in a ball's destroying form she past,
And mark'd thy threaten'd brow at last,
But durst not touch that sacred brain,
Where Europe's mightiest counsels reign ;
For strait she bow'd her ghastly head,
She saw the mark of Heav'n and fled,
As cruel Brennus once, insulting Gaul,
When he, at Allia's fatal flood,
Had fill'd the plains with Roman blood,
With conscious awe forsook the Capitol,
Where Jove, revenger of profaneness, stood.

But where the good and brave command,
What Capitol, what bulwark can withstand?
Virtue approv'd of Heav'n, can pass
Through walls, through tow'rs, and gates of brass.
Lisle, like a mistress, had been courted long,
By all the valiant and the young,
The fairest progeny of Vauban's art;
'Till SAVOR's warlike prince withstood
Her frowning terrors, and through seas of blood
Tore the bright darling from th' old tyrant's heart.
Such Buda saw him, when proud Apti fell,
Unhappy, valiant infidel!
Who, vanquish'd by superior strength
Surrender'd up his haughty breath,
Upon the breach measuring his manly length,
And shunn'd the bow-string by a nobler death.

Such Harscam's field beheld him in his bloom,
When Victory bespoke him for her own,
Her fav'rite, immortal son,
And told of better years revolving on the loom.
How he should make the Turkish crescent wane,
And choke Tibiscus with the slain;
While Viziers lay beneath the lofty pile
Of slaughter'd Bassaus, who o'er Bassaus roll'd;
And all his num'rous acts she told,
From Latian Carpi down to Flandrian Lisle.

Honour with open arms, receives at last
The heroes who through Virtue's temple past;

And show'rs down laurels from above,
On those whom Heav'n and ANNA love.
And some not sparingly, she throws
For the young eagles, who could try
The faith and judgment of the sky,
And dare the sun with steady eye ;
For Hanover's and Prussia's brows,
Eugenes in bloom, and future Marlboroughs :
To Hanover, to Brunswick's second grace,
Descendant from a long imperial race,
The Muse directs her honourable flight,
And prophesies, from so serene a morn,
To what clear glories he is born,
When blazing with a full meridian light,
He shall the British hemisphere adorn ;
When Mars shall lay his batter'd target down,
And he, (since Death will never spare
The good, the pious, and the fair)
In his ripe harvest of renown,
Shall after his great father sit,
(If heav'n so long a life permit)
And having swell'd the flowing tide
Of Fame, which he in arms shall get,
The purchase of an honest sweat,
Shall safe in stormy seas Britannia's vessel guide.

Britannia's vessel, which in ANNA's reign,
And prudent pilotry, enjoys
The tempest which the world destroys,
And rides triumphant o'er the subject main.

O may she soon a quiet harbour gain !
And sure the promis'd hour is come,
When in soft notes the peaceful lyre
Shall still the trumpet and the drum,
Shall play what gods and men desire,
And strike Bellona's music dumb :
And war, by parents curs'd, shall quit the field,
Unbuckle his bright helmet, and, to rest
His weary'd limbs, sit on his idle shield,
With scars of honor plough'd upon his breast.
But if the Gallic Pharaoh's stubborn heart
Grows fresh for Punishment, and hardens still;
Prepar'd for the irrecoverable ill,
And forc'd th' unwilling skies to act the last un-
grateful part.
Thy forces, ANNA, like a flood, shall whelm
(If Heav'n does scepter'd innocence maintain)
His famish'd desolated realm ;
And all the sons of Pharamond in vain
(Who with dishonest envy see
The sweet forbidden fruits of distant liberty)
Shall curse their Salic law, and wish a female reign.

A female reign like thine,
O ANNA, British heroine !
To thee afflicted empires fly for aid,
Where'er tyrannic standards are display'd,
From the wrong'd Iber to the threaten'd Rhine ;
Thee, where the golden-sanded Tagus flows

Beneath fair Ulyssippo's walls,
The frighted Lusitanian calls;
Thee, they who drink the Seine, with those
Who plough Iberian fields, implore,
To give the lab'ring world repose,
And universal peace restore:
Thee, Gallia, mournful to survive the fate
Of her fall'n grandeur and departed state;
By sad experience taught to own,
That virtue is a noble way to rise,
A surer passage to the skies,
Than Pelion upon Ossa thrown:
For they, who impiously presume
To grasp at Heav'n, by Jove's eternal doom,
A prey to thunder shall become;
Or, sent in Aetna's fiery cave to groan,
Gain but an higher fall, a mountain for their tomb.

ODE XXV.

THE GENIUS.

WRITTEN IN 1771, ON OCCASION OF
THE DECEASE OF MARLBOROUGH: APOPLEXY.

BY LEONARD WELSTED, ESQ.

Awful hero, Marlborough, rise :
Sleepy charms I come to break :
Hither turn thy languid eyes :
Lo ! thy Genius calls : awake !

Well survey this faithful plan,
Which records thy life's great story ;
Tis a short, but crowded span,
Full of triumphs, full of glory.

One by one thy deeds review,
Sages, battles, thick appear ;
Former wonders, lost in new,
Greatly fill each pompous year.

This is Blenheim's crimson field,
Wet with gore, with slaughter stain'd !
Here retiring squadrons yield,
And a bloodless wreath is gain'd !

Ponder in thy godlike mind
All the wonders thou hast wrought ;
Tyrants, from their pride declin'd,
Be the subject of thy thought !

Rest thee here, while life may last :
Th' utmost bliss, to man allow'd,
Is to trace his actions past,
And to own them great and good.

But 'tis gone—a mortal born !
Swift the fading scenes remove——
Let them pass with noble scorn,
Thine are worlds, which roll above.

Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,
Pleas'd, thy ripe approach foresee ;
Men, who acted wond'rous things,
Though they yield in fame to thee.

Foremost in the patriot band,
Shining with distinguish'd day !
See thy friend, Godolphin stand !
See ! he beckons thee away.

Yonder seats and fields of light
Let thy ravish'd thought explore;
Wishing, panting for thy flight !
Half an angel ; man no more.

ODE XXVI.

ON
THE DEATH OF
QUEEN CAROLINE.

BY RICHARD WEST, ESQ.

SING we no more of HYMENEAL lays,
Nor strew the land with myrtles and with bays :
The voice of joy is fled the BRITISH shore,
For CAROLINE'S no more :
And now our sorrows ask a sadder string ;
Come, plaintive goddess of the Cyrrhan spring,
Pour thy deep note, and shed thy tuneful tear,
And while we lose the memory of pain
In thy oblivious strain,
—Ah! drop thy cypress on yon mournful bier!
Begin : nor more delay
The sacred meed of gratitude to pay :
Begin : whate'er immortal song can do,
To the dear name of CAROLINE is due :
Who loves the Muse, deserves the Muse's love :
Then raise thy numbers high,
Sound out her glory to the throne of Jove,
Spread the glad voice through all the ambient sky,

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the

author to the editor of the journal.

2. The second part is a letter from the editor to the

author.

3. The third part is a letter from the author to the

editor.

4. The fourth part is a letter from the editor to the

author.

5. The fifth part is a letter from the author to the

editor.

6. The sixth part is a letter from the editor to the

author.

7. The seventh part is a letter from the author to the

editor.

8. The eighth part is a letter from the editor to the

author.

9. The ninth part is a letter from the author to the

editor.

Ah me ! our happier days are now no more :—
Return, sad Muse : see pale BRITANNIA weep.
See all the sisters of the subject deep
Their sovereign's loss deplore !
See fond IERNE gives her sorrows vent,
And as she tunes her brazen lyre to woe,
Indulge her grief to flow !—
See even the northern ORCADES lament !
Nor ends the wailing here :
Where'er beneath our flag wild Ocean roars,
From farthest ORIENT to HESPERIA's shores,
From torrid AFRIC to the world's cold end,
The BRITISH woes extend,
And every colony has dropt a tear.

O honour'd flood ! with reeds Pierian crown'd,
ISIS ! whose argent waters glide along
Fair BELLOSITE's Lycæan-shades renown'd,
Now aid my feeble song ;
And call thy chosen sons, and bid them bring
Their lays of DORIC air,
With lenient sounds to steal awhile from care
Th' inconsolable king :
O ! sooth his anguish, and compose his pains
With artful unimaginable strains,
According sweetly to the golden lyre,
Such as might half inspire
The iron breast of HADES to resign
Our lost lov'd CAROLINE.

These are thy glorious deeds, almighty Death !

These are thy triumphs o'er the sons of men,
That now receive the miserable breath,

Which the next moment they resign again ?

Ah me ! what boots us all our boasted power,

Our golden treasure, and our purpled state ?

They cannot ward th' inevitable hour,

Nor stay the fearful violence of Fate :

—Virtue herself shall fail :

Else now, if virtue ever could prevail,

Death had not dar'd to violate the throng,

Nor had BRITANNIA heard her sovereign groan.

—Ye nymphs ! recall the song :

For heaven-born virtue does to heaven belong,

And scorns the meanest of her sons should die,

But opens him a passage to the sky ;

Her rod ay-pointing to the eternal goal,

From the brute earth she frees the ardent soul ;

Swift from the vulgar herd aloft she springs,

Spurns the moist clay, and soars on azure wings.

Then hence with sorrows vain :

Ye Theban Muses ! elevate the strain :

Search o'er the records of immortal fame,

And high refulgent on the female line,

Imblaze in starry characters the name

Of BRITISH CAROLINE :

While sacred story rings with Sheba's praise,

While BERENICE's virtues still inspire
The CYRENEAN lyre,
And GLORIANA blooms in Spenser's lays;
Thy name, great Queen, shall glow in every page,
Shall dwell in every clime, and live in every age.
When GEORGE shall go, where WILLIAM went
before,
And all the present world shall be no more;
When the fond factions of unjust mankind,
The mean, the mad, the envious, and the blind,
Shall turn to worms and dust;
Then Time, impartial judge, that states the price
Of each man's virtue, and of each man's vice,
From thy bright fame shall clear the cank'ring
rust;
And O! the Muses ever shall be just.

But lo! what sudden radiance gilds the skies?
'Tis Gratitude descending from above,
Known by the sweetness of her dove-like eyes,
Daughter of truth and universal love!
To HENRY's sacred dome she wafts along,
And on thy tomb she pours
Celestial sweets and amaranthine flowers;
The old, the young, the rich, the wretched crowd
Numerous around her, and with accents loud
Raise the mix'd voice, and pour the grateful song:
' Hail Queen! adorn'd by nature and by art!
' Thine was each virtue of the head and heart;

- Thy name shall live, and thy children live,
- And thy King shall live, and thy God approve'd.

But here my labours cease :

To thee the burning incense is release.

And thou, O great Saint,

Forgive me thus that these vain honours paid ;

A Muse as yet unknown and unknown ;

That gives to science its worth alone.

Not proud to learn, not busy to converse,

Not in dispute, not necessary friend,

Not without reason, not ingenuous mind,

And though not various, variously inclin'd.

ODE XXVII.

ON

THE DEATH OF MR. PELHAM.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

An honest Man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

LET others hail the rising sun,
I bow to that whose course is run,
Which sets in endless night ;
Whose rays benignant bless'd this isle,
Made peaceful Nature round us smile
With calm, but cheerful light.

No bounty past provokes my praise,
No future prospects prompt my lays,
From real grief they flow :
I catch th' alarm from Britain's fears,
My sorrows fall with Britain's tears,
And join a Nation's wo.

See—as you pass the crowded street,
Despondence clouds each face you meet,
All their lost friend deplore :

You read in every pensive eye,
You hear in every broken sigh,
That Pelham is no more.

If thus each Briton be alarm'd,
Whom but his distant influence warm'd,
What grief their breasts must rend,
Who in his private virtues bless'd,
By Nature's dearest ties possess'd
The Husband, Father, Friend!

What! mute, ye Bards?—no mournful verse,
No chaplets to adorn his hearse,
To crown the good and just?
Your flowers in warmer regions bloom,
You seek no pensions from the tomb,
No laurels from the dust.

When pow'r departed with his breath,
The sons of Flatt'ry fled from death:
Such insects swarm at noon.
Not for herself my Muse is griev'd,
She never ask'd, nor e'er receiv'd,
One ministerial boon.

Hath some peculiar strange offence
Against us arm'd Omnipotence,
To check the nation's pride?

Behold th' appointed punishment !
At length the vengeful bolt is sent,
It fell—when Pelham dy'd !

Uncheck'd by shame, unaw'd by dread,
When Vice triumphant rears her head,
Vengeance can sleep no more :
The evil angel, stalks at large,
The good submits, resigns his charge,
And quits th' unhallow'd shore.

The same sad morn to church and state,
(So for our sins 'twas fix'd by fate)
A double stroke was giv'n ;
Black as the whirlwinds of the north,
St. John's fell Genius issu'd forth,
And Pelham fled to Heav'n !

By Angels watch'd in Eden's bow'rs
Our parents pass'd their peaceful hours,
Nor guilt nor pain they knew ;
But on the day which usher'd in
The hell-born train of mortal sin,
Thy heav'nly guards withdrew.

Look down, much honour'd shade, below,
Still let thy pity aid our wo ;
Stretch out thy healing hand ;

Resume those feelings, which on earth
Proclaim'd thy patriot love and worth,
And sav'd a sinking land.

Search with thy more than mortal eye
The breasts of all thy friends : descry
What there has got possession.
See if thy unsuspecting heart,
In none for truth mistook not art,
For principle, profession.

For these, the pests of human kind,
Whom royal bounty cannot bind,
Protect our parent King:
Unmask their treach'ry to his sight,
Drag forth the vipers into light,
And crush them ere they sting.

Trust his trust and honours share,
Agree to exert thy guardian care,
Each would heart disclose ;
On him, our all depends,
Oh save him from his treach'rous friends,
He can not fear his foes.

When he shall at the helm preside,
So shall thy prudence be his guide,
To save the troubled wave ;

But chiefly whisper in his ear,
'That GEORGE is open, just, sincere,
'And dares to scorn a knave.'

No selfish views t' oppress mankind,
No mad ambition fir'd thy mind,
To purchase fame with blood;
Thy bosom glow'd with purer heat;
Convinc'd that to be truly great,
Is only to be good.

To hear no lawless passion's call,
To serve thy King, yet feel for all,
Such was thy glorious plan!
Wisdom with gen'rous love took part,
Together work thy head and heart,
The Minister and Man.

Unite, ye kindred sons of worth;
Strangle bold faction in its birth;
Be Britain's weal your view!
For this great end let all combine,
Let virtue link each fair design,
And Pelham live in you.

ODE XXVIII.

WRITTEN
UPON THE DEATH OF MR. GRAY.

BY FREDERICK EARL OF CARLISLE.

WHAT Spirit's that which mounts on high,
Borne on the arms of every tuneful Muse ?
His white robes flutter to the gale :
They wing their way to yonder opening sky,
In glorious state through yielding clouds they
sail,
And scents of heavenly flow'rs on earth diffuse.

What avails the Poet's art ?
What avails his magic hand ?
Can he arrest Death's pointed dart,
Or charm to sleep his murderous band ?
Well I know thee, gentle shade !
That tuneful voice, that eagle eye.—
Quick bring me flowers that ne'er shall fade,
The laurel wreath that ne'er shall die ;
With every honor deck his funeral bier,
For he to every Grace, and every Muse was dear !

The listening Dryad with attention still,
On tiptoe oft would near the Poet steal,
To hear him sing upon the lonely hill
Of all the wonders of th' expanded vale ;
The distant hamlet and the winding stream,
The steeple shaded by the friendly yew,
Sunk in the wood the sun's departing gleam,
The grey-rob'd landscape stealing from the view,
Or rapt in solemn thought, and pleasing wo,
O'er each low tomb he breath'd his pious strain,
A lesson to the village swain,
And taught the tear of rustic grief to flow !—
But soon with bolder note, and wilder flight,
O'er the loud strings his rapid hand would run :
Mars hath lit his torch of war,
Ranks of heroes fill the sight !
Hark ! the carnage is begun :
And see the Furies through the fiery air
O'er Cambria's frighten'd land the screams of horror
bear !

Now led by playful Fancy's hand
O'er the white surge he treads with printless feet,
To magic shores he flies and fairy land,
Imagination's blest retreat.
Here roses paint the crimson way,
No setting sun, eternal May,
Wild as the priestess of the Thracian fane,
When Bacchus leads the maddening train,

His bosom glowing with celestial fire,
To harmony he struck the golden lyre;
 To harmony each hill and valley rung !
 The bird of Jove, as when Apollo sung,
To melting bliss resign'd his furious soul,
With milder rage his eyes began to roll,
The heaving down his thrilling joys confest,
Till by a mortal's hand subdued he sunk to rest.

O, guardian Angel of our early day,
Henry, thy darling plant must bloom no more !
By thee attended, pensive would he stray,
 Where Thames soft-murmuring laves his wind-
 ing shore.

Thou badst him raise the moralizing song,
 Through life's new seas the little bark to steer :
The winds are rude and high, the sailor young ;
 Thoughtless he spies no furious tempest near,
Till to the Poet's hand the helm you gave,
From hidden rocks an infant crew to save !

Ye Fiends who rankle in the human heart,
Delight in wo, and triumph in our tears,
 Resume again
 Your dreadful reign ;
Prepare the iron scourge, prepare the venom'd dart,
Adversity no more with lenient air appears :
 The snakes that twine around her head
 Again their frothy poison shed ;

For who can now her whirlwind flight control,
Her threatening rage beguile ?
He who could still the tempest of her soul,
And force her livid lips to smile,
To happier seats is fled !
Now seated by his Thracian Sire,
At the full feast of mighty Jove
To heavenly themes attunes his lyre,
And fills with harmony the realms above !

ODE XXIX.

TO
*THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY ****,*
ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.

BY MR. H.

WHILE you 'mid Spring's gay months deplore,
Till lessening Grief's exhausted store,
By Time subsiding, fail:

**The Muse, Affliction's constant friend,
With social wo shall still attend,
If aught her aid avail.**

'Tis hers in life's most ruffled scene
To smooth Misfortune's angry mien,
And watch each rising sigh:
'Tis hers to bid the Guilty fear,
To wipe the virtuous starting tear,
That swells in Sorrow's eye.

'Mid simple Scythia's dreary land
Her gentle, sweet, assuasive hand
Could give sad Ovid rest;

She still in mournful numbers pleas'd,
With her the hapless exile eas'd
His sadly plaintive breast.

For thee she still shall seek the plain,
Where Severn leads his dusky train,
Or Wye's smooth waters roll ;
Her Power could blunt Affliction's dart,
And fondly sooth the keener smart
Of Sappho's love-sick soul.

On you propitious she bestows
A mind too chaste for Sappho's woes,
Unstain'd by wild desire ;
She Sappho's charms in you supplies,
To me the partial power denies
The Lesbian's purer fire.

Did bounteous Heaven, profusely kind,
To frame the favorite infant mind
Its fondest care employ :
How idle yet the hopes you raise
In planning of his future days,
How vain each fancy'd joy !

Had fate prolong'd th' uncertain flame,
Nor from the weak enfeebled frame
Had life's fleet vision past ;

Who knows but angry Heaven had still
With every baleful bitter ill
Each future day o'ercast ?

Since awful Prudence ne'er appears,
Till calmer thoughts and milder years
Each lawless wish assuage ;
A fruit unknown to summer's heat,
That buds alone in life's retreat,
And only blooms in age.

'Mid Solitude's sequester'd joy,
May no rude cares thy peace destroy
By sure Remembrance brought ;
Nor e'er from Grief's abundant source

**May dark Reflection's secret force
Recall one aching thought.**

Oft as to each regardless wind
With simple notes the village hind
Attunes his love-lorn reed,
When Night her dewy curtain spreads,
And Cynthia silver glimmering sheds
O'er thicket, vale, and mead ;

Thou too, beneath the moon's pale gleams
Shall haunt those glades, where fairy streams
To Sorrow's softness flow ;

Where Love and Grief alone have trod,
Where bending willows seem to nod
With sympathetic wo.

Wan Melancholy 'mid the storm
Shall rear her meek dejected form,
In sable vest array'd ;
While sullen Silence reigns around,
Her voice in slow and solemn sound
Shall whisper thro' the shade.

' Stranger, draw near !—To Sorrow true,
' With me these lonesome walks review,
' Where Horror's charms invite ;
' Daughter of Joy !—I know thy air !
' Retract thy hurry'd steps ! nor dare
' Profane each hallow'd rite !

' To mix with Mirth's mad train be thine ;
' The dismal drearier task be mine
' 'Mid these lorn scenes to weep !
' My days in these still bowers immur'd,
' By no false flattering hopes allur'd,
' Shall one sad tenor keep.

' Let Grief no more thy youth consume,
' Nor sighing o'er the silent tomb
' Thy piteous murmurs breathe :

With the gloomy cypress bough,
 To airy form to grace thy brow
 Shall twist the festive wreath.

Infant shade, where'c you rove,
 Be faithful to that sacred grove,
 With sure return I hear ;
 ' Nor e'er his filial love shall cease,
 ' He still with soothing sounds of peace
 ' Shall charm thy listening ear.

' At morn, when deep sepulchral caves,
 ' When op'ning vaults, and yawning graves
 ' Their wandering dead recall ;
 ' He ne'er shall quit that sainted place

**' Till lingering in thy fond embrace
 ' The shadowy tear shall fall.**

**' May'st thou 'mid Pleasure's sons rejoice,
 ' Each Muse shall with according voice
 ' Confirm the pleasing tale.'**

This said—the melting maid of wo
 Shall cease—and o'er her charms shall throw
 The thin translucent veil.

The time shall come, when Fancy's power
 To each slow-sorrowing pensive hour
 Shall gladly bring relief :

When every care shall die away,
And wakeful Memory's gentler sway
Dissolve the reign of Grief.

Thus, by the painter's just design,
From each judicious happy line
The colors bloom or fade ;
Elude the nice observer's sight,
By soft gradation's dawn to light,
Or languish into shade.

- Shall the gloomy cypress be
- Shall we turn to grass the
- Shall we the festive

• Shall we shade, w'

• Shall we to the

• Shall we sure

• Shall we his

• Shall we with

• Shall we

CCLV.

M.D.

- At once Caldonia, mourn
- When we see, thy laurels torn!
- Thy valour long renown'd,
- He's on their native ground;
- Thy pitiable rocks no more
- The stranger to the door;
- The ruins sunk they lie,
- The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
 His all become the prey of war:
 Berths him of his babes and wife;
 Then smites his breast, and curses life.
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

then, in ev'ry clime,
ending waste of time,
and with praise,
and blaze ?
Ooke,
yoke :
and never quell,
our fell.

, and merry lay,
all cheer the happy day :
scenes of gay delight
and the dreary winter night :
strains but those of sorrow flow,
and nought be heard but sounds of wo ;
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !
The sons against their fathers stood ;
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd :
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel !

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath ;

The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her hapless orphan cry for bread ;
Devoid of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend ;
And, stretch'd beneath th' unclément skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babe, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns ;
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow :
• Mourn hapless Calchocia, return
• Thy banish'd peace, thy murth'ers urn !

ODE XXXI.

ON THE
PEACE OF AIX LA CHAPELLE,
M DCC XLVIII.

BY THE RIGHT REV. R. HURD,
(Now Bishop of Worcester.)

BE still my fears, suggest no false alarms ;
The Poet's rapture and the lyric fire
Are vain : enough that inclination warms ;
No foreign influence needs the willing Muse inspire.

The willing Muse, adventurous in her flight,
To thee, lov'd Peace, shall raise the untaught strain ;
Her thy fair triumphs and thy arts delight,
Thy festive branch she bears and joins thy social train.

High on some wave-worn cliff she views serene,
Safe on the deep, the freighted navies ride ;
Old Ocean joys to see the peaceful scene,
And bids his billows roll with an exulting tide.

Or, where Augusta's turrets cleave the skies,
She loves to mix with Art's inventive band,
Sees Industry in forms unnumber'd rise,
To scatter blessings wide, and civilize the land ;

Or flies, with transport, to her native plain,
Sees corn-clad fields, fresh lawns, and pastures
fair,
Sees Plenty vindicate her ancient reign,
And pour forth all her charms to crown the various
year.

But chief the Muse to Academic groves
Her kindred train and best-lov'd arts invite;
Thro' Cam's o'ershadowing bowers intranc'd she
roves,
Whence sacred Science streams, and Genius spreads
his light.

‘ Here will I rest, she cry’d; my laurel here
‘ Eternal blooms; here hangs my golden lyre,
‘ Which erst my Spenser tun’d to shepherd’s ear,

‘ And loftiest Milton smote with genuine epic fire.

‘ And O! if aught my fond presages shew,
‘ On these lov’d bowers while Peace her influence
sheds.

‘ Some hand again shall snatch it from the bough,
‘ Wake each high-sounding string, and charm the
echoing glades.

‘ Then shall be sung the glorious deeds of war,
‘ How Virtue strove, where envious Fortune sail’d:

‘ Expecting Fame the conflict view’d from far,

‘ And Britain’s valor crown’d, tho’ Gallia’s host pre-
vail’d.

‘ Yet then, even then (th’ indignant verse shall tell)
‘ A surer vengeance rose to whelm the foe :
‘ When hell-born Faction issu’d from her cell,
‘ And on her impious head drew half the destin’d
blow.

‘ But, hark ! the loud triumphant strains declare,
‘ How Britain’s majesty unrivall’d rose,
‘ When all the glories of the naval war
‘ Beam’d round her conquering flag, and circled An-
son’s brows.’

Till thus the Power by Freedom’s sons obey’d :
‘ Let blood-stain’d glory swell the tyrant’s breast;
‘ Be mine Compassion’s healing wing to spread;
‘ To sheath the wasting sword, and give the nations
rest :

‘ Then (as the Muse enraptur’d shall display)
War’s impious roar, and Faction’s murmurs cease;
‘ His gracious eye sheds lustre on the day,
‘ And lends the quickening beam to cheer the arts of
Peace.’

ODE XXXII.

TO THE
RIGHT HON. STEPHEN POYNTZ.

*Sensere quid mens rita, quid iactata
Munda stultis sub penetrabilibus
Focet
Doctrinae sed vix permoveat incerta,
Rectique cultus postera laborant.* *Sto.*

BY THE HONOURABLE
SIR CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS,
KNT. OF THE BATH.

WHILST William's deeds and William's praise
Each English breast with transport raise,
Each English tongue employ;
Say, Poyntz, if thy elated heart
Assume not a superior part,
A larger share of joy?

But that thy country's high affairs
Employ thy time, demand thy cares,
You should renew your flight;
You only should this theme pursue—
Who can for William feel like you?
Or who like you can write?

Then to rehearse the Hero's praise,
To paint this sunshine of his days,
The pleasing task be mine——
To think on all thy cares o'erpaid,
To view the Hero you have made,
That pleasing part be thine.

Who first should watch, and who call forth
This youthful Prince's various worth,
You had the public voice ;
Wisely his royal Sire consign'd
To you the culture of his mind,
And England blest the choice.

You taught him to be early known
By martial deeds of courage shewn :
From this, near Mona's flood,
By his victorious Father led,
He flesh'd his maiden sword, he shed,
And prov'd th' illustrious blood.

Of Virtue's various charms you taught,
What happiness and glory fraught,
How her unshaken power
Is independent of success ;
That no defeat can make it less,
No conquest make it more.

This, after Tournay's fatal day,
Midst sorrow, cares, and dire dismay,
Brought calm, and sure relief;
He scrutiniz'd his noble heart,
Found Virtue had perform'd her part,
And peaceful slept the Chief.

From thee he early learnt to feel
The Patriot's warmth for England's weal
(True Valor's noblest spring);
To vindicate her Church distrest;
To fight for Liberty oppress'd;
To perish for his King.

Yet say, if in thy fondest scope
Of thought, you ever dar'd to hope

**That bounteous Heaven so soon
Would pay thy toils, reward thy care,
Consenting head to every prayer,
And all thy wishes crown?**

We saw a wretch, with trait'rous aid,
Our King's and Church's rights invade:
And thine, fair Liberty!
We saw thy Hero fly to war,
Beat down Rebellion, break her spear,
And set the Nation free.



Culloden's field, my glorious theme,
My rapture, vision, and my dream,
~~Gilds the young Hero's days:~~
Yet can there be one English heart
That does not give thee, Poyntz, thy part,
And own thy share of praise?

Nor is thy fame to thee decreed
For life's short date: when William's head,
For victories to come,
The frequent laurel shall receive;
Chaplets for thee our sons shall weave,
And hang 'em on thy tomb.

ODE XXXIII.

TO

WILLIAM PULTNEY, ESQ.

BY THE LATE EARL NUGENT.

Remote from liberty and truth,
By fortune's crime, my early youth
Drank error's poison'd springs.
Taught by dark creeds and mystic law,
Wrapt up in reverential awe,
I bow'd to priests and kings.

Soon reason dawn'd, with troubled sight
I caught the glimpse of painful light,
Afflicted and afraid,
Too weak it shone to mark my way,
Enough to tempt my steps to stray
Along the dubious shade.

Restless I roam'd, when from afar
Lo, HOOKER shines! the friendly star
Sends forth a steady ray,
Thus cheer'd, and eager to pursue,
I mount 'till glorious to my view,
LOCKE spreads the realms of day.

Now warm'd with noble SYDNEY's page,
I pant with all the patriot's rage ;
Now wrapt in PLATO's dream,
With MORE and HARRINGTON around
I tread fair Freedom's magic ground,
And trace the flatt'ring scheme.

But soon the beauteous vision flies :
And hideous spectres now arise,
Corruption's direful train :
The partial judge perverting laws,
The priests forsaking virtue's cause,
And senates slaves to gain.

Vainly the pious artist's toil
Would rear to heaven a mortal pile,
On some immortal plan :
Within a sure, though varying date,
Confin'd, alas ! is every state
Of empire and of man.

What though the good, the brave, the wise,
With adverse force undaunted rise,
To break th' eternal doom !
Though CATO liv'd, though TULLY spoke,
Though BRUTUS dealt the godlike stroke,
Yet perish'd fated ROME.

To swell some future tyrant's pride,
Good FLEURY pours the golden tide
On Gallia's smiling shores ;
Once more her fields shall thirst in vain
For wholesome streams of honest gain,
While rapine wastes her stores.

Yet glorious is the great design,
And such, O PULTNEY ! such is thine,
To prop a nation's frame.
If crush'd beneath the sacred weight,
The ruins of a falling state
Shall tell the patriot's name,

ODE XXXIV.

TO

LORD LONSDALE.

By the Same.

LONSDALE! thou ever honor'd name,
For such is sacred virtue's claim,
Say, why! my noble Friend!
While nature sheds her balmy powers
O'er hill and dale, in leaves and flowers,
Say, why my joys suspend!

Here spreads the lawn high-crown'd with wood,
Here slopes the vale, there winds the flood
In many a crystal maze.
The fishes sport, in silver pride
Slow moves the swan, on either side.
The herds promiscuous graze.

Or if the stiller shade you love,
Here solemn nods th' imbow'ring grove.
O'er innocence and ease;
Whether with deep reflection fraught,
Or in the sprightly stream of thought,
The lighter trifles please.

And should the shaft of treacherous spleen
Glance venom'd through this peaceful scene,
Unheeded may it fly !
Provok'd, nor tempted to repay,
Though truth severer prompt the lay,
A mean prosaic lye.

Here with the pheasant and the hare,
Unfearful of the human snare,
Have statesmen pass'd a day :
While far from yon forbidden gate,
Pale care and lank remorse await
Their slow-returning prey.

O ! blind to all the joys of life,
Who seek them in the storm of strife,
Destroying or destroy'd.
Less wretched they, and yet unblest'd,
Who batten in lethargic rest,
On blessings unenjoy'd.

But come, my friend, the sun invites,
For thee the town hath no delights,
Distasted and aggriev'd :
While fools believe, while villains cheat,
Too honest to approve deceit,
Too wise to be deceiv'd.

Or dost thou fear lest dire disease
Again thy tortur'd frame may seize;
And hast thou therefore stay'd ?
O ! rather haste, where thou shalt find
A ready hand, a gentle mind,
To comfort and to aid.

And while by sore afflictions try'd,
You bear without the Stoic's pride,
What Stoic never bore ;
O ! may I learn like thee to bear,
And what shall be my destin'd share,
To suffer, not explore.



NOTES

ON

ODES OF THE SIXTH CLASS.

ODE VI.

Page 15. The author, a native of Scotland, was brought up to the sea-service, in which he appears to have experienced what, in "The Shipwreck," he so feelingly describes. When that poem was published his situation was but little better than a common Sailor, but the genius it displayed occasioned him to be noticed, and procured him the Purser'ship of the Royal George. In 1769 he published a Marine Dictionary, which is a very useful performance; and soon afterward embarked on board the Aurora, to settle in the East Indies. He arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in December 1769, and after a short stay, sailed from thence; but neither ship, nor crew, have ever been heard of since.

ODE IX.

Page 30. This ingenious writer was son of a clergyman in Herefordshire, and, by his mother, great grandson to the immortal Spenser. He was educated

in Corpus-College Oxford, and afterwards had the rectory of Stopham in Sussex, near the seat of the Duke of Richmond, to whom he was chaplain. He is said to have lived some time at Hackney in a distressed condition. He was the writer of various other poems.

ODE X.

Page 40. The title of this truly classical composition, has an evident reference to the Author's farewell to the Muse, with which he closes his volume of commentaries on Asiatic poetry, &c.

Vale, *Camena*, blanda cultrix ingenii,
Virtutis alitrix, mater eloquentiae,
Linquenda alumno est laurus et chelys tuo.
At, O Dearum dulcium dulcissima,
Seu *Suada* mavis *Pitbo* dicier,
A te receptus in tua vivam fide:

*Mihi sit, oro, non inutilis loga,
Nec indisaerta lingua, nec turpis manus!*

In what manner Sir William Jones presides at the bar of justice in India need not here be added.

41. *Haste! the well-wrought basket bring,
Which two Sister Graces wove.]*

Miss Louisa Bingham, and Miss Frances Molesworth her cousin, decked a basket with ribbands and flowers to hold the nuptial presents.

42. *DUNCANNON, heav'nly Muse, and DEVONSHIRE
invite.]*

Lady Henrietta Spencer, second daughter of John Earl Spencer, and wife of the Lord Viscount Duncannon, eldest son of the Earl of Besborough.

43. LAVINIA's pencil shall disclose

New forms of dignity and grace, &c.]

Lady Althorp (now Countess Spencer) has an extraordinary talent for drawing historic subjects, and expressing the passions in the most simple manner.

44. *With all thy MOTHER's grace.]*

Georgiana Poyntz, Countess (now Countess dowager) Spencer.

ODE XVI.

Page 61. For William's and for Walpole's eye.]

The Duke of Cumberland.

66. *When the great Patriot of his race*

Late shall assert his native sphere;]

Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Oxford.

ODE XVII.

Page 68. The instrument called the **ÆOLIAN HARP**, appears to have been invented by **KIRCHER**, who has given a very accurate description of it in his **MUSURGIA**. After having been neglected above an hundred years, it was again accidentally discovered by Mr. **OSWALD**.

ODE XVIII.

Page 70. The Author of this Ode was *Rector* of Harrietham, Kent; and chaplain to the household of George the First at Kensington.

72. *In Roman strains this Strada sweetly sung,]*

"Fidicinis and Philomelae Certamen."

ib. *But sweeter Philips in our verse sings.*
 Pastoral V.—We have been assured that Philips,
 being complimented on this beautiful imitation, dis-
 owned his previous knowledge of the original.

Credit Judicium D.

74. *When God nor Sovereign Ang'ls please.]*
Thus Dryden,
 "No King can govern, and no God can please." *D.*

ODE XIX.

Page 77. We long to sit with Actæa still,
'Mid groves of vegetable gold,
Where Cadmus and Achilles dwell,]

See a Olym. Od.

78. *Away, chorale birds, away,*
Who spin the courtly, silken lay,
As wreaths for some vain Louis' head,]

Alluding to the French and Italian lyric poets.

ib. *To his own Actæa's sulphur-spouting caves,]*

See 1 Pyth. Od.

79. *For the blest Man, the Muse's child,*
On whose auspicious birth she smil'd;]

Hor. Od. 3. l. 4.

ODE XX.

Page 81. Soft on the sea-born Goddess gaze;]

Venus.

83. *The form in Heav'n's resplendent vesture gay*
Floats on the mantling cloud, and pours the melting
lay.]

Ariel: see the Tempest.

84. *While meek-eyed Cynthia near
Illumes with streamy ray the silver-mantled lawn.]*

See the *Midsummer's Night's Dream*.

- ib. *Roam's the lone desert's desolated mazel
Unaw'd! nor heeds the sweeping storm.]*

Lear.

85. *To the deep vault the yelling harpies run,]*
The witches in *Macbeth*.

ODE XXIII.

- Page 102. *Lion-hearted Richard's spear
Glitter'd first in Beaumont's shade]*

Near Worcester college; once a seat of Henry II.

- ib. *Henry, thunder-bolt of war,]*
Henry V. educated at Queen's-college.

ODE XXIV.

Page 105. This gentleman was assistant master of the Grammar-school of Christ's Hospital; where he was himself educated, and whence he was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, at which place he took the degree of Master of Arts. He died at London in 1713, and was interred in the cloyster of Christ's Hospital. Dr. Watts is said to have esteemed this Ode as the truest, and best Pindaric he had ever read.

107. *Cast on Menapiam fields your weeping eyes:]*
The Menapii were the ancient inhabitants of Flanders.

109. *Too fatal, brandish'd by the real Jove,
Or Pallas, who assumes, and fills his awful place.]*

VICEM GERIT ILLA TONANTIS.

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M

10. *The British Pallas! when, as Homer's did
For her said Jumeau,
Her hero's name such wisdom fills,
That manly courage in his heart instils.]*

Homer, in his fifth Iliad, because his hero is to do wonders beyond the power of man, premises, in the beginning, that Pallas had peculiarly fitted him for that day's exploits.

10. *As when the Pleiades arise,
The southern wind affects the skies,]*

Indomitas prope qualis undas
Exercent Austro, Pleiadam choro
Scindunt nubes; impiger hostium
Venare turmas, et trementem
Mittere equum medias per ignis.
Sic tauriformis volvitur Ausus,
Qui Regna Duoni præfuit Appul,
Cum sievis, horrendumque cultis
Diluvium meditantur agris.

HOR.

110. *At Lens, at Farnas, and at Lander fight.]*
Near Lens the Prince of Condé gave the Spaniards a very great overthrow, 1648.

111. *Saci Buda saw him, when proud Apti fell,]*
He bore a considerable share in the glory of that day on which Buda was taken.

Apti was Bassa of the city, and lost his life on the breach.

112. *Saci Harszem's field beheld him in his bloom,]*
This battle was fatal to the Turks in the year 1687. Prince Eugene, with the regiments of his brigade, was

the first that entered the trenches ; and for that reason had the honor to be the first messenger of this happy news to the Emperor.

ib. *And choke Tibiscus with the slain ;*]

This battle was fought on the 10th of October, 1697, where Prince Eugene commanded in chief. There never happened so great and so terrible a destruction to the Ottoman army as this, which fell upon the principal commanders more than the common soldiers: for not fewer than fifteen Bassas (five of whom had been Viziers of the bench) were killed, besides the supreme Vizier.

115. *Beneath fair Ulysippo's walls,*]

The old name of Lisbon, said to have been founded by Ulysses.

ib. *Or, sent in Aetna's fiery cave to groan,*]

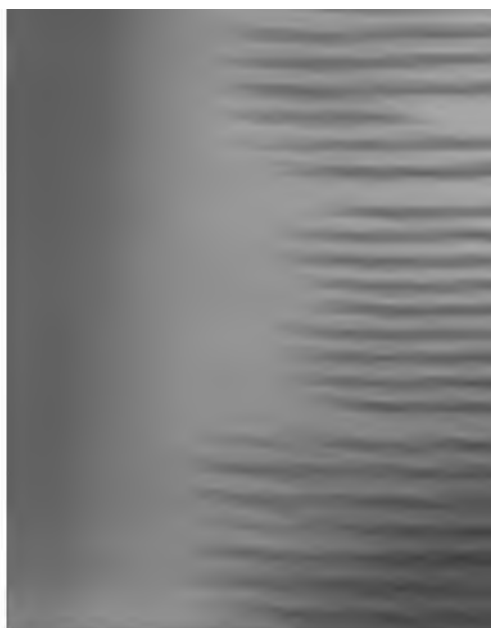
The mountain under which Jupiter lodged Enceladus.

ODE XXV.

Page 116. The Author of this Ode was by maternal descent grandson of Mr. Stavely, author of "The Roman Horseleech, &c." He received the rudiments of literature at Westminster, and was at one, if not both the Universities, but without going through the stated course of study. Having obtained a place in the office of ordnance, he generally resided within the Tower, and there died about the year 1749.

117. *See thy friend, Godolphin stand !*]

Sydney Earl of Godolphin, Lord Treasurer of England, who died September 15, 1712.



ODE XXVI.

Page 119. Mr. West, son to the Chancellor of Ireland of that name, and grandson to Bishop Burnett, was the intimate friend of Gray and Horace Walpole, now earl of Orford. Having received his education at Eton and Christ-Church, he looked forward a while to the profession of the Law, but at length declined the pursuit, partly from dislike, and partly from ill health. He died at Pope's, in the parish of Hatfield, of a consumption, June 1, 1742, in the 26th year of his age. His friend Gray, in both Latin and English, has pathetically lamented his loss.

120. *Sweet Bard of MERLIN'S cave !]*

Stephen Duck, the thrasher, whom the Queen had appointed keeper of Merlin's cave in Richmond Park.

ODE XXVII.

Page 125. The Right Hon. Henry Pelham, brother to the duke of Newcastle, was at the time of his death, first commissioner, chancellor, and under-treasurer of the Exchequer.

127. *The same sad morn to church and state,
(So far our sins 'twas fix'd by fate)
A double stroke was giv'n ;]*

The 6th of March, 1754, was remarkable for the publication of the philosophical works of Lord Bolingbroke, and the death of Mr. Pelham.

ODE XXVIII.

Page 131. Or wrapt in solemn thought, and pleasing wo,]
This alludes to Mr. Gray's Elegy written in a country church-yard.

ib. But soon with bolder note, and wilder flight,]
The Bard, a Pindaric Ode.

ib. Now led by playful Fancy's hand]
The Progress of Poetry, a Pindaric Ode.

132. O guardian Angel of our early day,]
Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College.

ib. Ye Fiends who rankle in the human heart,]
Hymn to Adversity.

ODE XXXII.

Page 146. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, second son of John Hanbury, Esq. a South-Sea Director, was in 1735 elected member for the county of Monmouth, and re-chosen in 1739, on being appointed paymaster of the marines, and at the general election in 1741. On the 20th of October, 1744, he was installed a Knight of the Bath, and in 1746 appointed minister to the court of Berlin. In that situation he remained until the 9th of May, 1749, when he was named envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the same court. In 1754 he represented the borough of Leominster, and about that time went ambassador to the court of Russia. He acquitted himself in his several employments abroad with considerable abili-

ties; but declining in health, he returned to England, and died the 2d of November, 1759.

ib. *Who can for William feel like you ?*
Duke of Cumberland.

147. *From this, dear Mona's flood,
By his victorious Father led,
He flesh'd his maiden sword, he shed,]*

The river Mayne, near Dettingen, where George the Second engaged the French in person, 17th of June, 1743. At this battle the Duke gave signal proofs of valor, conduct, and intrepidity.

148. *This, after Tournay's fatal day,]*
The battle of Tournay, fought goth of April, 1745. In this engagement the Duke commanded in chief against Marshal Saxe.

ODE XXXIII.

Page 150. This Ode commences with an allusion to the Author's having been educated a Roman Catholic.

152 *To swell some future tyrant's pride,
Good FLEURY pours the golden tide
On Gallia's smiling shores :*

Cardinal Fleury was Preceptor to Lewis XV, and afterwards Prime Minister of France.

ODE XXXIV.

Page 153. Henry Lowther, Viscount Lonsdale, died March the 6th, 1751.

[. *And should the shaft of treacherous spleen
 Glance venom'd thro' this peaceful scene,
 Unheeded may it fly !]*
ing to a scandalous libel.



